FORUM

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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EDITORIAL FOREWORD

THIS issue opens with a debate on capital punishment between two of the most brilliant lawyers on the American continent. To be sure, the question is not a new one. As an institution capital punishment is as old as the state itself; indeed, it seems probable that the state and the hangman's noose made their début into society hand in hand, and only during the last two centuries has any real protest been made against the death penalty.

THE present debate makes it clear that the real issue hinges upon the responsibility of human beings for the acts they commit. In defense of capital punishment are marshaled all the arguments derived from centuries of religious training — arguments which insist that human beings *are* responsible for their acts, and therefore, that justice consists in meting out rewards and punishments for good and bad conduct. Upon this foundation of assumptions have been built, not only the present legal systems of the world, but also such beliefs as one may entertain concerning a higher justice of rewards and punishments after death. Against this set of assumptions the opponents of capital punishment have set in battle formation the theories of some of the newer schools of psychology. These teach that man is a machine — a kind of animated pipe organ that plays its little scale of notes according as the winds of chance blow upon it. Carrying this argument to its logical conclusion, one may find that there is no such thing as justice, for there can be no rewards and no punishments; interest centers upon the purely mechanical problem of controlling the environment that affects the human machine for good or ill.

THIS debate is therefore a curious example of the ways in which pure theories and philosophical concepts express themselves in such practical and tangible matters as the law. The so-called practical man is prone to dismiss such theories as pure vaporings and to prefer to exercise his mind upon what Mr. H. L. Mencken calls "the cold and clammy facts." But how can the intelligent citizen demonstrate his intelligence without understanding the theories that underlie the apparent facts? It is the special function of these FORUM debates to crystallize the currents of modern thought about some specific question of the day.

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SEPTEMBER READING

DONALD F. ROSE

ART, AND THINGS LIKE THAT

WHEN artists fall out — as they usually do — ordinary men may come by their own. Artists seem to live perpetually amid the clash of positive opinions quite incomprehensible to those who do not move within their circles. Possibly the disposition to move too much in circles is exactly what is wrong with artists.

Two recent books on art are as far apart as the poles and manage to contradict each other roundly and flatly. GONGORISM, by Elisha K. Kane (University of North Carolina Press, $3.50), undertakes to prove that all is vanity. NEW DIMENSIONS, by Paul T. Frankl (Payson & Clarke, $6.00), asserts that vanity is everything, or practically everything. *Gongorism* uses the evidence of antiquity to discount modernity; *New Dimensions* asserts that unless art is close to the contemporary, it is not art.

"Gongorism," it appears, is a term applied to the exuberance and extravagance of the golden age of Spain — the seventeenth century. As the Spanish poet, Gongora, bears the blame for his nation's indiscretions, so similar periods elsewhere are labeled by their leaders. Euphuism in England, Ronsardism in France, Marinism in Italy are made up of the same sort of thing. It is claimed by this book that Modernism, though it lacks to date a particular prophet, totters on the very edge of a like calamity. So if you wish to blast a Modernist into speechless confusion, you may call him a Gongorist. He will not know what you mean, but he will know that you have no complimentary intention.

Gongorism was characterized by wild absurdities of idea and extravagance in style. It threw overboard all convention, restraint, and decency in favor of novelty, exuberance, and violence. It was full of energy, but had no sensible idea of what to do with it. Mr. Kane finds it a sure sign of decadence, and traces its vicious course in all the major arts of the period. For a final resounding wallop he asserts that modern art, music, architecture, literature, and decoration show all the symptoms of the same decadence.

The book is rich in scholarship and does not lack courage. It is a bold man who will dismiss El Greco as a decadent, with the current market quotations on that gentleman fresh in mind. Yet Mr. Kane's explanation of the distortions which make El Greco difficult to the average eye is certainly more comprehensible than the vague ecstasies of most of his admirers. We can at least understand what he is talking about.

Mr. Kane does not care for the Woolworth Tower, which he calls "a sort of monstrous grain elevator with a steeple," and a typical example of "hermaphroditic

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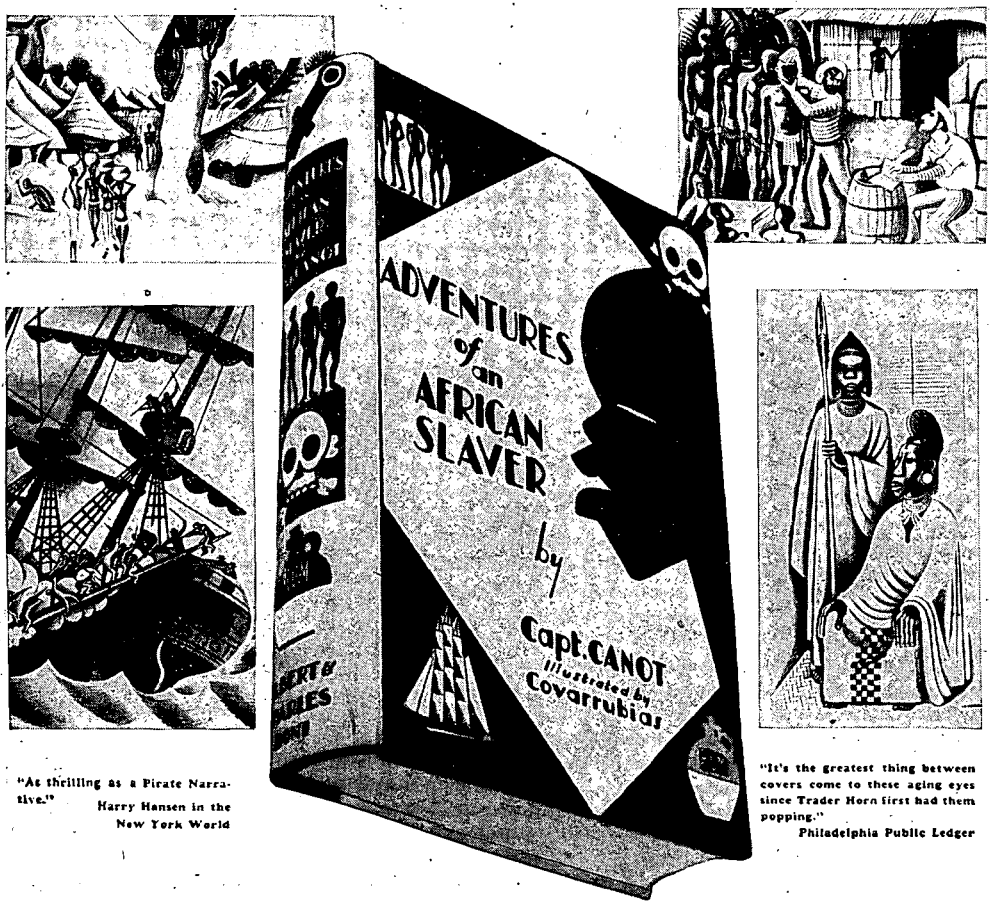

"At thrilling as a Pirate Narrative."
Harry Hansen in the New York World

"It's the greatest thing between covers come to these aging eyes since Trader Horn first had them popping."
Philadelphia Public Ledger

CANOT met shipwreck, piracy, mutinies of slaves, rebellious crews; he fought, pitched naval battles with British cruisers; he was captured; he had hair-breadth escapes. On the slave coast, where he landed penniless from a slaver to seek employment, he became a petty king, his "Barracoons" stuffed with Negroes, with ivory, gold and grain.

"His life in Africa is invested with an almost fantastic quality. Women stole from their harems to visit him; he saw the witch doctors at their work and witnessed cannibal orgies; he palavered for hours and days in royal villages where his visits ended in a reign of terror, and men for rum or tobacco betrayed to him their children, wives, neighbors; he was constantly fighting.

"From any angle Theodore Canot and his book is worth your prayerful attention. It stands head and shoulders above a great deal of the literature of adventure with which we have long been familiar."

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PUBLISHERS OF CREATIVE ART—A MAGAZINE OF FINE AND APPLIED ART

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architecture." Neither does Paul T. Frankl think much of it. Yet *New Dimensions* shows a kindlier disposition toward the experiments of Modernism, though it gives no clear definition of what Modernism may be. According to Mr. Frankl, Modernism is characterized by simplicity, continuity of line, contrast, rhythm, and sincerity of material. Under such definition the pyramids, the Tower of London, and the old oaken bucket are excellent examples of the modernistic style. Yet none of them appears among the hundred photographic illustrations — a splendid picture gallery which is quite worth the price of admission. They show examples of the new architecture, furniture, fabrics, decoration, sculpture, and stagecraft, and from them you may draw what conclusion you please. Somehow they suggest that the modern world worships a new trinity of Daring, Disturbance, and the High Cost of Living.

Mr. Frankl's text is brief, and after some discursive observations on all sorts and conditions of art, he spends most of his time on a primer of interior decoration. It may be added that the face is the portrait of the artist as a young man, but the voice is the voice of Fifth Avenue.

JULIAN GREEN

In the calmer discussion of literary values there is a new book worth reading. VALUES IN LITERATURE, by Edward Wagenknecht (University of Washington Press, $1.25), is an admirable little study of the elements of literary criticism, originating in a series of college lectures but nicely adjusted to a wider audience. Its principal virtue is its common sense, which declines the fads and fantasies of literary experiment and concentrates attention on the excellencies that have been tested by time. Somewhere along the line young readers must learn the critical habit and discover also that the line of least resistance in reading is also the line of least profit. *Values in Literature* will do as much as any book can do to keep a young reader on an even keel in the currents of modern writing. It is especially to be recommended to those young writers who are holding Pegasus to a jog-trot in their attempts to out-Hemingway Ernest.

LIGHT READING AND DARK

THE CLOSED GARDEN, by Julian Green (Harper's, $2.50), hardly comes under the heading of light refreshments for a hot day. It is too heavy for the hammock, too solid for summer diet, too depressing for recreation. Yet in proper season it is a powerful story, and cannot be dismissed merely because its theme is painful. It is a rather dreadful drama of spiritual starvation — a story of a life without windows, of intolerable loneliness denied the guidance of light or the warmth of another understanding heart. Every thought and impulse, every current of young life is thrown back by the prison walls of circumstance, to feed a solitary and consuming fire. Behind the quiet veil of a drab life is a soul in torment and a mind that feeds on itself, and the catastrophe of a human spirit revealed at last in madness.

To this dark story there is no shred of relief. Casual opinion might declare its abysmal gloom and fatality preposterous. But the author works with inexorable sureness. With infinite pains he sets the stage, until there is nothing missing and nothing superfluous. An ugly house in France, a miserable autocrat of a father, an older sister distorted more in mind than body by disease, a few faded lives of neighbors, an iron fence and locked gate, blank walls, housetops and horizons seen through mists of rain — these are the girl's world and from it she has no foothold of escape. Nor can the reader find one. But there is more than this surface of truth, for Mr. Green knows too well what he is about to put his faith in scene painting. There is equal integrity in his psychology, for it is not the synthetic psychology of pedagogue or scientist. Only the eye of the true novelist can see that quiet and calm may veil the devastating storms of the spirit. Only he holds the key to the closed garden where a soul is in the grim company of its fears and doubts and desires.

To say, as it has been said, that this story outrages the probabilities of this year of grace and feminine emancipation,

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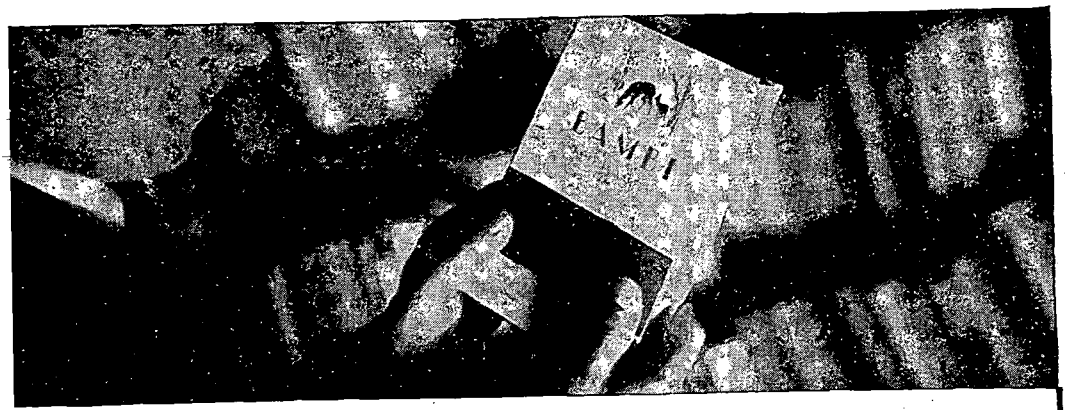

Shall I Buy "BAMBI"?

This actual photograph was taken in The Beacon Book Shop, situated in the Roosevelt Hotel, New York. It was posed especially for an ad. But the scene has taken place countless times in this particular shop, as well as in bookstores all over America. Since it is impossible to photograph the questions and thoughts that arise in the mind of this man, let us imagine what some of them are, and answer briefly:

1 *Why is there so much talk about this particular book?* Possibly one of the reasons is that *Bambi* has been distributed to members of The Book-of-the-Month Club, who have started the talk. If one of your friends is a member ask him what he thought of *Bambi*. Another reason is that *Bambi* is altogether different from other books that have been published. A deer is the central character—which immediately raises another question:

2 *I never have enjoyed an animal story—how can I possibly find enjoyment in reading this one?* It is our belief that nine out of ten people feel exactly the same way before reading *Bambi*. In fact, the book was almost not published because the publishers' readers had no desire to wade through an animal story. Those who read *Bambi* will experience the same surprised delight that occurs upon meeting some congenial companion who had been dreaded in anticipation.

3 *What do the critics think of Bambi?* Although the space in this page does not permit the reproduction of even a few of the tributes, in our career as publishers we have never brought out a book that has met with a more universally favorable response. (A booklet containing some of the reviews has been prepared which will be sent post-free upon application to Essandess, Dept. B., 37 W. 57th St.) Meanwhile, the man in the photograph is referred to John Galsworthy's foreword in the book.

4 *Why not wait and borrow a copy from a friend?* There is no reason why—in the advertising vernacular—"you must read this book tonight." It will be as enjoyable next week, or next year. By all means borrow a copy. If after reading it you feel that you want a copy of your own, you will find it a carefully and beautifully made book, printed in large type, and made to be enjoyed ten years hence as well as now. *Bambi* by Felix Salten is available at all bookstores, price $2.50. Simon and Schuster, Inc., Publishers, 37 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

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is simply to announce a spiritual astigmatism. The tragedy of the closed garden is everywhere, even though it bear no obvious fruit in madness. Our own realists — Dreiser, Anderson, O'Neill — have discovered it and disturbed our careless confidence that all's well with the world. Most of us have heard its echoes, though its full tragedy is hidden behind the walls that breed and nourish it. But Julian Green sees it whole and writes of it with full and sombre sympathy; writes of it also in masterly fashion that survives all the hazards of translation from his adopted French. When the book is done, the reader will find sitting at his elbow those ancient teachers, Pity and Terror, whose disturbing company will not readily be forgotten.

These are deep waters, and we may come up for air to the more tolerable world of John Galsworthy and take a last mouthful of the Forsyte Saga. In SWAN SONG (Scribner's, $2.50) the long legend comes to an end, principally for the Shakespearean reason that the chief character is dead. Soames Forsyte, after a belated visit to the homes of his ancestors to see where they came from, has departed into eternity to see where they have gone. So long as he lived, his creator might have gone on, world without end, patching new patterns into an old design; but with his own hand he has broken the thread and tied a last knot. It is too bad, but Soames Forsyte could not live forever, though he showed every inclination to do so. He has seemed almost indestructible, and his formidable but familiar figure has justified some rather thin stories. Now that he is gone, we may be able to take Mr. Galsworthy calmly again.

The Forsyte formula has proved a profitable one for all concerned. It is a triumph for the familiarity that breeds contentment, for as long as a Forsyte remained on earth we followed faithfully his fortunes and those of his attendant spirits. Without him they really don't amount to much. *Swan Song* is a further story of Fleur — that desperate and somewhat tiresome young lady with an imported French flavor — who continually contrives against the virtue of the highly respectable and ostentatiously Anglican Jon. She is defeated, frustrated, and disappointed, but it seems to make little real difference.

No matter how engrossing the play, the curtain falls inevitably with a dull spiritual thud. *Swan Song* is the last act, a better act than *The White Monkey* or *The Silver Spoon*, but paying penalty to the final curtain. There is something theatrical and yet inconsequent in Soames' exit, which may, to be sure, be exactly as the author intended. On the other hand, it may be that there was no other way to be rid of him. At any rate, Galsworthy hit him on the head with a picture frame as a final demonstration of the vanity of human possessions, and thereupon pulled down the curtain.

Maurice Bedel won the Goncourt prize with JEROME, OR THE LATITUDE OF LOVE (Viking, $2.00) and it has now been translated to give us an authentic taste of French comedy. It concerns a true son of France who also knows what the world expects of a Frenchman. Poor Jerome takes all his Gallic susceptibilities and experience to Scandinavia, falls headlong in love with its frozen beauties, personifies them in one vigorous maiden, and woos her with all his native and acquired technique. His first calamity is that this wooing is woefully wasted on the frozen air; his second overtakes him when the maiden finally discovers what he is talking about and takes him too generously to her bosom. So by mutual consent he runs away again, back to a land where they at least have sensibility enough to turn down the light on a romantic moment. He learns that love has its latitudes, and that the French version is copyrighted by custom and climate, its translation forbidden in all other countries — *especially* the Scandinavian. It is vastly amusing and adroitly done, and the author skates gracefully over thin ice without a single alarming moment. A Nordic pen could never contrive such elegant impertinence to the Seventh Commandment.

LUDWIG'S GOSPEL

EMIL LUDWIG'S SON OF MAN (Boni & Liveright, $3.00) must be read in a spirit of fairness to the author; else it is better not read at all. It is the life story of Jesus as the son of man, never as the Son of God, and the author at no time concedes that he is on holy

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ground. This of itself would give no offense, but Ludwig soon forgets his avowal not to shake the faith of believers in Christ's divinity. In the end he does nothing else. He preaches subtly and dogmatically that Jesus is a man, a self-deluded man, self-committed to a logical destiny on the cross.

For those on the edge of doubt this is a devastating book, unless its author is also brought to judgment. For this purpose his own words will serve. His declared purpose is to present a biographical portrait and his only sources are the familiar Gospels. He finds the record lacking in serial arrangement and adjusts it to his purpose. He avoids much that is important because he cannot fit it to his picture, and finds reason enough for such omissions in the disagreements of the lower criticism. He includes such miracles as may be explained by a preposterous idea of personal magnetism and makes them a vital factor in his own interpretation; the others he ignores. He affirms that nothing is added, and while he is scrupulous as to sayings and doings, he adds what he pleases to the inner life of his subject. He insists that his purpose is to give substance to faith by showing Jesus as "a real and intensely human figure"; yet he contrives to make him curiously unreal and singularly lacking in fundamental human attributes.

Finally, he states that his interpretation "aspires, at least, to be in harmony with the spirit of our own time." Here he is on safe ground. Nineteen centuries have believed that Jesus was God; the twentieth finds man busy remaking God to his own image. *The Son of Man* does so with more skill than conscience, since in spirit it denies the only available record. Far from making the record more intelligible thereby, it simply converts all into legend and makes the Word of God of no effect by adorning it with new traditions.

The Son of Man conceals behind a false sentimentalism and a glamour of historical detail a plain purpose to deny the Christ — an intention which is legitimate but would be more creditable if more honestly declared. To claim that it reveals Jesus is absurd. The Gospels themselves have done so for close to two millenniums, and neither mediæval art nor the picture postcard compositions of Hollywood have done more than becloud or debase the vision. Those who doubt it may read Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John as carefully as they will read Emil Ludwig and make their own choice of realities.

POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES

IN answer to a rather pressing question there appears WHO'S HOOVER? by William Hard (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), who was evidently inspired by prophetic vision or inside information to greet the Republican nominee with a ready-made biography. Despite its careful disclaimer of partisan interest, this was intended, beyond question, for a campaign document. It fails to fill the bill. It shows that Mr. Hoover is a scholar and a gentleman, a first-class engineer and executive, a patron saint of oppressed and unfortunate peoples, and a man who, despite the endurance of a Quaker conscience, plays the political game according to the rules. It fails to contribute much to his electoral chances because it fails to dramatize Mr. Hoover to the taste of the American electorate. In this capable and honest study of a capable and honest man there is no sign of the flame of divine appointment above the Hoover head, and such a flame Americans will have even though they have to manufacture it.

This does not mean that Mr. Hoover is out of reach of the presidential purple simply because he cannot swing a big stick or wear a two-gallon hat, but it does reveal the Republican weakness in the present campaign. There are no dramatics about Mr. Hoover — not even the mystery of dramatic silences. He stands on his record, which is here well and fairly written. But it is a pet paradox of democracy that it rarely rewards its public servants for the strict sake of their deserts. The nation owes Mr. Hoover much, but it will not necessarily pay the bill with the Presidency. If he is defeated, it will be because this debt is not enough when a more dramatic figure is in the field against him.

Far more to the point in our present perplexities is a new book from England, THE AMERICAN HERESY, by Christopher Hollis (Sheed & Ward, 8s. 6d.). Before reading this, your sense of humor should be thoroughly overhauled and tested

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SWAN SONG

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John Galsworthy

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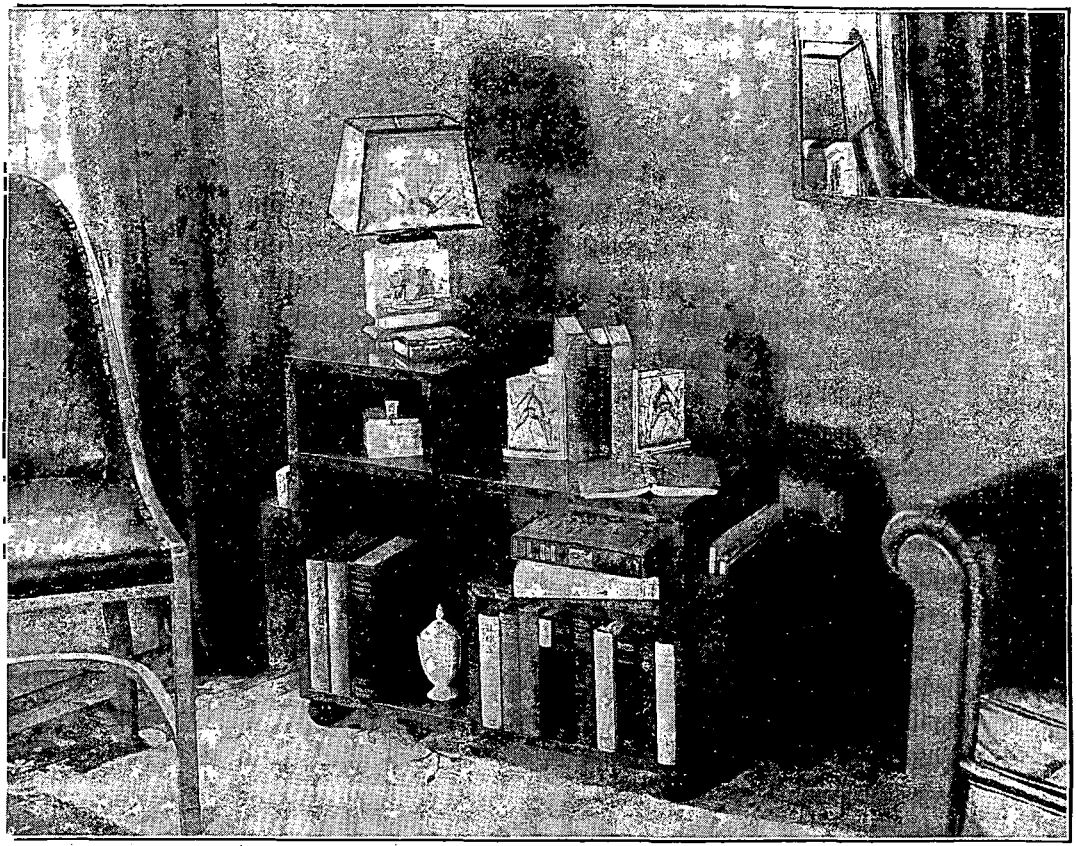

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both in forward and reverse; for if you can endure only a one-way wit, you will find here some uncomfortable moments and probably finish by frothing at the mouth. Mr. Hollis did not write this book for our entertainment, instruction, or flattery — which is exactly what makes it valuable to us.

He calls his book "a study of the decline and fall of American Republicanism," and of "a continent gone wrong." The catastrophe began, he says, when a man wrote, "We hold these truths to be self-evident" — and then enunciated doctrines by no means self-evident. He presents his argument by means of four biographies: of Jefferson, who formulated the tenets of democracy; of Calhoun, who died for them and with them; of Lincoln, who compromised them; and of Wilson, who made them a travesty. As background to these unkindly portraits he gives a swift and brilliant survey of American history, better proportioned and vastly more entertaining than nine-tenths of those of American historians. It is hard to recall any single book that so clarifies our complex national experience.

Mr. Hollis makes the consistent mistake of insisting that the world shall not move. He grumbles because the nation spanned the continent, because the national centre of gravity shifted out of the South, because the current of American life changed its course and left ancient ideals and convictions high and dry. He would perhaps be astonished to find how lively the old doctrines of states' rights, of personal freedom, and of the dignity of the ballot have become in a modern campaign. He would be equally astonished to hear politicians appealing passionately to the discredited documents of democracy, especially since he would be shrewd enough to know that they were chiefly talking through their hats in the confidence of complete ignorance of their implications.

Mr. Hollis is a wit of the first water and the American scene gives him plenty of targets. He is equally unsparing of his English neighbors. There are a hundred good things in the book and as many unkind ones.

Mr. Hollis would probably detect the last trump of the abomination of desolation in the revelations of PRESSURE POLITICS by Peter Odegard (Columbia University Press, $3.50). This tells the story of the Anti-Saloon League, under whose guidance the American, as Mr. Hollis says, "has allowed a tenth-rate, sectarian police-regulation to be imported into his constitution," and which is now devoting its energies to keeping it there. This book is a revelation of the way in which it was done and permits us to reflect on the morality of the deed; it takes no sides but tells much that both sides would prefer to keep to themselves. Its most revealing sentence is quoted from *The American Issue*, official organ of the League. "Let no church open its doors merely for the sake of having a League speaker come in and preach a temperance sermon. That is the least and most insignificant element involved." There, O Americans, is the rub. Who talks to-day of temperance? What would you give for its return?

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BAMBI, by Felix Salten (Simon & Shuster, $2.50), tells of the life of a deer in the Viennese woods. It is a delightful and appealing "nature book," a story full of elemental drama, and a simple, truthful allegory of the life of man. Its charm is hard to define, as difficult to capture as the delight of forest sights and sounds or the pungency of earth smells, as elusive as the magic that draws men on foot through wooded trails. This incantation is compounded of infinite details and impressions, which make fresh and true the story of Bambi, the deer.

Here animals, birds, and insects talk freely of their own affairs and of the nameless "He" in whose hands is death. There have been other books in which beasts speak with tongues, but none like this. Kipling's animals talk well — too well, in fact, and always with their master's voice. The world of Bambi talks our tongue, but the thoughts are its own. Such an illusion is possible only because Felix Salten loves nature profoundly and simply, and because he is a poet, speaking the universal language of the living world. Such a book is indifferent to national boundaries and is written for children no less nor more than for their elders.

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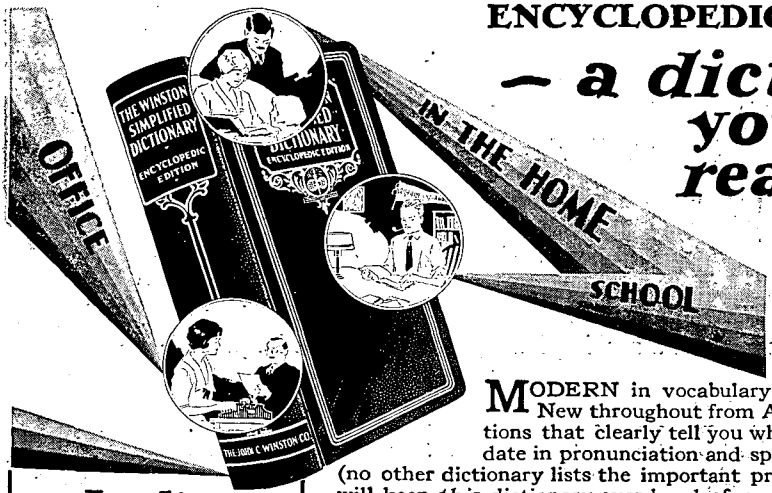

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. —*Keats*

THE POPE AND THE PEOPLE

CATHOLICISM AND THE AMERICAN MIND, by Winfred Ernest Garrison; Willett, Clark & Colby, $2.50.
Reviewed by JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

THIS is a book that many have long been waiting for. It is an account of the history, the claims, and the organization of the Roman Church. These matters are set forth with extraordinary lucidity and restraint by a learned and very distinguished Protestant professor of history. His wish is to make them comprehensible to the American mind, and he does this with such literary talent that it is hard to lay down the book without finishing it at a sitting.

Inasmuch as criticism of the Roman Church has been closed in our daily press ever since Governor Smith said the last word on it, nothing could be more timely than this frank and benevolent opening up of the subject. Mr. Garrison's volume will excite discussion in families and clubs and at social meetings. It will tend to stimulate and let loose private opinion. It is not only a valuable book of reference, containing an immense number of dates, figures, and facts about matters which to most men are mere names and reminiscences, and as to which they would gladly know more. It is a popular survey of the whole subject that it deals with. Mr. Garrison gives, for instance, what he conceives to be the inner Roman view of the mission of the Catholic Church. He treats of the temporal power; of the infallibility of the Pope; of the conflicts between Church and State on marriage, property, the schools, etc.; of Governor Smith's reply to Mr. Marshall; of the legends of Catholic toleration; of the Propaganda; of the Church's recent relapse into mediævalism. He gives a clear statement about Modernism, a clear account of the suppression of the American Idea (Archbishop Ireland, etc.), and makes a very astute literary criticism of the recent books which claim a special poetic endowment for the Roman Catholic temperament.

Mr. Garrison deals throughout the volume with such facts and ideas as may be gathered from the literature of the subject. He does not pretend to give a survey of the practical struggles, the antagonisms, and the incidents of the conflict which is now actually in progress in the United States. He is admirable when he expounds the idea that the Roman Church is based on authority — the authority of a single man, the Pope — and when he shows that such a system attacks the basic beliefs of the American citizen. But he does not illustrate this view by the story of some case which came under his notice yesterday. Such cases are only to be realized when one meets them in the street. The book is intended to illuminate the mind of the reader, so that he may understand them when he comes across them in real life.

Mr. Garrison gives a truly imposing

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enumeration of the various forms of Roman Catholic propaganda now at work in the United States. But he does not make a survey of the social results of this propaganda. There is one outcome of the Roman Church in America which is becoming obvious to everyone: namely, the segregation of our Roman Catholic population into a conscious, moral unity — a unity which throws upon each individual the duty to become a propagandist of his faith. Every Roman Catholic in America must help to forward his co-religionists in every way, both spiritually and practically. The Roman Church acts as a secret society of self-help. The obligation of every good Catholic among us is not only to help the faithful but to punish the outsider and the backslider. This explains much that has long been familiar to us in our political life. Let any man — whether Protestant or Catholic — be known as hostile to Rome, and his income is threatened. If such a man keeps a newspaper stand or is a fireman in a town where Catholics are in control, he is moved off his corner or discharged from his job without mercy. This system we are familiar with in politics; but it is an unwelcome discovery to find that the system has been expanded from politics into every form of business. The propaganda has tended to weld the Catholics into an underground business association.

It is through this sort of business pressure that free speech about the Roman question has been all but suppressed in the United States. No man dares to refer to the subject. A kind of unwholesome reign of terror is in the air when Rome is mentioned. To bring back free speech about the Roman Church has become the first duty of every American citizen. The way to help bring back free speech is to practise it; and this book of Mr. Garrison's is a notable sign of the times and gives hope that our newspapers will, under the pressure of a public demand, throw open their columns to the most enduring of all the issues raised by the present presidential campaign — the Roman Church. No doubt it will raise cries of "religious intolerance." But since the Catholic Church is more than a religious organization, it cannot plead benefit of clergy and demand that its activities be protected from public criticism by a sacred taboo.

A Statesman's Birds

THE CHARM OF BIRDS, by Lord Grey, Viscount of Fallodon; Stokes, $3.00. Reviewed by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

LORD GREY, Viscount of Fallodon, is not only a brilliant statesman, having been for eleven years Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but is also one of Britain's foremost authorities on birds. *The Charm of Birds*, Lord Grey's latest book, has the charm of simple, direct prose much in the style of Jefferies — that master of all English nature writers. Although the book is on British birds it is full of interest to American readers. One of the first things that caught my attention was the note that in the original manuscript of the "Ode to the Nightingale," now in the possession of Lord Crewe, Keats had first written "Magic casements opening on the foam of *keelless* seas in faëry lands forlorn." Afterward he had scratched out "*keelless*" and substituted "perilous," making those lines, which Kipling considers as the height of British poesy, read as they are to-day.

Of the nightingale's song Lord Grey writes that it has compass, variety, and astonishing power, but is fitful, broken, and restless — a song to hear but not to live with. The nightingale also sings in daylight and then, waiting until all other birds have stopped, sings throughout the night. We have no night singer in this country except the whippoorwill and the screech owl, whose call, in spite of the ill-fitting name, is really an exquisite minor song. Lord Grey ranks the British bird songs which most appeal to him as the nightingale, curlew, eider drake, and blackbird. President Roosevelt, I remember, considered the blackbird as the best songbird he heard in England, and Lord Grey writes that he would not exchange it for the nightingale.

When I read of "White Feather," Lord Grey's robin redbreast who came back to him for two years, I wanted to tell him about the pure white robin (really a "migratory thrush") which nested in my yard at Haverford last year.

In closing this appreciation of Lord Grey's delightful book I would be remiss in not mentioning the part Lady Grey has in it. Her description of thrusting her head

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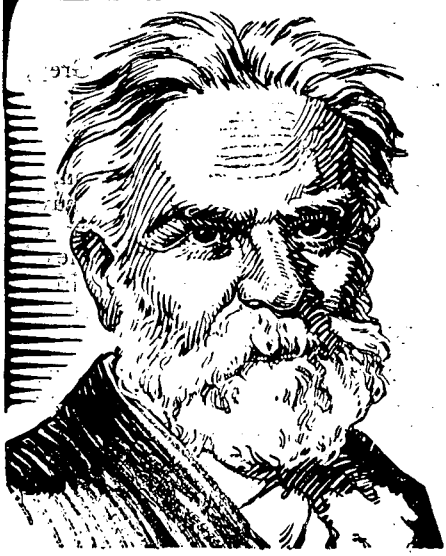

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into the blossoms of an apple tree and looking into the nest of an English goldfinch not ten inches away, and her lovely description of a British "Dawn Chorus" — a tapestry translated into song with the mistle thrush, the merle, and the mavis all taking part — have made me highly resolve to spend next May in England.

What Is Religion?

AN APPROACH TO THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION, by J. Cyril Flower; Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES H. LEUBA.

A THING has to be lost before its value is fully realized. This aphorism has its exceptions, but it seems to be true of religion. The increasingly common rejection of the religions is accompanied in certain circles by an increasing appreciation of the value of "religion." What this really means depends, of course, upon what the disbelievers in the religions intend by "religion." It is easy enough to define the religions of the past and of the present — the historical religions; it is quite another matter to come to an understanding of what "religion" might or should be.

Anyone unfamiliar with the curious trend of thought best represented by the French Sociologist, Durkheim, may well be amazed when reading in this Dissertation offered at Cambridge University for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, that gods are no essential part of religion: "The essential psychological mark of religion," "the most exalted form of religious experience" is, Flower tells us, something present "in the most primitive manifestations of superstition, whether magic, fetishism, or animism." That essential psychological mark is the attitude assumed when in the presence of a situation recognized as new and as beyond our power of adequate control.

Has not Herbert Spencer said long ago, "The vital element in all religions" is "the recognition of a mystery ever pressing for interpretation"? The only significant difference between him and Flower is that whereas Spencer, like the good intellectualist he was, emphasized the *interpretation* of the mystery, Flower, in accordance with the most conspicuous trend of contemporary psychology, places the emphasis on the *response*, the behavior elicited by the mysterious situation.

It has to be conceded that the experience described by Flower as the psychological essence of religion is also, and in the same sense, the essence of magic. Flower might have observed that the same experience is, in addition, at the root of science. Does not the scientist constantly come up against unsolved and, as it seems, unsolvable mysteries? He may feel complete assurance in the laws he has established, but as to the hypotheses by means of which he endeavors to express the inner nature of things — for instance, the structure of the atom — he recognizes that the ultimate reality escapes him.

It turns out, then, that Flower has really not discussed religion at all. What he has called the essence of religion is an experience antedating magic, science, and religion and common to all three. If someone were to set about finding the essence of commerce and discover that it consists in a desire for possession, he would have achieved something similar. He would not have differentiated commerce from many another form of social activity; he would simply have mentioned the driving force at the source of commerce as well as at the source of industry, theft, courtship, etc. The discovery would not leave us any the wiser as to the specific nature of commerce when contrasted with these other kinds of activity.

The chapter on Fox and that on the establishment of the Peyote Cult among the Winnebago Indians, intended to demonstrate the truth of his thesis, are excellent chapters, quite interesting historically, but they do not at all prove or tend to prove that the essence of religion is the discrimination of a situation utterly beyond satisfactory solution. It is only when George Fox sought and believed he had found the solution of the mysteries encompassing him in the establishment of intimate relations with a personal God that a religion grew out of his tormented consciousness. Had he settled his dark torments in any other way, no one would speak of him as the founder of Quakerism.

Flower's work is, therefore, strictly what the title of the book says it is: "An Approach to the Psychology of Religion." It does not enter the field of religion.

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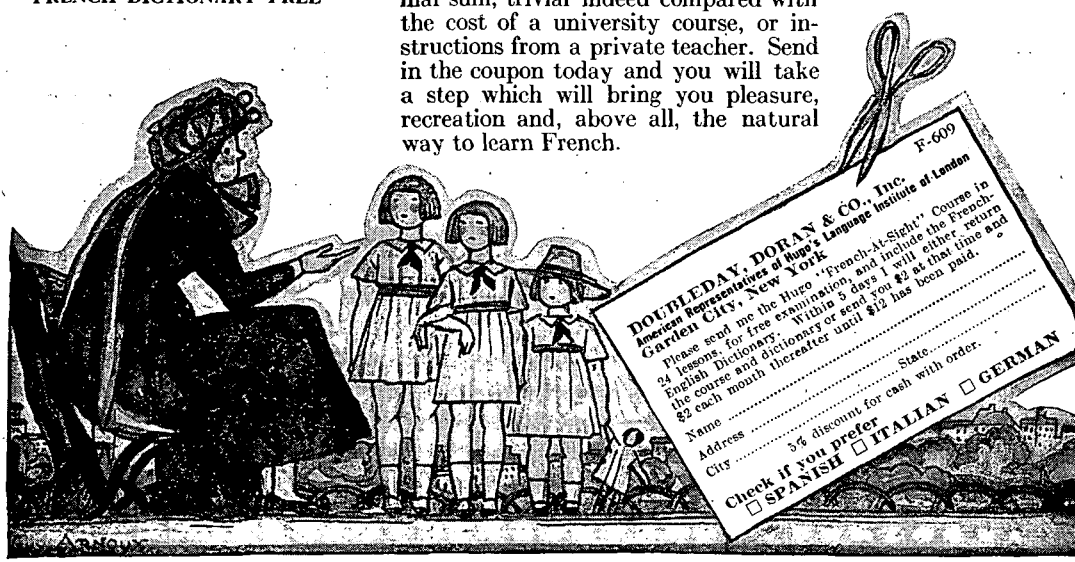
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A religion (not "religion") is a system of social relations maintained with one or several superhuman beings, called gods, for the preservation and enhancement of life. As to "religion," I do not know what it is. If you like to muddle things up, do as so many have done: disregard the religions and suit yourself.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

LET FREEDOM RING, by Arthur Garfield Hays; Boni & Liveright, $2.50.
Reviewed by CLARENCE DARROW.

DOUBTLESS there are many people in America who will be surprised when they read this book. Like every other people in the world, all good Americans have been religiously taught that their government was directly handed to them by a wise and righteous God. This was done because we so richly deserved it and were so intelligent and good. Like all other people, we were likewise taught that every other nation is treacherous, ignorant, and wholly bad. It is a part of good citizenship to believe both of these absurd statements. As a matter of fact, we know that love of liberty had nothing to do with the separation of America from England. It happened because it happened, like everything else in this world. However, among the D. A. R.'s, members of the Anti-Saloon League, Lord's Day Alliancers, and the like, the opinion is very prevalent that the U. S. A. is a shark for liberty.

The idea of freedom is not new. In theory everyone believes in it. Likewise, the good people construe the word "freedom" to mean the right to do what they themselves wish to do, and the right to compel others to conform to their views and conduct. Each one instinctively considers his beliefs and desires as the correct guides to conduct and he has little hesitation in seeking to make others obey his will. How far we Americans have wandered from any real conception of the meaning of liberty is told in this book.

Arthur Garfield Hays is a lawyer who has a lucrative practice in the City of New York. In spite of this he is interested in the subject of human liberty. It is too bad that instead of being a lawyer Mr. Hays could not have chosen some useful occupation. The book is most graphic and readable, and tells the interesting story of many of the numerous battles that Mr. Hays has waged against intolerance and bigotry. Why a lawyer with a good practice which yields real money should go off on the wild crusades that Mr. Hays tells of in this book, is quite beyond the experience or ken of good lawyers. The reason for the author's conduct must be due to some latent defect in Mr. Hay's machine — probably congenital. No one ever heard of a bar association protesting against specific acts of intolerance, or against the passage and enforcement of arbitrary and barbarous laws. It matters not whether such acts of tyranny are inspired by religious bigotry, capitalistic intolerance, pure ignorance, or what not, it is the business of the good lawyer to work for fees. The richer the organization to which he rents his talents, the better the fight the lawyer can make for what his clients want. Good lawyers deliver their services to maintain the *status quo*. However, from the nature of things, the *status quo* is always changing.

Instinctively, society is made up of two classes: one that wishes to enlarge the power of the state by encroaching upon the freedom of the individual; the other, a much smaller group, that seeks to lessen the power of the state and broaden the field of individual action. The second class is never organized. But now and then some persecuted person, or some natural-born dissenter, is urged either by his own grievance or his emotions to make a fight for the right of the individual against the power of collective action. On the side of intolerance and bigotry there are almost always found religious and social fanaticism, ignorance, and organized wealth. The advocates deal in phrases. They are delighted with such foolish aphorisms as "liberty is one thing and license another." This is understood to mean that whatever they desire to do is liberty and whatever anyone else wishes is license.

There is no doubt that the World War was disastrous to human freedom. It will take many years of peace and devoted work to bring back individual rights to the position they occupied before the war. Mr. Hays' book is graphic and most interesting. He tells the story of his own contests against power and intolerance. For in-

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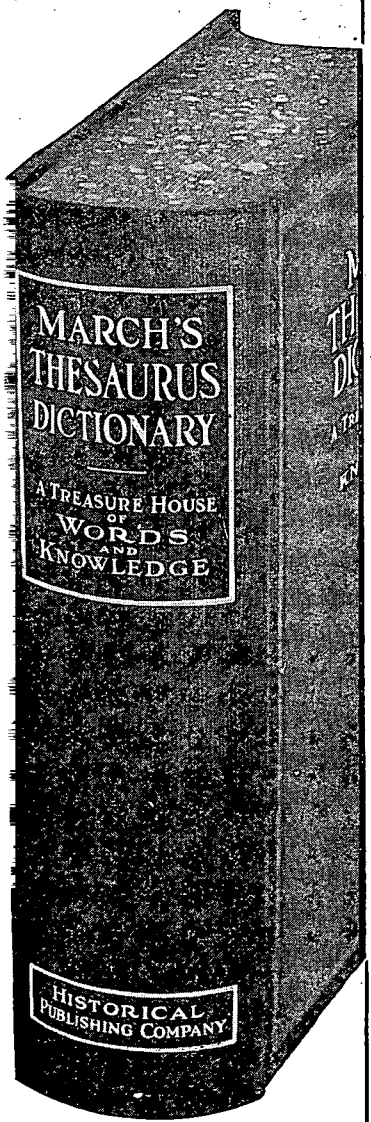

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stance, here is our old friend, the Scopes case in Tennessee.

In this case organized ignorance posed as religion. It was lead by a fanatic who was congenitally opposed to education, Mr. William Jennings Bryan. He undertook to make it criminal to teach evolution in Tennessee. This in spite of the fact that there is scarcely a scientist on earth who does not accept evolution as a basis for the study of every subject connected with biology, anthropology, physiology, sociology, and religion. Not only did Tennessee forbid the teaching of evolution, but Mississippi followed in its footsteps, and in no less than fifteen other states ignorance and fanaticism were organized for the same purpose. So far the movement has been checked everywhere except in Tennessee and Mississippi. However, in spite of the fact that legislatures in other states have refused to pass laws against teaching evolution, in many of the Southern states teachers are employed or dismissed according to their views upon evolution, of which politicians in these states know nothing and care less. The common people are simply convinced that the theory conflicts with the allegories, fables, guesses, and foolish suppositions found in the Bible.

Mr. Hays tells the story of the Tennessee case so plainly that one is not only amazed but terrified to learn what ignorance and intolerance will do. The rising waters of the Mississippi last year were not so cruel, intolerant, and dangerous as the ignorance and bigotry which Mr. Bryan and others let loose upon the South.

Mr. Hays tells the story of his fight for freedom of speech in Pennsylvania. Here the striking miners were forbidden by court injunctions to hold meetings. Freedom of speech was entirely banned within the town where a common policeman was made the czar. Here the lawyers for the miners could not represent their clients without suffering arrest. All of this because in these modern days the rights of property are more sacred than the rights of man.

The freedom of the press is discussed in the various court rulings that forbade the circulation of *The Masses* and any other papers that dared to criticise any act connected with the war. Mr. Hays tells of enlightened Boston, the home of culture, peopled by descendants of the rebels of '76, now under the control of a self-appointed band of ignoramuses and bigots who call themselves the "Watch and Ward Society." It is almost unbelievable that a city like Boston would submit to the dictation of this sort of an organization. Still this bunch is allowed to dictate the proper reading matter for the people of our American Athens. This is Massachusetts. "There she stands."

Mr. Hays tells of the ban placed upon the books of Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, and others. He relates the story of the absurd attempt to protect the people of Boston from *The American Mercury*. The moronistic inquisitors were all working in the cause of morals and religion, and, incidentally, their salaries. It is no wonder that America has become the laughing stock of even the most despotic countries of the world.

Mr. Hays has done a good service in writing this book. American people are supine and lazy. So long as they can make money, they are not interested in theoretical rights. Fortunately, the world has always been blessed with a few heretics who espouse the cause of the oppressed and the unfortunate; who are ready to fight for freedom, even when they do not need it for themselves; whose sentiments are stronger than their self-interest. Mr. Hays is one of these rare men. The world needs more of them. His story is worth everyone's reading. It ought to stir others to help in a great cause which is almost friendless to-day. The story of liberty is always the same: freedom brings property, and this assassinates the author of its being.

It is doubtful whether there is any other important country in the world which has gone so far to destroy liberty as the United States. Our prosperity has made us insensible to the principles which made us rich and great. Among the emotions that move men to-day, very few are stirred by the desire to defend the helpless, to fight the oppressor, the powerful, and the great; to raise their voices in the discredited cause of human freedom. Mr. Hays has done this, and his book should be read by all who have even a passing interest in a cause which, in spite of oppression and bigotry, has still claimed the greatest and bravest figures of the world.

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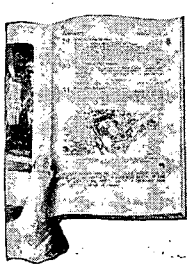

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BROWSINGS AMONG BOOKS

EDGAR LEE MASTERS describes his latest book, JACK KELSO (Appleton, $2.50), as a dramatic poem. It falls short of this definition principally by being neither drama nor poetry. It uses the character of Jack Kelso, friend of Lincoln in youth and shiftless vagrant for the rest of his life, to string together a commentary on the American scene, from the days of deliverance to the days of a new hypothetical slavery. At the end it comes to a sort of stump speaking against capital, special privilege, and corruption, in which all claim to the true poetic temper goes up in smoke. There is something constantly irritating in the wrenching of commonplace conversations into rhyme, and occasional passages of beautiful soliloquy do not redeem the whole. Lincoln, Brigham Young, and Kit Carson swap rhymes with their neighbors regardless of all reason or propriety. At the same time they say nothing new and little that is important. Jack Kelso is the only reality in the book, and he is spun too thin and fine to be altogether tolerable. Mr. Masters had better shun the grand manner, and leave the grave of Shakespeare undisturbed. He can paint miniatures, but a wide sweep of canvas makes him dizzy.

Buying books is like buying cantaloupes; we are compelled to throw many away before finding a good one.—E. W. HOWE.

THE stuff of which books are made is dealt with by George H. Rylands in WORDS AND POETRY (Payson & Clarke, $3.00). In discussing the words which clothe and convey ideas, the young author is ingenious and resourceful; he knows his *Golden Treasury*. It is rather fascinating to follow his analysis of the rhymes, rhythms, and diction of his betters. At the same time, such sport is as dangerous as it is amusing, since it implies that poetry is some sort of glorified bricklaying. With the exception of Stevenson and Poe, no authors of importance have revealed a synthetic method of composition to justify a purely analytic method of criticism. A modern journalist of much experience has given a better clue to style. "A sentence," said he, "should either purr or sing." Whether it does either or neither depends upon the writer's ear — that internal ear which is the literary equivalent of a conscience.

THOSE who find to their taste the article by John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr. on "The Centre of the Earth" (in this issue of THE FORUM) may be interested in following the subject further. Mr. Bradley has just published THE EARTH AND ITS HISTORY (Ginn, $2.60), a summary of all that is known about glaciers, fossils, dinosaurs, ape-men, geysers, volcanoes, fumaroles, and such mysterious matters. Unfortunately, the publishers have given it the grim exterior of a textbook, and there have been added some rather terrifying diagrams; but if the reader will ignore these and approach the subject in the

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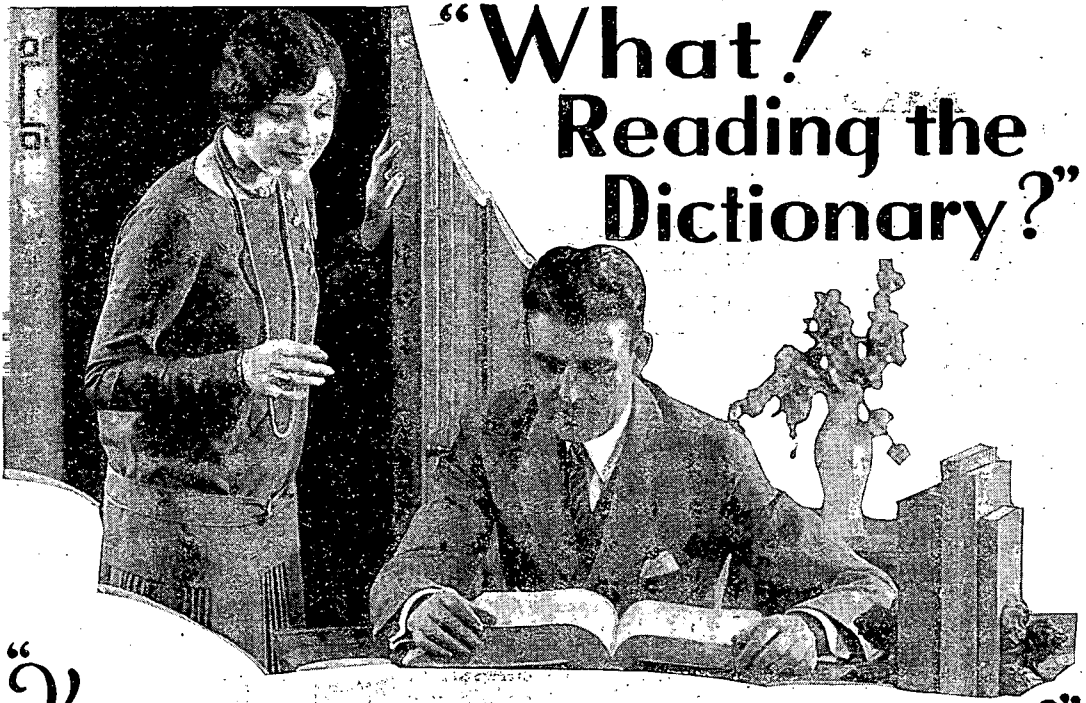

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¶ "You see Marian, it's just about impossible to 'stump' this book, and moreover, it's so intensely interesting that I frequently think of it as the *outline of all knowledge*, the most broadly comprehensive single book that I ever saw."

¶ Tom Warren's mind was alert and absorbing. To him the dictionary — which is somewhat of a greatly condensed encyclopedia — with its amazing range of information, became a wonderland of enchantment through which he roamed assimilating facts that greatly elevated the quality of his conversation, and put him at ease in any company.

¶ He found increasing satisfaction in his ability to understand and appreciate good books with their many puzzling allusions to mythology, history, philosophy, science, etc. His facility of speech and power of writing became noted among his associates, to one of whom he pointed out how much clearer the average idea could be presented with a little reference to the synonym treatments in the dictionary, where he found for instance the following nineteen synonyms for ***strict:*** *Severe, stern, austere, ascetic, rigid, rigorous, stringent, scrupulous, exact, harsh, hard, gloomy, forbidding, inflexible, inexorable, relentless, uncompromising, strait-laced, puritanical.*

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same frame of mind in which he approaches his *Evening Graphic*, he will discover facts quite as startling and important as the night life of Texas Guinan. Technical terms are avoided wherever possible, and the presentation is made as vivid as accuracy will permit. Incidentally, if you have never learned the difference between a stalactite and a stalagmite, this book will correct that shameful omission and lend you considerable assurance should you meet one of them on a dark night.

YEARS ago there was a book by Conan Doyle called *Rodney Stone*, and few people seem to have heard of it. But it was a tale of the old prize ring and it thrilled this Browser to the ears, corrupting him forever to a taste for reading about fisticuffs. Wherefore he has read every word of FAMOUS PRIZE FIGHTS by Jeffery Farnol (Little, Brown, $3.00), in which the heroes of the ring are recalled, from the mid-eighteenth century to Carpentier and Dempsey. These are brief descriptions of famous fights, dramatized in the Farnol fashion with tags of archaic speech, slang, and bad language, and principally distinguished by the astonishing variety of ways in which the author speaks of one man pounding another in ribs or features — which in itself is a simple and elemental action. Aside from this and the native glamour of the old ring, which is here shown to have gone down to oblivion before professionalized prize fighting, there is little in the book except the illustrations.

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN FANTASIES of Percy Mackaye (Longmans, Green, $2.50) are further explorations in the last refuge of primitive America. These lack the poetic music of *The Gobbler of God* and its mystical and magical overtones, but they have the same full flavor of native speech and idiom. In the series to which this volume belongs, Mr. Mackaye is not merely adding to the dusty shelves reserved for one-act plays, but is recording a vanishing breed and also writing its obituary. These plays are concerned with the steady encroachments of commerce upon the squatter heritage of the Kentucky hills and with the pathos and tragedy which are the camp followers of progress. Since old things must die as the world is remodeled, it is a matter of thankfulness that there are poets among us to tell us of what we are losing.

WARNER FABIAN, in UNFORBIDDEN FRUIT (Boni & Liveright, $2.00) lifts a corner of the curtain on women's colleges and does a little muck-raking among adolescent feminine emotions. At least that is what he professes to do, by way of a novel that is neither particularly appetizing nor amusing. The author of *Flaming Youth* here follows the adventures of a roomful of girls in search, more or less deliberately, of sex experience. He achieves thereby a sort of Nightmare of Fair Women. Even if we admit that the modern maid is as gaudy as she is painted, it is beyond reason and experience to suppose that she knows, thinks, and talks of nothing but the biologic urge. Women's colleges no doubt have their special problems and hazards, but *Unforbidden Fruit* turns a girls' dormitory into a psychopathic ward. Unless its author can give a better-balanced picture of No Man's Land, he had better obey the college rules and stay out of it.

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, having explored the forbidden land of Thibet and the forbidding desert of Gobi, looks around for new worlds to conquer. In LIFE IN THE STARS (Dutton, $3.75) he seeks them in the starry heavens, not as an astronomer but as one who weighs the reasonable probabilities. He quotes authorities and particularly Dr. Jeans, saying that the chances against other stars possessing planets are a hundred thousand to one and that it is equally unlikely that such planets as there may be can sustain life. Conceding all this, he still finds space in the universe for a mathematical possibility of five thousand inhabited worlds, and of these distant neighbors he speculates with the ardor of a poet and the conviction of a prophet. His argument expresses the instinctive revolt of the human mind against the idea of a universe empty of plan or purpose.

FEW people have heard of Ehrich Weiss, son of Rabbi Weiss of Appleton, Wisconsin, but it is his life story that

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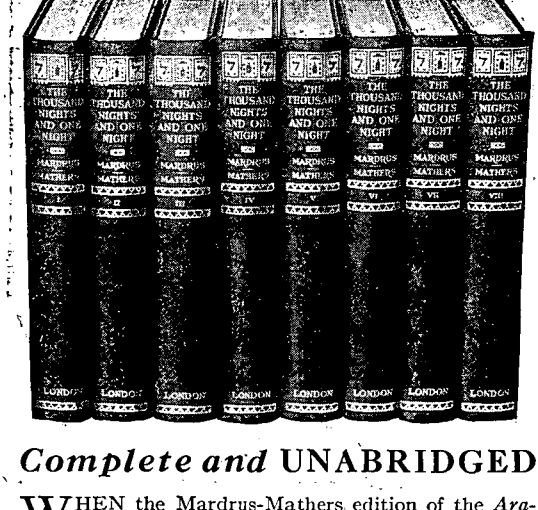

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The Persecution of Protestants
The Jesuits
The Witchcraft Delusion
The Pope, the King, and the Spoils
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T. K. WHIPPLE, in SPOKESMEN (Appleton, $2.50), gives another of these critical estimates of our chief American writers, and one of the most thorough yet given for our instruction. The list of these spokesmen is the familiar one — Dreiser, Anderson, Cather, Sandburg, Lindsay, Lewis, Frost, O'Neill, and Robinson — and this practical unanimity of the essayists begins to appear ominous. Either the competition among the mighty is by no means keen enough, or we are all looking for the same thing and finding it in the same places. There is one other in this galaxy of luminaries. Henry Adams is the lead horse in the procession, translated from the recent past to the company of the moderns, for the reason that his is the record of the poetic temper hidebound by a practical society, which Mr. Whipple makes the chief formula for his analysis of society and letters. In fact, this practical society and its cruel restraints on art and letters bother him throughout the book. Because men are so keen to make good, they can make nothing much that is good, and the poetic temper is wilted in the utilitarian blast. It is a rather plaintive wail and not very convincing; Mr. Whipple has made his Pegasus a hobby-horse and ridden it to weariness. He forgets that America has well rewarded his chosen spokesmen and made many of the paths to Parnassus easy for all comers. He forgets also that while these represent one sort of leadership and national expression, there are others that can by no means be scorned or ignored.

GHOST stories are disappointing either because they turn out to be pure supernaturalism or because they don't. Ordinary mystery and murder stories are too often constructed on the necessary stupidity of all concerned. DEATH IN THE DUSK, by Virgil Markham (Knopf, $2.50), comes close to being a perfect mystery story — thrilling, complicated, and plausible in spite of all. Even when the author deludes the reader, he has excellent excuse for doing so, and his only secret advantage is in the possession of an infernal machine of which there are also sufficient clues

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you have wit and patience enough to watch for them. The story involves three dead men, one lunatic, six mysterious persons, a score of suspects, a whole lot of legend, and Parson Lolly — who should have been dead three hundred years. The scene is an ancient house in wild Wales where almost anything might happen. Practically everything does happen, including heart failure for the reader whenever a board creaks. And when you reach the solution — in the author's own good time, since you will never find it for yourself — you will probably go back and read the whole thing over again and marvel at its ingenuity. If you are a singularly calm and phlegmatic person, you may also find time to admire the skill of its writing — but not on first reading. You will be too busy biting your finger nails.

WHILE professors of literature talk so well and learnedly of literary technique it is surprising that so few of their pupils seem to learn it. The trouble is that it is too easy to take the machine apart and show why it works as it does, and too difficult to invent another or a better. For this reason THE ÆSTHETICS OF THE NOVEL, by Van Meter Ames (Univ. of Chicago Press, $2.50), is a good textbook but a poor manual for aspiring novelists. It has that fatal pedagogical fluency and polysyllabic obscurity, while in its pages we dive deep into psychology and philosophy and come up gasping for breath. "The beautiful moment," it says, for example, "comes when the end is envisaged, when the values are discerned which will be consummated in the outcome." Therefore practical journalists will probably continue to work much by rule of thumb, or to follow the Dickensian pedagogue who concluded that the way to learn how to spell "winder" was to go and wash one.

MOST of us cherish a secret grievance against those interfering people who have explored all the unknown seas and far places where Romance once found sanctuary. So long as there were blank spaces on the map, we could fill them to taste with lost continents, King Solomon's mines, forgotten civilizations, and the lost tribes of Israel; but there is little space left to-day for marvels and monsters. S.

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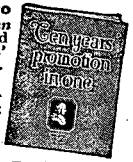

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Fowler Wright admits it in the foreword to THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW (Cosmopolitan, $2.00), which is "a tale idly told and for an hour of idleness" about a place that never was. But if we will allow him his island, his story will be found to fit it, even though it involves pirates, prehistoric beasts, ancient priests, forgotten religions, and any amount of blood and thunder. It is a preposterous tale, of course, but it is told with vivid imagination and rich reality of writing. Those who are not ashamed of a taste for fairy stories will revel in it.

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FORUM
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RABELAIS — *Anatole France*

After Anatole France died, his literary executor, M. Calmann Levy, discovered the manuscript of this biography of Rabelais; and it is THE FORUM'S privilege to bring to America this last and hitherto unpublished work of the greatest Frenchman of modern times, which will begin serially in the October issue.

SHOULD THE CIVIL JURY BE ABOLISHED? — *Russell Duane* / *F. Lyman Windolph*

When trial before a jury of one's "peers" often means in actual practice a trial before twelve morons, is the jury a safeguard or a menace to our liberties? Recent trials raise the issue in no uncertain terms. This is the first of two FORUM debates opening up the entire question.

BUSINESS AND ETHICS — *John T. Flynn*

Writers like Bruce Barton and Earnest Elmo Calkins have drenched modern business in holy water and incense. Does the business man really deserve the sacrament?

DREAMS — *D. F. Fraser-Harris*

Modern science plays Joseph to Pharaoh and interprets the mysterious dramas of sleep.

THE MYTH OF THE SOUL — *Clarence Darrow*

America's most avowed agnostic answers Edison's suppositions about the soul.

SUCCESS — *Henry Ford*

"Success is America's God, and Henry Ford is His Prophet." In this authorized interview Mr. Ford hands down the Golden Tablets of the new Decalogue from Mt. Dearborn.

DICKENS — *André Maurois*

The biographer of Shelley and Disraeli carves out a cameo of the great "Boz."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE — *John Haynes Holmes*

A liberal churchman tells why he believes in putting asunder what God hath not joined.

NEW YORK, THE NATION'S PRODIGAL — *John Bakeless*

"The City of Glorious Graft," being the first of two articles based upon a FORUM survey of the gigantic waste and graft which result from Father Knickerbocker's archaic system of government.

Also: "The Second Egg," a Short Story, by Elise Jean Jerard — "The Wardens of the Shoals" by William McFee — "Our Muddling World" by Salvador de Madariaga — "Celebrities" by Rose Macaulay — "Poems for Peter" by Lysbeth Boyd Borie.

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A. Maude Royden

England's leading woman evangelist, who believes American religion is too much concerned with trifles

(*See page 347*)

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS

America's leading Catholic layman, who believes that American literature is turning toward Catholicism

(*See page 441*)

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CLARENCE DARROW

America's greatest criminal lawyer, practical and theoretical opponent of capital punishment

(*See page 327*)

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THE FORUM

SEPTEMBER, 1928

Vol. LXXX No. 3

A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

IS CAPITAL PUNISHMENT RIGHT? A DEBATE

I — FOR DEFENSE AGAINST THE CRIMINAL

R. L. CALDER, K. C.

IT is self-evident that the proposition, "Capital Punishment Is Right," is too wide for debate, couched in such terms. It must be restricted by definition and reservation. To use an expression dear to the French dialectician: "The theorem must be conditioned, or positioned, in time and space."

Punishment is a social expedient. Its nature and intensity vary with the constitution and state of mind of society itself. In the old Norse and Celtic tribes, murder was not regarded as an offense against the state. It was regarded as an invasion of the personal rights of the sovereign and of the victim's family. The king lost a swordsman and the family, a breadwinner. The punishment of the crime was a fine, escheated to the king and the family; payment satisfied the murderer's debt, failure to pay involved his personal bondage. Here we have one extreme view.

Another extreme view reached its culmination at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth — especially in England. Then any crime of violence — no matter what the degree of violence might be — was considered such an

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attack upon the body politic that it was punishable by death. To understand this severity, one must liken society emerging from the lawlessness of the Middle Ages to a community in process of recovering from a cataclysm — like the tidal wave at Galveston or the earthquake at San Francisco — where the guards posted to restore and preserve order are instructed to shoot all looters and marauders on sight. No one will ever know to what extent what appears to us the excessive rigor of the eighteenth century, and of those immediately before it, operated to restore order and peace — any more than the circus spectator can surmise how often a wild beast has been goaded with steel or burnt with hot iron before it will lie down at the raising of the showman's whip.

Society in our day has receded from this severity, but not to the point of reverting to the view that crime is an offense against the individual only. In the present-day conception, the wrong to the individual is forgotten in the notion that peace and order are paramount interests, which must be assured at all costs. Accordingly, we find the social organization of to-day punishing offenses because of their disturbing or unbalancing effect on the body politic. There is a gradation of penalties, punishment increasing in rigor in proportion to the violence of the crime.

We have now reached the point where the infliction of the death penalty is, by enactment, restricted to treason, rape, and murder. In practice, it is rarely inflicted for treason; and in cases of rape it has become a dead letter. But, in spite of constant and considerable agitation on the part of men and women both noble-minded and clever, there is still throughout the civilized world a strong holding to the belief that capital punishment is fitly and properly applied to the premeditated taking of human life.

Some recession, from even that position, is indicated by the reluctance of juries to convict, and of judges to condemn, where the premeditation is brief and the act prompted by passion. But so far, except with those who predicate that capital punishment is wrong *per se*, and in any event, there is little hesitation on the part of society to inflict the death penalty in all cases where there is a premeditated, cold-blooded, and long-prepared killing.

Therefore, in mooting the proposition, I restrict it as follows:

At the present time, as society is organized, and in its present state of mind, capital punishment is right —

(a) Where there is a premeditated and calculated taking of human life, without lawful excuse or justification; and

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(b) In gang crimes, where the taking of human life is considered, planned, and resolved, as an eventuality, and is actually committed in carrying out the crime which was the prime object;

Always provided the one so taking human life is sane to the extent of realizing the nature of his act.

For the purposes of demonstration, three postulates must be laid. *First:* As a general proposition, human beings are responsible for their acts.

It is upon this point that the debaters of capital punishment find it most difficult to come to grips. Some opponents of capital punishment predicate that crime is, in itself, a manifestation of mental disease. Others go further, asserting that no man possesses the power of self-determination, but is inexorably shaped by the combined forces of heredity and physical constitution. The soul is displaced by the ductless glands. This new scientific Calvinism is as hard to combat as was the old spiritual Calvinism. All the arguments are for it, but it is too revolting to be true.

Those who hold this doctrine are misled by their conception of crime. Crime is regarded by them as an unnatural act, a morbid act; whereas, saving delusional and volitional insanity, crime is a perfectly natural act which society has declared to be contrary to its conventions, or, better stated, to its interests.

In prehistoric ages, there was undoubtedly a time when men, or men's families, were not grouped into tribes, clans, communities, or nations. Then the only form of marriage was rape; the only form of conveyance was theft; the only redress for damages or insult was assault and battery, or even murder. And all things now defined as "crimes known to the law" were permissible and necessary.

As the small units of mankind began to group, one after another of these natural acts became incompatible with the existence of the community. Each member gave up, as the price of the advantages to be gained, an incredibly large measure of individual liberty of action. Conventions crystallized. Law arose with its "Shall" and "Shall not." So that, to-day, the criminal statutes of most countries catalogue a series of possible acts, all of which most men have at times desired to commit, and of which they have even mentally planned the commission, but which they are told, and they realize, must not be committed if society is to stand.

The criminal is often a man who, with this knowledge and

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realization, nevertheless acts according to his desire of excessive private advantage, in the hope of beating the consequences in some way and of escaping from the retribution with which society threatens the doers of the forbidden acts. So far from being invariably an inferior-minded and weak-willed person, the criminal may be a superman, stronger in will, more resolved, and more clever than the rest.

Second postulate: So far, society has discovered no other method to preserve its conventions from violation but to exclude the offender from society itself, with consequential pain and suffering. In the last analysis, punishment is, essentially, pain and sorrow — inevitably following upon an act, for the commission of which it was foretold and appointed.

Those who advocate the abolition of the death penalty would themselves substitute for it perpetual social exclusion in the penitentiary, asylum, or hospital, where the liberty of the subject would necessarily be restricted. If they are right in their contention that all criminals are dangerous defectives, it follows that such perpetual imprisonment should apply to all cases. So that, to secure the abolition of capital punishment for the greatest of crimes, they are willing to imprison all criminals, whatever their degree, for life.

It is the case for capital punishment that it *is* an exclusion from society — a permanent and final casting out, a punishment in proportion to the offense. It follows that other crimes should be punished by temporary exclusions and banishments, in proportion to their gravity.

Third postulate: There is no absolute moral standard by which the collective acts of a community can be judged. Whatever is expedient, in the true sense, is right. It is the usefulness of an act which justifies a community in doing it.

These three postulates being granted, and assuming therefore, (1) that men, as a rule, are responsible for their acts; (2) that punishment is essentially the infliction of promised pain and suffering; and (3) that, socially, whatever is truly expedient is right: it is now submitted that capital punishment serves three socially useful purposes, which no other form of punishment also serves.

First: Capital punishment is the only sufficient vindication of the sanctity of human life. It sounds paradoxical that for this vindication a human life should be taken, but if the state inflicts

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perpetual penal servitude for the taking of less precious possessions, what is left to exhibit a proportion between the offense so punished, and the taking of what is admittedly the most precious possession of all?

Nothing is more remarkable in the evolution of a community than the growing regard for human life. A community is held to be civilized, or not, in exact proportion to the safety of the common citizen. When the life of an individual is unjustly taken by another individual, the horror of the community for such an act cannot be adequately and proportionately manifested except as the community surmounts sentiment and exacts the life of the killer in payment — after a trial, where all opportunity of defense is accorded, and after all possible human excuses and palliations have been alleged, tested, and found insufficient.

Second: Capital punishment, kept upon the statute book, serves to prevent unlawful retribution by individuals. The sense of a community is so clearly in favor of requiting a killing with the death of the killer that the unorganized community is apt to move more swiftly than the state. When the state does not sanction capital punishment, too often the sense of the community expresses itself in lynchings; vigilantes spring up to do what the state is believed to be neglecting. If the public is fully convinced — by the existence of the penalty and by the certainty of its infliction where it should be inflicted — that justice, as they conceive it, will be done, there are neither lynchings, nor vigilantes, nor feuds; and the peace and order of the community is by so much upheld.

Third: Capital punishment acts as a deterrent. Here, again, it is difficult for opponents to come to grips. Usually they belabor one another with statistics. Both sides use them, and both sides point out their uselessness to prove their contentions one way or another. This much is certain, that no statistician will ever have the data to compile figures showing how many men who contemplated murder were deterred from committing it by fear of the death penalty.

Much may be deduced from broad-minded comparisons between similar cities and communities — for example, contrasting the great cosmopolitan city of London with the great cosmopolitan cities of New York and Chicago. Or again, one may compare Great Britain with equally congested populations in the United States; or Canada with some equally sparsely populated

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portion of her neighbor to the south. In these three instances we have the same people, ethically, the same pursuits, the same densities of population. A comparison of the lawfulness of the communities which have and enforce the death penalty with those who either do not have it, or do not enforce it, leads to an inevitable conclusion.

Sometimes a man's own experience may permit him to testify as well as argue. For some years prior to 1924, crime was rife in Montreal. Hardly a night passed without its armed holdup. Then a bank collecting car was attacked in broad daylight, and its driver was shot to death. The community was deeply shocked. Every agency of detection was set to work. By a series of lucky chances the gangsters became known and were rounded up. Six of them were condemned to death, and four were hanged. For years after that there was not a holdup in the city, and international crooks and gunmen walked wide of it. Did capital punishment in that case act as a deterrent, or not?

Again, the army at the front in France constituted a highly specialized and organized community. In that community the greatest conceivable crime was desertion of sentry-post in the face of the enemy. During a slack period, an epidemic of such offenses developed. It was not cowardice, but the state of being fed up, that prompted them. Some of the offenders had faced death again and again. They were warned of the penalty. *But they thought it would not be imposed.* And they took the chance — for a night behind the lines. Then some of them were taken out and shot. (Abolitionists of the death penalty believe that those who uphold it do so because of the "kick" they get out of the execution. None of us got much "kick" out of these.) The desertions totally ceased: Did capital punishment in that case act as a deterrent, or not?

I have been engaged in a large number of murder trials in which the death penalty was a possibility, and in many cases, an event. I have prosecuted and I have defended. Every case I have had has strengthened my belief that capital punishment is right, in the sense in which I have restricted that proposition throughout this article. I have also taken part in a good number of debates upon the subject; and I have become convinced that it is undebatable — because the debaters do not start from the same premises and so cannot arrive at either a conclusion or a compromise.

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II — THE FUTILITY OF THE DEATH PENALTY

CLARENCE DARROW

LITTLE more than a century ago, in England, there were over two hundred offenses that were punishable with death. The death sentence was passed upon children under ten years old. And every time the sentimentalist sought to lessen the number of crimes punishable by death, the self-righteous said no, that it would be the destruction of the state; that it would be better to kill for more transgressions rather than for less.

To-day, both in England and America, the number of capital offenses has been reduced to a very few, and capital punishment would doubtless be abolished altogether were it not for the self-righteous, who still defend it with the same old arguments. Their major claim is that capital punishment decreases the number of murders, and hence, that the state must retain the institution as its last defense against the criminal.

It is my purpose in this article to prove, first, that capital punishment is no deterrent to crime; and second, that the state continues to kill its victims, not so much to defend society against them — for it could do that equally well by imprisonment — but to appease the mob's emotions of hatred and revenge.

Behind the idea of capital punishment lie false training and crude views of human conduct. People do evil things, say the judges, lawyers, and preachers, because of depraved hearts. Human conduct is not determined by the causes which determine the conduct of other animal and plant life in the universe. For some mysterious reason human beings act as they please; and if they do not please to act in a certain way, it is because, having the power of choice, they deliberately choose to act wrongly. The world once applied this doctrine to disease and insanity in men. It was also applied to animals, and even inanimate things were once tried and condemned to destruction. The world knows better now, but the rule has not yet been extended to human beings.

The simple fact is that every person starts life with a certain physical structure, more or less sensitive, stronger or weaker. He is played upon by everything that reaches him from without, and in this he is like everything else in the universe, inorganic

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matter as well as organic. How a man will act depends upon the character of his human machine, and the strength of the various stimuli that affect it. Everyone knows that this is so in disease and insanity. Most investigators know that it applies to crime. But the great mass of people still sit in judgment, robed with self-righteousness, and determine the fate of their less fortunate fellows. When this question is studied like any other, we shall then know how to get rid of most of the conduct that we call "criminal," just as we are now getting rid of much of the disease that once afflicted mankind.

If crime were really the result of willful depravity, we should be ready to concede that capital punishment may serve as a deterrent to the criminally inclined. But it is hardly probable that the great majority of people refrain from killing their neighbors because they are afraid; they refrain because they never had the inclination. Human beings are creatures of habit and, as a rule, they are not in the habit of killing. The circumstances that lead to killings are manifold, but in a particular individual the inducing cause is not easily found. In one case, homicide may have been induced by indigestion in the killer; in another, it may be traceable to some weakness inherited from a remote ancestor; but that it results from *something* tangible and understandable, if all the facts were known, must be plain to everyone who believes in cause and effect.

Of course, no one will be converted to this point of view by statistics of crime. In the first place, it is impossible to obtain reliable ones; and in the second place, the conditions to which they apply are never the same. But if one cares to analyze the figures, such as we have, it is easy to trace the more frequent causes of homicide. The greatest number of killings occur during attempted burglaries and robberies. The robber knows that penalties for burglary do not average more than five years in prison. He also knows that the penalty for murder is death or life imprisonment. Faced with this alternative, what does the burglar do when he is detected and threatened with arrest? He shoots to kill. He deliberately takes the chance of death to save himself from a five-year term in prison. It is therefore as obvious as anything can be that fear of death has no effect in diminishing homicides of this kind, which are more numerous than any other type.

The next largest number of homicides may be classed as "sex murders." Quarrels between husbands and wives, disappointed

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love, or love too much requited cause many killings. They are the result of primal emotions so deep that the fear of death has not the slightest effect in preventing them. Spontaneous feelings overflow in criminal acts, and consequences do not count. Then there are cases of sudden anger, uncontrollable rage. The fear of death never enters into such cases; if the anger is strong enough, consequences are not considered until too late. The old-fashioned stories of men deliberately plotting and committing murder in cold blood have little foundation in real life. Such killings are so rare that they need not concern us here. The point to be emphasized is that practically all homicides are manifestations of well-recognized human emotions, and it is perfectly plain that the fear of excessive punishment does not enter into them.

In addition to these personal forces which overwhelm weak men and lead them to commit murder, there are also many social and economic forces which must be listed among the causes of homicides, and human beings have even less control over these than over their own emotions. It is often said that in America there are more homicides in proportion to population than in England. This is true. There are likewise more in the United States than in Canada. But such comparisons are meaningless until one takes into consideration the social and economic differences in the countries compared. Then it becomes apparent why the homicide rate in the United States is higher. Canada's population is largely rural; that of the United States is crowded into cities whose slums are the natural breeding places of crime. Moreover, the population of England and Canada is homogeneous, while the United States has gathered together people of every color from every nation in the world. Racial differences intensify social, religious, and industrial problems, and the confusion which attends this indiscriminate mixing of races and nationalities is one of the most fertile sources of crime.

Will capital punishment remedy these conditions? Of course it won't; but its advocates argue that the fear of this extreme penalty will hold the victims of adverse conditions in check. To this piece of sophistry the continuance and increase of crime in our large cities is a sufficient answer. No, the plea that capital punishment acts as a deterrent to crime will not stand. The real reason why this barbarous practice persists in a so-called civilized world is that people still hold the primitive belief that the taking of one human life can be atoned for by taking another. It is the

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age-old obsession with punishment that keeps the official headsman busy plying his trade.

And it is precisely upon this point that I would build my case against capital punishment. Even if one grants that the idea of punishment is sound, crime calls for something more — for careful study, for an understanding of causes, for proper remedies. To attempt to abolish crime by killing the criminal is the easy and foolish way out of a serious situation. Unless a remedy deals with the conditions which foster crime, criminals will breed faster than the hangman can spring his trap. Capital punishment ignores the causes of crime just as completely as the primitive witch doctor ignored the causes of disease; and, like the methods of the witch doctor, it is not only ineffective as a remedy, but is positively vicious in at least two ways. In the first place, the spectacle of state executions feeds the basest passions of the mob. And in the second place, so long as the state rests content to deal with crime in this barbaric and futile manner, society will be lulled by a false sense of security, and effective methods of dealing with crime will be discouraged.

It seems to be a general impression that there are fewer homicides in Great Britain than in America because in England punishment is more certain, more prompt, and more severe. As a matter of fact, the reverse is true. In England the average term for burglary is eighteen months; with us it is probably four or five years. In England, imprisonment for life means twenty years. Prison sentences in the United States are harder than in any country in the world that could be classed as civilized. This is true largely because, with us, practically no official dares to act on his own judgment. The mob is all-powerful and demands blood for blood. That intangible body of people called "the public" vents its hatred upon the criminal and enjoys the sensation of having him put to death by the state — this without any definite idea that it is really necessary.

For the last five or six years, in England and Wales, the homicides reported by the police range from sixty-five to seventy a year. Death sentences meted out by jurors have averaged about thirty-five, and hangings, fifteen. More than half of those convicted by juries were saved by appeals to the Home Office. But in America there is no such percentage of lives saved after conviction. Governors are afraid to grant clemency. If they did, the newspapers and the populace would refuse to reëlect them.

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It is true that trials are somewhat prompter in England than America, but there no newspaper dares publish the details of any case until after the trial. In America the accused is often convicted by the public within twenty-four hours of the time a homicide occurs. The courts sidetrack all other business so that a homicide that is widely discussed may receive prompt attention. The road to the gallows is not only opened but greased for the opportunity of killing another victim.

Thus, while capital punishment panders to the passions of the mob, no one takes the pains to understand the meaning of crime. People speak of crime or criminals as if the world were divided into the good and the bad. This is not true. All of us have the same emotions, but since the balance of emotions is never the same, nor the inducing causes identical, human conduct presents a wide range of differences, shading by almost imperceptible degrees from that of the saint to that of the murderer. Of those kinds of conduct which are classed as dangerous, by no means all are made criminal offenses. Who can clearly define the difference between certain legal offenses and many kinds of dangerous conduct not singled out by criminal statute? Why are many cases of cheating entirely omitted from the criminal code, such as false and misleading advertisements, selling watered stock, forestalling the market, and all the different ways in which great fortunes are accumulated to the envy and despair of those who would like to have money but do not know how to get it? Why do we kill people for the crime of homicide and administer a lesser penalty for burglary, robbery, and cheating? Can anyone tell which is the greater crime and which is the lesser?

Human conduct is by no means so simple as our moralists have led us to believe. There is no sharp line separating good actions from bad. The greed for money, the display of wealth, the despair of those who witness the display, the poverty, oppression, and hopelessness of the unfortunate — all these are factors which enter into human conduct and of which the world takes no account. Many people have learned no other profession but robbery and burglary. The processions moving steadily through our prisons to the gallows are in the main made up of these unfortunates. And how do we dare to consider ourselves civilized creatures when, ignoring the causes of crime, we rest content to mete out harsh punishments to the victims of conditions over which they have no control?

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Even now, are not all imaginative and humane people shocked at the spectacle of a killing by the state? How many men and women would be willing to act as executioners? How many fathers and mothers would want their children to witness an official killing? What kind of people read the sensational reports of an execution? If all right-thinking men and women were not ashamed of it, why would it be needful that judges and lawyers and preachers apologize for the barbarity? How can the state censure the cruelty of the man who — moved by strong passions, or acting to save his freedom, or influenced by weakness or fear — takes human life, when everyone knows that the state itself, after long premeditation and settled hatred, not only kills, but first tortures and bedevils its victims for weeks with the impending doom?

For the last hundred years the world has shown a gradual tendency to mitigate punishment. We are slowly learning that this way of controlling human beings is both cruel and ineffective. In England the criminal code has consistently grown more humane, until now the offenses punishable by death are reduced to practically one. If there is any reason for singling out this one, neither facts nor philosophy can possibly demonstrate it. There is no doubt whatever that the world is growing more human and more sensitive and more understanding. The time will come when all people will view with horror the light way in which society and its courts of law now take human life; and when that time comes, the way will be clear to devise some better method of dealing with poverty and ignorance and their frequent by-products which we call crime.

Next month, the first of two debates on the jury:
Russell Duane vs. F. Lyman Windolph

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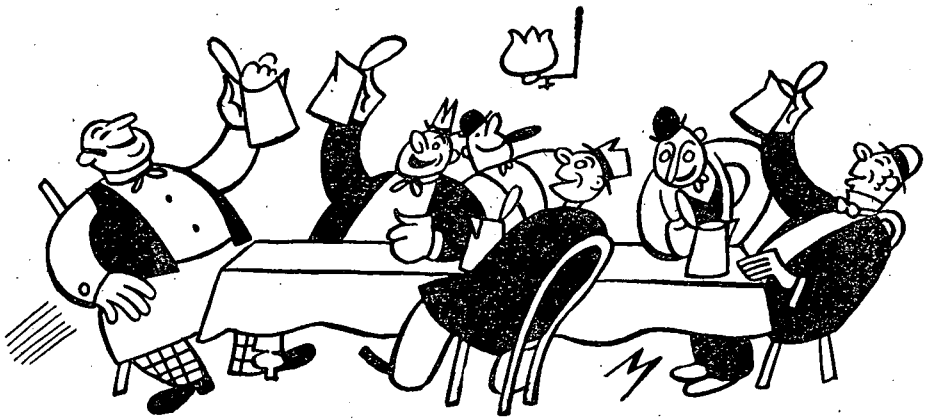

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

THE RAID:

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

"DID you hear what he's after saying?" said Mr. Brophy. "I did hear it," said Peter Joyce sullenly. Then there was silence. Joyce lifted his tumbler to his lips and finished his beer at a draught. Mr. Brophy, anticipating an order which was sure to come, filled the tumbler again. The two men were together in the taproom of the Connaught Eagle Hotel. Mr. Brophy, the proprietor, stood behind the bar. Peter Joyce, the local postmaster, faced him.

"'Ireland is a disappointment to me.' Them was his words," said Mr. Brophy.

"Damned impudence I call it," said Joyce. "But sure them Americans is always impudent."

He stared fixedly at his tumbler for some time as if he were greatly surprised to find that it was not empty. It may have been the sight of the beer in it which inspired him to suggest a retort which might have been made to the American's insult.

"It could be," he said, "that it's him that is a disappointment to Ireland."

He spoke in a tone of great bitterness, as a good man ought to speak when his native land has been insulted by a stranger. Mr. Brophy — a fat man and therefore milder of temper — was more tolerant.

"I wouldn't go altogether as far as to say that," he said. "He

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has the money, plenty of it. You can see that by him coming here in a motor car, and what's more he's willing to spend it."

A man who has money and is willing to spend it is never a disappointment to a hotel keeper.

They were talking about Mr. Skinner — Homer Blake Skinner. He was a citizen of the U. S. A. and apparently a distinguished man. His card stood propped up against the whiskey bottles on a shelf behind the bar. On it, under Mr. Skinner's name, were the words, "Vice President of the Fraternity of the Knights of Liberty." It is a distinction to be Vice President of anything, even of an Order of Ancient Buffaloes or Mediæval Elks. To be a high official of a Fraternity of Knights is something very fine indeed. It is no wonder that such a man has money and spends it freely. Mr. Brophy was proud of having Mr. Skinner as a guest in his hotel.

"'Ireland's a disappointment to me,'" Mr. Brophy repeated. "That's what he said. 'There's more demonstrations in favor of liberty in Chicago in a week,' he said, 'than there is in the whole of Ireland in a year.'"

"I heard him," said Joyce, still sullenly.

"If it was murders he meant, and robberies and the like," said Mr. Brophy, "we've had enough of that sort of work here. They can do what they like in Chicago. But we want no more of them demonstrations in favor of liberty."

Having taken his part, though not a very active one, in the Irish revolution, Mr. Brophy had discovered that even the most patriotic acts have to be paid for in the end, chiefly by men like himself who have something to pay with. He was of the opinion that a little peace and quiet were desirable for a change. He spoke the mind of most of his fellow countrymen.

"What he said was this," said Joyce. "'You're a poor-spirited lot over here.' Them was his words."

Joyce snorted with indignation as he repeated them. It is never pleasant to be called poor-spirited. It was particularly galling to Peter Joyce, because the reproach was unjust. Twice during the years of Ireland's war for independence he had robbed his own post office, choosing on each occasion a time when there was a good deal of money in the safe. Each robbery had been reported in the papers as a "daring outrage." The hero of such exploits ought not to be called poor-spirited by a vagrant American.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Brophy mildly, "that seeing how he

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has money to spend, and is willing to spend it, we might be able to oblige him with a demonstration in favor of liberty while he's here!"

For the second time Joyce finished his beer at a draught. Indignation, especially righteous indignation, promotes thirst. Mr. Brophy immediately supplied him with a glass of whiskey. Beer is a sleepy drink and has a deadening effect upon the mind. Pure spirit, so Mr. Brophy believed, stimulates the brain. He had a proposal to make which might easily be misunderstood.

"Supposing now," he said, "that there was to be a raid on the post office, and whatever was in it was to be took — money and postal orders and stamps?"

"I'll not have that done," said Joyce.

"Whatever was took," said Mr. Brophy persuasively, "would be brought back the next day, so there wouldn't be any trouble with the government."

"I tell you I'll not have it," said Joyce firmly.

"Come now, Peter," said Mr. Brophy, "It's for the good of the people of the district. Mr. Skinner will pay the expenses of the raid, whatever they may be, and I needn't tell you that expenses can be made up to a decent sum if you go the right way about it."

But this appeal to his local patriotism left Joyce unmoved.

"I'll not agree to it," he said, "and the reason I won't is this: Mrs. Joyce is in a delicate state of health at the present time, and if there was to come a crowd of fellows with their faces blacked, roaring and yelling round the house in the middle of the night, it might be the death of her."

Mr. Brophy, a reasonable and kindly man, saw the force of this objection.

"We'll say no more about it, Peter," he said. "If I'd known it was that way with Mrs. Joyce, I'd never have asked you."

"If there's to be a raid," said Joyce, "and I give in to you that it would be a good thing if the American is willing to pay for it, why wouldn't you have it in your own hotel?"

Mr. Brophy had a sound reason for objecting to that. A raid on a hotel, with a taproom and a bar in it, would almost certainly end in a scene of disgraceful drunkenness. No one could be expected to resist the temptation offered by the chance of free drinks, and, although everything else taken could be given back, whiskey, once consumed, could not.

There was, unfortunately, no bank in the town. Indeed, there

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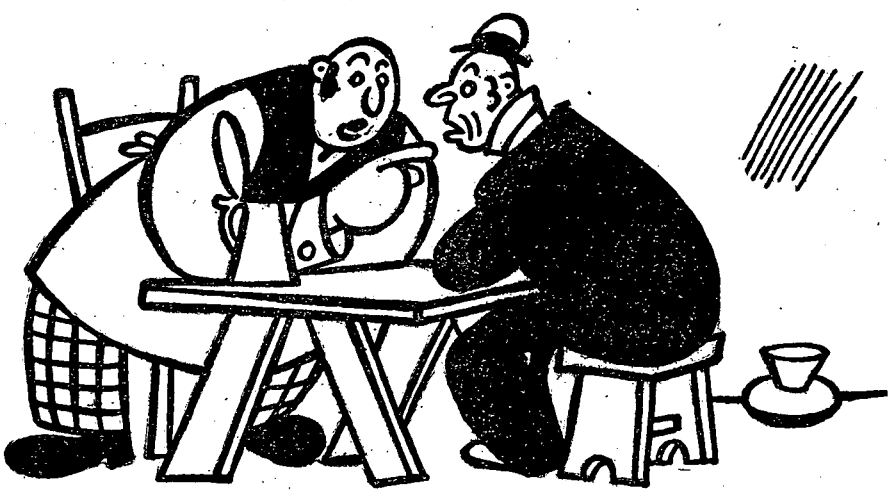
was only one house in the whole neighborhood sufficiently large and important to be of any use as the scene of a demonstration in favor of liberty. That was the house called — as such houses often are in Ireland — the Castle, which was owned and inhabited by Colonel Longways.

"I wonder now," said Mr. Brophy thoughtfully, "if the Colonel would have any objection to our raiding the Castle to-night or to-morrow."

"If shooting the Colonel is what you're thinking of," said Joyce, "I'd not be in favor of it."

Colonel Longways was one of the few Irish gentlemen who came through the revolutionary war safe in body and unharmed in property. Neither Joyce nor anyone else had ever been in favor of shooting him, or even of burning down his house. The Colonel had a reputation for ruthlessness and was known to be an unusually good shot with a revolver. He had a butler, a sour North of Ireland man, who had once been a sergeant in the Grenadiers. It was well understood that he was just as likely to shoot with deadly intent as his master was. It was felt, not only by Peter Joyce but by all his friends, that anyone who went out to shoot the Colonel was very likely to be shot himself.

"I wasn't thinking of shooting him," said Mr. Brophy, "for that's a thing that nobody would be willing to try. But what harm would it do him if there was to be a raid made on his house and maybe her ladyship's jewels took?"



"It never could be said of us again that we're a poor-spirited lot."

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Lady Angela Longways, the Colonel's wife, owned some valuable emeralds, and this was well known to her neighbors.

"If we were to do that," Mr. Brophy went on, "it never could be said of us again by an American or anyone else, that we're a poor-spirited lot. We'd tell the Colonel, of course, that the jewels would be given back next day, or as soon as ever Mr. Skinner has left the locality."

"The Colonel," said Peter Joyce, "will never agree."

"He might," said Mr. Brophy.

Like most men who are making money fast, he took a cheerful view of life's possibilities.

"The Colonel," he went on, "was always a great man for anything that might be for the good of the locality, and when he hears that the American is willing to pay for a demonstration in favor of liberty, he'll not see us done out of the money."

"You can try him if you like," said Peter Joyce, "but it's my opinion that he'll kick you out of the house if you do."

Here, as it turned out, Peter Joyce was wrong. Colonel Longways listened to Mr. Brophy's proposal without a sign of disapproval. In the end he agreed to allow the raid to take place.

"I knew you would," said Mr. Brophy joyfully. "Your honor would always be for helping any movement for the benefit of the people of this locality."

"Don't you be deceiving yourself about that, Brophy," said the Colonel. "I don't care a damn for the people of this locality and I wouldn't mind if they all starved. The reason I'm agreeing to this plan of yours is that I'd like to see you taking money off that American. All Americans ought to be robbed, particularly your friend Skinner. He had the cheek to come up here yesterday and talk to me in a most offensive way. It took me half an hour to get him to go."

The Colonel nourished a grievance against Americans, believing that it was owing to their greed that his income tax was as high as it was. But it is doubtful whether a mere desire for revenge would have induced him to agree to Mr. Brophy's plan. He was a man who found rich pleasure in the absurdities which flourish in Ireland and nowhere else. In England, where people are all very sensible, he would have found life intolerably dull. In Ireland, in spite of many inconveniences and some risks, he was happy because absurd things were always happening. The raid on his house

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struck him as just the kind of absurdity which ought to be encouraged.

"What do you want to take?" he asked.

"What we were thinking of," said Mr. Brophy modestly, "was her ladyship's jewels. But maybe that would be asking too much."

"Not a bit," said the Colonel. "What night will you come?"

"If to-night wouldn't be inconvenient to your honor, it would suit us."

"Very well," said the Colonel, "I'll have the jewels ready packed up for you in a bag and put on the front hall table. I don't want men in dirty boots tramping all over the house and dropping lighted cigarette ends on the carpets. Understand that, Brophy? The jewels will be on the table just inside the door, and nobody is to come a step further."

Brophy promised, without hesitation, that every member of the raiding party would wipe his boots carefully before he entered the hall. He went further and offered to arrange that the leader of the party, the man who actually stepped forward for the jewels, should take off his boots before he did so. Then he made a request.

"I'd be glad," he said, "if your honor will give me leave to tell Peter Joyce that you won't shoot him. Peter is a nervous poor fellow, and he's in terrible dread of you. It's on that account that I mention the matter, though I know well enough that you wouldn't do the like."

"You know nothing of the sort, Brophy," said the Colonel. "As a matter of fact, nothing on earth would give me greater pleasure than to shoot Peter Joyce through the head. I dare say I'll do it some day, but I won't do it to-night. I won't so much as put a bullet through the calf of his leg. You can tell him that from me."

"And you won't let Mr. Harris shoot?" said Mr. Brophy. "For to tell you the truth, Peter's very near as much frightened of him as he is of you."

Harris was the North of Ireland Guardsman butler, and there is little doubt that Peter Joyce had good grounds for his fear. It would have given Harris sincere pleasure to shoot the postmaster.

"Harris," said the Colonel, "shan't even carry a revolver, so you can tell Joyce that he will be perfectly safe unless he manages to shoot himself. But you'd better warn him to be careful about that. If he's as nervous as you say he is, he ought to leave his cartridges at home."

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"I'll tell him that," said Mr. Brophy.

"Very well," said the Colonel, "I'll expect you between one and two to-morrow morning. I'll try not to be asleep, but you'd better make a good deal of noise banging on the door in case I happen to have dosed off."

There was little difficulty in obtaining volunteers for the raid once it was made clear that the Colonel had promised not to shoot and that Mr. Skinner's allowance for expenses would be generous. Mr. Brophy felt safe in promising this. The Colonel's reputation for ferocity enabled him to represent this demonstration in favor of liberty as a desperate adventure. He hoped to be able to persuade Mr. Skinner to promise large financial aid.

"They do say," he said to Mr. Skinner, "that the Colonel thinks no more of shooting a man than I would of drowning a kitten."

Peter Joyce, who was present during the interview, added his testimony.

"There's many a poor fellow," he said, "will be brought home to-night on a shutter. That's the kind of man the Colonel is."

"And that old reprobate Harris," said Mr. Brophy, "is worse than what the Colonel is."

"There's nothing that fellow would like better," said Peter Joyce, "than to be washing himself in the blood of the people of this locality."

"They tell me," said Mr. Brophy, "that the Colonel could turn his back and look the other way and shoot you dead at the same time. That's the kind of man he is."

"So as it makes no odds where you are," said Peter Joyce. "You might be behind the door where he couldn't see you at all, but he'd get you just the same."

"Now in the matter of any little expenses that may be incurred — " said Mr. Brophy, who felt that he had prepared the way for a large subscription.

But it was unnecessary to make any strong appeal. The account given of the Colonel's fierceness and skill had evidently produced the desired effect on Mr. Skinner. He cheerfully offered to pay a sum even larger than Mr. Brophy had intended to ask. Indeed, the effect produced on him was greater than either Joyce or Brophy intended. Mr. Skinner firmly refused to join the raiding party himself.

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This, though unexpected, was not altogether a disappointment. Since the Colonel intended to submit quite peacefully to the carrying off of his wife's jewels, it might have been difficult to keep up his reputation for bloodthirstiness, and if Mr. Skinner once came to doubt that, he might perhaps be disinclined to pay all that he had promised.

"Well," said Joyce, "you can stay at home if you like, only don't be talking afterwards about the men of Ireland being a poor-spirited lot. It's us that's facing the peril to-night and not you."

"Whisht now, Peter," said Mr. Brophy. "What's the use of talking that way to a gentleman who's giving what Mr. Skinner is giving in aid of a demonstration in favor of liberty?"

But Mr. Skinner, it appeared, was a man of Christian forbearance. A friendly smile was his only answer to Joyce's taunt.

At half past one a party of raiders — eight of them altogether — drove up the avenue which led to Colonel Longways' house, in two motor cars. One of the cars belonged to Mr. Brophy and the other to Peter Joyce. They were included in the expense account at five pounds each for the night's work.

The raiders, each man masked and each having his coat turned inside out, got out of the cars. They were drawn up in military formation by Peter Joyce in front of the door of the house. At a word of command two of them, armed with wooden mallets, stepped forward and hammered on the door.

"Mind yourselves now," said Mr. Brophy, who still sat in his car, "There's no sense in knocking the paint off the door, which is what you'll do if you hit it that way."

The Colonel may perhaps have had the same feeling of respect for the paint. A window upstairs opened and his head appeared.

"Who's there?" he asked, "and what do you want?"

"Come down out of that and open the door!" shouted Joyce with truculent savageness. "You'll know soon enough who we are and what we're wanting."

Then another window opened in the top story of the house, and another head appeared. It was a moonlight night and Harris was plainly recognizable. "I have my gun here," he said, "and if you're not out of that before I count ten, I'll shoot."

Then, since religious feelings are apt to find expression in moments of strong excitement, he shouted, "To hell with the Pope!"

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"Hands Up!" said Peter Joyce.

If anyone had failed to recognize Harris, that war cry would have told who he was. The raiders looked at each other doubtfully. They had Mr. Brophy's assurance, based on the Colonel's promise, that Harris would not shoot. But there was a terrifying threat in the tone in which he counted "one, two, three, four." The whole plan might have been wrecked by the precipitate flight of the raiders if the Colonel had not interfered. Turning his head and peering upwards, he shouted to Harris:

"Stop that nonsense, Harris. Come down and open the door."

The scene, when the door was opened, was quite in the best tradition of midnight raids. A band of masked men, each one of them flourishing a revolver, stood in the doorway. The Colonel, in his pyjamas, stood in the middle of the hall. Behind him, unarmed, but looking dangerous, was Harris, who had slipped on a pair of trousers and tucked a cotton night shirt into them. In the background was Lady Angela in a lace-trimmed dressing gown, giggling hysterically. "Hands up!" said Peter Joyce.

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The Colonel put his up and turned to Harris, who was thinking of making a rush at Joyce.

"Don't be an ass, Harris. Put up your hands when you're told."

Harris obeyed. But there was a defiant gleam in his eyes.

"Must I put mine up?" said Lady Angela meekly.

"You need not." said Peter Joyce.

Mr. Brophy, who had come to the door, added politely, "Sure nobody wants to put your ladyship to the least inconvenience."

Peter Joyce stepped forward toward the table on which lay a small brown leather bag.

"Come back out of that, Peter," said Mr. Brophy. "Didn't I tell you to wipe your feet before you went into the house? Have you no manners?"

Peter Joyce stepped back at once and rubbed the soles of his boots on the doormat. He went even further. Taking a scarf from the neck of the raider who stood next him, he began to polish the upper part of his boots. But this was more than the Colonel desired.

"Come on, man. Don't waste time. I'm tired standing here with my hands above my head. If you don't hurry up, I might be tempted to have a shot at you after all."

Joyce dropped the scarf, stepped forward, and took the bag. Then he fumbled for his pocket for some time. As his coat was inside out, it was not easy to find the pocket. In the end he succeeded in drawing out of it a somewhat crumpled envelope. He offered it to the Colonel.

"What's that?" said Colonel Longways.

It was Mr. Brophy, still in the background, who replied.

"It's a receipt for her ladyship's jewels," he said, "signed by myself and Mr. Joyce."

"I have it stamped with the office stamp," said Joyce, "the same as if it was a postal order, so as you'd be sure it's all right."

"Quite unnecessary," said the Colonel.

"We'd be better satisfied if your honor would take it," said Mr. Brophy. "You can give it back to us to-morrow or the next day, when we give you back the jewels, which is what we'll do as soon as ever Mr. Skinner is satisfied that we took them off you."

There was a scene of high festivity in the taproom of the Connaught Eagle Hotel when the raiders returned. Mr. Brophy, having broken several important laws already, felt that it was no

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use being fastidiously careful to keep the regulations which prohibit the sale of alcoholic drinks after a certain hour. He served whiskey, beer, and other beverages to all who asked for them. Mr. Skinner, who seemed delighted with the success of the raid, said that he would pay for all that was drunk. The bag, with its precious contents, stood on the bar for all to see. Mr. Skinner was even allowed to peep inside, and was rewarded with a vision of a large number of jewelers' cases — the sort of leather-covered, velvet-lined boxes in which jewels are sold and sometimes kept.

The health of the Irish Republic was drunk and "God Save Ireland" was sung with uproarious fervor. Mr. Skinner's health was drunk, and Mr. Brophy, in a high-pitched tenor, led the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. Brophy's health was drunk, so was Mr. Joyce's, so was that of every member of the raiding party. When the last man had been duly honored, the health drinking began again with the Irish Republic and the whole list was worked through a second time. Mr. Brophy joyfully added the price of bottle after bottle to the lengthening bill of expenses. Mr. Skinner, who appeared to be perfectly reckless, encouraged everyone to ask for more and more. Time sped on, as time does when men are entirely happy. The dawn began to show dimly through the smoke-grimed windows. Several members of the party were asleep on the floor. Peter Joyce was leaning over the bar with his head on his outstretched arms. Mr. Brophy was trying, not very successfully, to add up the price of the drinks supplied. He was annoyed to find that the total came to something different each time he did the sum.

The noise of a motor engine roused Peter Joyce.

"What's that?" he said.

Mr. Brophy looked up from his accounts. The engine raced noisily. There were explosions from an exhaust pipe. There was a shrill clamor of changing gears. Peter Joyce looked around him.

"Where's Mr. Skinner?" he said.

Two drunken raiders, hearing the name of their benefactor, began to sing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" — but Mr. Skinner was not there to acknowledge their courtesy.

"Where's her ladyship's jewels?" said Mr. Brophy wildly.

The bag, so daringly captured from Colonel Longways, was no longer on the counter where it had lain all the evening. Like Mr. Skinner, it had disappeared.

Mr. Brophy made a staggering rush to the door. Peter Joyce,

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with great difficulty, followed him. They were just in time to see Mr. Skinner and his car disappear round a bend of the road. There was little doubt, even in their muddled minds, that he had the jewels with him.

It was noonday before Mr. Brophy and Peter Joyce were able to take counsel together. Till then they had been engaged in the difficult business of getting sober. When they met, they were bitter and despondent. They cursed Mr. Skinner. They cursed all Americans with a comprehensive malediction. They cursed each other. They cursed each member of the raiding party. They cursed the Colonel and they cursed their luck. Then, having exhausted all known forms of blasphemy, they faced the situation.

"He's gone without paying a penny for the drinks that was consumed," said Mr. Brophy.

"And the fellows we took along with us up to the Castle," said Peter Joyce, "will be asking for the money that we promised them."

"Let them ask," said Mr. Brophy. "If that was all, I wouldn't care. But we've given a receipt to the Colonel for the jewels and he'll make us pay."

"He'll do worse than that," said Peter Joyce.

"There is no worse than that," said Mr. Brophy. "Them jewels is worth thousands of pounds."

"There is worse."

"What worse?"

"This worse," said Peter Joyce. "When he finds out the way he's been deceived, he'll shoot."

"Let him," said Mr. Brophy. "I'd as soon be shot as not if everything that I have is to be took from me."

These were the words of courageous despair. But, though the despair remained, the courage vanished a moment later.

Colonel Longways walked into the room.

"I hear," he said, "that the American has gone, so I came to fetch her ladyship's jewels. Here's the receipt." He laid the crumpled envelope on the table. "I hope you got plenty of money out of him, Brophy, before he went. That show of yours last night was worth fifty pounds at least."

Mr. Brophy stared helplessly at Peter Joyce. Peter, convinced that the Colonel had a revolver in his pocket, crept under the table.

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"Where are the jewels?" said Colonel Longways.

Mr. Brophy dropped on his knees and tried to join Peter Joyce under the table. It was unfortunately a small table and Mr. Brophy was large. There was not room for two. A very undignified scramble ensued.

"Come along out of that," said Colonel Longways. "The jewels are perfectly safe. You can't surely be such fools as to think I let you have them last night. Why, all you took away with you was a leather bag and half a dozen boxes with strings of beads in them."

It was Mr. Brophy who first realized the meaning of what the Colonel said. He crept out from the corner of the table which sheltered him and rose slowly to his feet.

"Gosh!" he said, "but that's great. I declare to God, your honor, I'd pay the money I've lost twice over — and mind you I've lost a lot — but I'd pay it twice over for the sight of Skinner's face when he finds out the way you've done him. I don't know did ever I meet a man I hate worse than I hate him. But it would satisfy me if I could see his face this minute."

Peter Joyce recovered from his terror more slowly, but he faced the Colonel at last.

"So you needn't be shooting me after all," he said.

"Not to-day," said the Colonel. "But I expect I shan't be able to resist the temptation for very long. Keep out of my way as much as you can."

"I will, your honor," said Peter Joyce. "I surely will."

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WESTERN MAGIC

MARY AUSTIN

THERE are no fairy-folk in our Southwest,
The cactus spines would tear their filmy wings,
There's no dew anywhere for them to drink
And no green grass to make them fairy rings.

But sometimes in a windless blurr of dust
The impish twins of War and Chance go by,
Or after storms the Spider Woman mends,
With thin-drawn cloud, torn edges of the sky.

And there is One who plays upon the flute
In deep rock crevices where springs are found —
'Twas at To-yállanne they saw him first —
In April youths are magicked by the sound.

Hot dawns the turquoise horse, Johano-ai,
Races the sun in dust of glittering grains,
Or round Pelado peak the Rainbow Boy
Goes dancing with the many-footed rains.

There are no fairy-folk in our Southwest,
But there are hours when prairie dog and snake,
Black beetle and the tecolote owl
Between two winks their ancient forms will take.

Clad in white skins with shell shield glittering,
The Sun — their chief — the ancient road will walk,
And half in her sleep the mothering earth
Of older things than fairy-folk will talk.

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AMERICAN WOMEN AND RELIGION

A. MAUDE ROYDEN

THROUGH varied experiences as Oxford University extension lecturer, editor, leader in the woman suffrage movement, and now preacher at the City Temple in London, the writer of this article has studied human nature and developed acute powers of observation. She regards prohibition as the peculiar expression of American religion, and her view of our national religion is a challenge to those who would make people good by legislative enactment. Rampant feminists should pass over Miss Royden's article.

THE American woman's idea of religion is summed up in the word "service." It begins — it almost ends — there. In this is its strength and its weakness. "Service" is of course almost a cant word in America. Every business man, since Mr. Ford showed him the way, is engaged in "giving service" to the community; every gasoline pump is a "service station." It is the most overworked word in the American language, for it is employed upon all occasions.

Overworked or not, it expresses something exceedingly fine. It expresses the fact that Americans are the kindest people on earth. Their kindness is not merely in giving, though they "give like gods"; it is in serving too, and no one who knows America — if only as a visitor — can ever forget the amazing consideration and thought-out kindness that meets and surrounds him here. To women everywhere the idea of service makes an instant appeal. To American women it is irresistible. Their religion is to make the kingdom of heaven come on earth. It is a great and glorious ambition, and certainly it is in keeping with the teaching of our Lord, who said: "When ye pray, say 'Our Father, . . . thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven.'"

I speak of Protestant America, for I judge that America is primarily a Protestant Christian country. Perhaps I should find myself correcting my opinion if I had had the opportunity of coming into closer contact with Roman Catholic America, but — to my regret — I have met few Roman Catholics here and, naturally, have not been in touch with their church life and ideals. Protestantism seems to me to intensify the natural inclination of Anglo-Saxondom, and of women, to emphasize the practical side of their religion. The Protestant has always been more interested in building the City of God than in the making of saints.

I write in California (a state which I visit now for the first time) and have been seeing her old Spanish mission churches, studying

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her history, and reading the life of her great pioneer missionary — Fray Junipero Serra. I confess that there is, for me, a charm in the story of these heroic Franciscan friars, and a beauty in their buildings that I cannot find in the equally heroic history of the sturdy Pilgrim Fathers. The deserted (or now restored) missions, mellowed by time but always full of charm, attract me, while the more active and practical Protestant buildings leave me cold.

There was something aggressive and even arrogant in the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers. Asking for help from their government at home, they would write that it should be given because "we are not as others are, easily discouraged by little things." Junipero Serra, on the same errand to the Spanish Government in Mexico, takes leave of his brethren when he has attained his object, "praying them to forgive him any ill example he may have given them." Certainly Junipero was not a whit more "easily discouraged" than the Pilgrim Fathers themselves, as his history most clearly shows; but he never dreamed of comparing himself with others, to their disadvantage. He compared himself to his Master, Christ, and found himself a miserable sinner. His humble spirit leaves a fragrance, while the Pilgrim Father extorts admiration without affection.

Yet how much better state builders were those same sturdy Protestants! The utter devotion, the heroic courage of the Franciscan friars were spent in making converts among the Indians, and "the acceptance of baptism, the regular attendance at church, veneration of the sacred images and emblems of the Catholic faith, were sufficient in their minds to secure to an Indian full membership in the church."* After this, they were looked after, protected, guided, even instructed, but as children are. The Pilgrim Fathers built after another fashion. Their descendants are still busy building to-day. And no sooner had women attained the position in the social order which they now hold in America than they too turned with buoyant optimism and determination to build the City of God in the United States.

Women Responsible for Prohibition

The result is perhaps Protestantism versus Roman Catholicism, or perhaps Anglo-Saxondom versus the rest of the world, or the West versus the East, or a little of all these; certainly the result is a lively and a militant religion of an intensely practical sort. The

* *Junipero Serra* by A. H. Fitch; page 298.

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women of America are largely responsible for Prohibition and for a multitude of practical attempts to make the kingdom of heaven come quickly. They did not propose to work the miracle by making people interested in something better than the exciting business of getting more or less drunk; they did not first attack the evil surroundings which, with us, so often lead to drinking; they simply, and at one stroke, sought to remove the drink. That the result has been in many ways good I cannot doubt; that it has also been in some ways bad I do not doubt either. Whether the good or the bad will in the end prevail, America must judge for herself, while the Englishwoman, conscious of the appalling nature of the drink evil in her own country, watches with an interest painful in its intensity. What concerns me here is the *method* of the attack on this great evil — direct, uncompromising, external — and the fact that its driving force came, and comes still, from Protestant American women, and has been their most remarkable use of power.

American women have, of course, a unique position. Some of them indeed assure me that American men "do not take them seriously." And in a sense, perhaps, this is true; but only in the very general sense that nowhere in the world do the sexes take each other perfectly seriously. Men everywhere feel that the real business of life is their affair in the end. Women are equally convinced that, compared with themselves, men are a set of Peter Pans who forever refuse to grow up. Taking this for granted, it remains true that American women have more freedom, greater equality in educational advantages, and, in consequence, more economic independence than any other women anywhere. If, thus equipped and launched upon the world, American men really do refuse to take them seriously, American men are guilty of extreme folly. The single instance of Prohibition should be enough to convince them of this. Whether they think it good or bad, there can be no doubt of its importance; and everywhere I find its passage into law stated to be, in great part, the work of women.

It is inevitable that American women, entering into political life, should do something! Why else are they educated and equipped either for a career and economic independence of their own, or for a husband whose first business it is to maintain them in a good position? In neither case do they expect to lead a life of leisure. The standard of life in America, which is the pride of

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Americans and the admiration of the world, is maintained at an almost terrifying cost to all but the wealthiest women. Indeed, women have insisted on a marvelous equipment of labor-saving devices. The multiplicity of bathrooms, of iceboxes and other electrical apparatus, the carpetless floors, the absence of dust-collecting "ornaments" — all reflect the determination of American women to have beautiful homes without becoming slaves to them. The amount of intelligence which they have put into the maintenance of the American standard of living alone makes it possible; money by itself could not do it. It still takes an alarming toll of the strength of women; but it does make it possible for them to take up public work without neglecting home duties, and the possibility is seized upon with an energy and good will that is astounding.

I, at least, am too much a woman not to realize — as men visiting the United States for a few weeks or months rarely do — what a real religious impulse it is that gives such public service. With all the labor-saving apparatus at their command, the standard these women set for themselves is too high not to mean incessant work, forethought, and organizing capacity. An American home is a work of art and a triumph of administration. What cookery! What cleanliness! What comfort is there! With this, however, they are not content. They seek to make the world a home, no less spotless, hospitable, and orderly than their own.

In one city, a reporter, after ten minutes conversation with me, reproachfully observed: "When *our* women come into public life, they always seem to get off on the subject of peace!" I was rebuked. I had talked to a reporter for ten whole minutes in a town in the very heart of the Middle West and had not yet broached any international affair.

He was right. When the American woman comes into public life, she wants to know why the world can't live in peace. She wants to see that it does, in future. She wants to make her religion *work* — and after all, it is the religion of the Prince of Peace! Once more, I warn the American male: if he does not take his women seriously, he is making a miscalculation. They take themselves seriously and they have votes. They are considering the cause and cure of war. Christianity, they think, ought to work — or what is it for?

I am a pragmatist myself. Perhaps all Anglo-Saxons are. Perhaps all women are. When people are both women and — in great part — Anglo-Saxon, and moreover have education and

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public responsibility, a high degree of energy and political power — look out! Such people want a religion that will work. They believe they have one. They intend to try it out. Not for nothing do so many American women have the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers in their veins. The number who trace their descent to the passengers on the "Mayflower" may be, in fact, a joke: in spirit it is anything but a joke, as the world will find.

In all this, however, joyful and congenial though I find it — for I, also, am an Anglo-Saxon, a little tempered by the Celt — there is, I very respectfully suggest, an element of weakness. American women believe that the world can be reformed. In theological language we should say it can be "redeemed." This is a fundamental principle of Christianity. In the work of reformation, however, we are apt to become so exceedingly busy that we easily fall into the habit of trying short cuts. At first sight it seems a kind of selfishness to be concerned in the making of saints or the salvation of one's own soul. Certainly it often becomes so. But though concentration on spiritual discipline may be the besetting sin of the spiritual East, a complete neglect of it is the curse of the practical West. Filled with her desire to serve, the American woman sets about the building of the City of God, and often fails, because, born organizer and administrator that she is, she does not perceive that organization is not enough. Even good conduct is not enough. Nor can good conduct be permanently achieved by any amount of organizing, admonition, or even legislation, unless the spirit of good will exists behind it.

Cigarettes and Religion

Though this sounds terribly platitudinous — and there is, perhaps, not an American in the world who would not applaud the platitude — it is not really admitted. For this *is*, of course, the real weakness of American religious women: they believe much too strongly in external reformation. They have been too active in the service of the world to give much thought to themselves; consequently they really do not know themselves or human nature.

I have been much impressed by this fact in the reaction of the American religious public to the discovery that a supposedly religious woman — myself — occasionally smokes cigarettes. It was not because the more extreme anti-cigarette women canceled my engagements or abused me for smoking. People have a

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right to believe that nicotine, even in the smallest amounts, is a terrible poison and must have all the shocking results, both on my health in this world and my destiny in the next, that have been freely prophesied in letters and "literature" sent to me by mail. (Others, it is true, hold that tobacco is a mild disinfectant.) The point that struck me in this connection was the *kind* of appeal that was, in most cases, addressed to me. That cigarettes smoked at the rate of about half a dozen in a week could not possibly injure my health, either in this world or the next, was generally very freely admitted. That it had no religious significance whatever was conceded also. "But," I was assured, "American women *cannot* smoke in moderation. If they smoke at all, they must become cigarette fiends. Though you, and perhaps other English women, can smoke a little and be content with that, will you not give it up for the sake of your American sisters who cannot?"

Let me say at once that, knowing many Americans and perceiving them to be as capable of self-control as other people — and a good deal more than some — I do not believe this accusation. But, apart from this, and supposing that it *were* true, how in the world does my abandonment of the habit affect the point? It does not affect it at all. If I should cease to smoke, American women would be exactly as self-controlled — or un-self-controlled — as they were before. It is not, admittedly, a few cigarettes that matter; it is the inability to stop there. How am I going to help them to "stop there"? So far as I can "help" them at all (which seems to me rather a ridiculous proposition), it should surely be by "stopping there" myself.

The attitude of mind which thinks cigarette-smoking really wicked is not universal; in this extreme form it is, I believe, not even common. Only one women's organization canceled its engagements with me, while two others passed resolutions and hurled excommunications against me. This was all. And in the course of about seventy public meetings held right across the continent and almost always followed by an open forum, I was only once asked about my smoking and even then by a questioner who sent up his question in writing, lacking courage to ask it in person.

But the idea that something is gained by consciously and deliberately setting what is called "a good example" *is* common — seems, indeed, almost universal. This is so, even when it is

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openly admitted that the example set will not be followed. One religious journal, for example, publicly addressed to me a most kindly and courteous appeal to "set a good example" to the world by voluntarily abandoning a habit which could be no great sacrifice, and added that in the religious communion it represented, the ministers were required to sign a pledge not to smoke before they were accepted for ordination. Yet, in the very same article, the editor admitted that the fight against the use of tobacco by men (other than ministers) had been given up in despair. To whom, then, and for what conceivable purpose, were the ministers setting a good example? To the young ladies of their congregations? Is it seriously supposed that they will abstain from smoking because the ministers do, when the laymen of the same communion smoke freely? It seems inconceivable. But then I frankly admit that the whole argument is incomprehensible to me.

I replied to the appeal, because it was so courteously worded and so free from abusive epithets. I explained that I did not believe that religion was a matter of such trifles as the smoking of six cigarettes in a week, and added that I did not smoke at all in Lent. I did not dream that it was necessary to explain that I did this in order to test my own power of self-control — it seemed sufficiently obvious. The editor, however, returned to the attack in his next issue by asking if I supposed the sacrifice of thirty-six cigarettes would "impress or interest God."

On this I abandoned the controversy. The idea that, by giving up smoking, I should impress young (female) America with the excellence of my example seemed to me ridiculous and pretentious enough. When it came to a hope of impressing the Deity, I gave up.

Good Examples and Bad Impressions

This insistence on being or doing good, not because it is good but because of the effect it will have on someone else, is part of the weakness of a too external religion. The haunting hope of achieving something by "setting a good example" must be exorcised. If we only took time to think, to deepen our own spiritual life, to measure our weaknesses and seek a conquest over them, we should certainly find that we are not helped but hindered by the conscious setters of good examples. A good man is inspiring — his goodness, infectious — because he loves goodness. He makes us love it too, because we cannot help loving him. And to make men

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in love with goodness is to do them the greatest service that can be done or imagined. But one who does good in order that he may set us a good example is repellent to us. We do not desire to follow such an example. We realize that the man does not act so from pure love of goodness (the only respectable motive), but with a deliberate intention of impressing us. We *are* impressed, but not as he desires. We are impressed with the conviction that he is a conceited prig, and the last thing we wish is to resemble him. Most of us would rather commit most of the sins in the calendar than justly be called a prig.

And in this I submit that we are right — at least by Christ's standards. It is on record that the prigs of the first century were the only people who moved our Lord to intense disgust. He could not bear them. He liked better the publicans and the harlots. I do not think he liked their vices; but I think he liked almost any kind of sinner better than the sinner who makes virtue detestable by self-consciously "setting a good example." On one occasion the Pharisees asked him to forbid his disciples to pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath day. According to the rigor of the law, to pluck an ear of corn was to reap, and to take out the grain was to thrash. His disciples therefore deserved rebuke. Our Lord refused to rebuke them.

I think there are many religious leaders to-day who would have acted differently. Am I not right? Would they not have said: "This is a trifle which you will surely sacrifice for the sake of others? True, it *is* a trifle; to pluck and eat a handful of corn is not *really* breaking the Sabbath. We all know that. Still, it is setting a bad example, and others — younger and less thoughtful — may easily be led into more serious breaches of the law, unless you are careful to be exact."

In almost these very words I have been urged to give up smoking. Heavens! What a suffocating creed! As if religion were an affair of such meticulous trifles! One wants a little fresh air.

It is true that I have St. Paul against me. But when St. Paul and his Master disagree, I must (even on St. Paul's authority) still prefer Christ. "Was I baptized unto Paul? Or was Paul crucified for me?" If St. Paul tells me to set a good example to my weaker sisters (Who, pray, are my weaker sisters?) and Christ refuses to tell his disciples to set one, I shall believe that Christ's was the best advice.

Truly a good example may be a burning and a shining light.

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"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." There are men and women, themselves in love with goodness, whose grace and loveliness and power attract us like a magnet. And when we see them, we see that goodness is gracious and lovely. We desire it for ourselves. We realize — sometimes, alas! with a shock of surprise — that "religion" is not a dull, meticulous, negative affair. It is not a matter of *not* drinking, *not* smoking, *not* gambling, *not* being licentious; it is a radiant and an active thing of the deepest and most venturous reality. Thus these people's "light" does "so shine before us" that we glorify God and worship him. They make us in love with goodness — which is God.

If, then, I dare to offer a word of advice to my sisters of the American Protestant churches, it is with a most real admiration for the splendid and selfless vigor with which they set out to build the City of God. I have worked with and for associations of women whose zeal for this work is equaled by their courage, and with courage has gone statesmanship and wisdom. Every time I return to America I am more impressed by these qualities in American women. But I believe American Protestant religion lacks the spiritual depth and the sense of eternal things which comes only from intensive spiritual discipline. In other words, it has, in building the City of God, neglected the making of saints.

There is a marvelous saying which the Fourth Evangelist puts into the mouth of Christ — "*For their sakes* I consecrate myself." It haunts me when I survey — not here only but at home in England — the battlefield of the religious life, the earnest endeavor of high-minded people, full of the desire to serve. Not only in the Christian churches but in other organizations and "movements" the cause is lost again and again because, though it was a good cause, its leaders were not good enough. The task of building the City of God is a long and difficult one. We lose patience, we seek short cuts, we are content (more or less) with external remedies, we lose our own serenity, we grow confused, our sense of proportion disappears.

The standards of the external world are so organized and articulate that it needs almost a new moral sense to see them with steady vision against the background of eternity. The astounding organization of public opinion, regimented by the press and the radio across a vast continent, can bring a moral bombardment against a single individual or society which, for the time being, is

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terrific. It makes its effect by concentration and repetition. We assure ourselves that we do not need a biscuit merely because a poster tells us we do; yet, in the end, the name of the biscuit rises automatically to our lips on some shopping expedition. We assure ourselves — at least Americans assure me — that they "do not believe a word they read" in a newspaper; but I know, from personal experience, that quite a considerable number of people do believe even the most preposterous statements on no better authority than this. Knowing these things, reading these newspapers, listening in on a radio, watching the news on the screen at the movies — bombarded on every side by sights and sounds, all expressive of this world's standards and its passing shows, it becomes utterly impossible to "see life steadily and see it whole" without a conscious and continuous effort to see it in the light of God and to listen in the silence to his voice.

The Value of Silence

Yet this requires a great effort and an effort which easily seems a waste of time. Silence, I think, is almost intolerable to Western people. An American woman, above all, is taught that her social success will depend largely on her ability to keep up a continuous flow of talk. The result is terrifying. How often during the last three months would I have given almost any price to be allowed to be silent! Traveling through enchanting scenery, or in the darkness returning from a crowded meeting, I have instinctively relapsed into silence — only to realize that my unhappy host was laboring to keep up a conversation and bitterly feeling that only an Englishwoman would expect a man to do all the work. One such toiler described to me a drive taken by a party of English people, plus himself and his wife, through some beautiful Devonshire valleys. "And if you will believe me," he said, "there was no conversation but what my wife made!" I blenched and awoke to a sense of my own delinquencies.

In silence, meditation, and self-examination comes a clearer idea of where our real work lies and a better sense of proportion in doing it. Instead of bringing all our batteries to bear on some striking but superficial difference of taste or custom, we shall reserve our strength for our real enemies. The industrialization of life, mass production and mass standards, the cheapening of human personality, the menace of war — to some of these, American religious leaders are now attentive.

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It is true that in this present world and generation the appeal to save our own souls has greatly lost its force. I sympathize with those to whom it seems selfish in itself and uninspiring in its object. But I believe the generation which has tried to save the world *without* saving itself is learning how futile is the attempt. The truth is that we are not fit to save anybody and are hardly fit even to serve them in the humblest capacity. The service of humanity is a most searching business. Under its terrible demands every weak and shoddy place in us, every lack of discipline, every unregulated impulse, every wasted (and therefore now unavailable) ounce of strength is shown up. At least it would be, if we ever took time to look and consider. If we will not, we shall almost certainly lay the blame for our failure — since it must be laid somewhere — on the people we wanted to serve.

No doubt it is partly the fault of the world that we do not more rapidly make it into the kingdom of heaven. But it is also partly our fault; and it is our own fault that we are responsible for — our own fault that we can deal with and overcome. Such dealing makes us wise too, for since we are part of that world we would serve, we shall be wiser to deal with it when we have dealt with ourselves.

This generation of Christians, I believe, is finding out the real weakness of its religion. Several times I have had the joy of coming into contact with little groups of people who value both the discipline of silence and meditation, and its wealth. I have found a deep interest in the methods of a little society to which I belong, whose object it is to provide for its members something of the individual spiritual discipline which organized church life rarely offers, while at the same time dispensing with organization as far as it is humanly possible. To have some place in one's spiritual life for long silences, for discussion which is not debate, for worship in common but not in a crowd, is in no sense to compete with the full, regular, and stimulating life of church membership, but it is to supplement that life with something that is lacking in most churches and terrifying in its rigorous simplicity to many church goers.

Perhaps out of the union of such a spiritual ideal with the generous ideal of active service — the horror of spiritual selfishness, so characteristic of Christian America — may come the saints who will at last build the City of God, who "for our sakes consecrate themselves."

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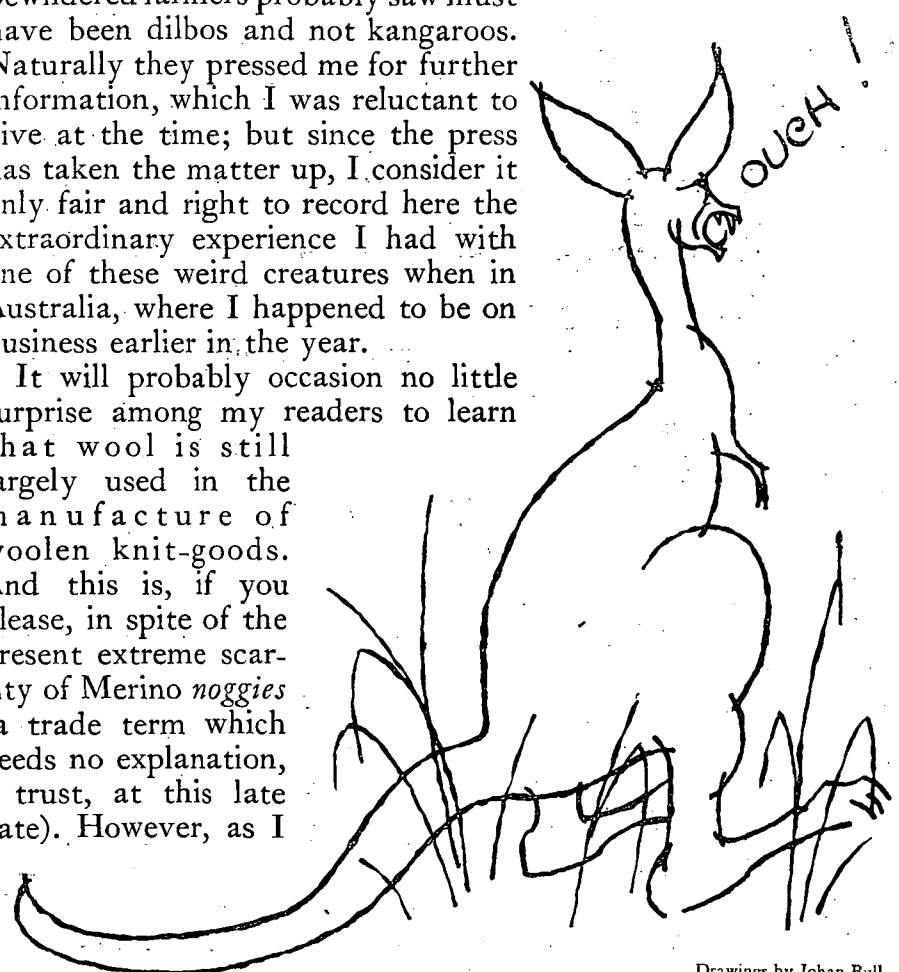
THE GIANT BURRAJONG

PERCY WAXMAN

Forum Table Talk

I WAS sitting in the reading room of the Downtown Knit-Goods Club the other day when I overheard two lay members discussing the marauding kangaroos which several Chappaqua farmers claim to have seen during August. Now knowing that the kangaroo proper (*harpomarxiensis*) never *marauds*, I quietly stated to the two disputants that what those bewildered farmers probably saw must have been dilbos and not kangaroos. Naturally they pressed me for further information, which I was reluctant to give at the time; but since the press has taken the matter up, I consider it only fair and right to record here the extraordinary experience I had with one of these weird creatures when in Australia, where I happened to be on business earlier in the year.

It will probably occasion no little surprise among my readers to learn that wool is still largely used in the manufacture of woolen knit-goods. And this is, if you please, in spite of the present extreme scarcity of Merino *noggies* (a trade term which needs no explanation, I trust, at this late date). However, as I



Drawings by Johan Bull

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had received secret information that the *noggies* (see above) output for 1927 had been amply increased in Australia over other fiscal years, I resolved to pay a quiet visit to that far-off land in the interests of Fleischlauser, Arnstein, & Butt — largest makers of Flabco goods east of Ohio.

I thought the heat had got me.

I will not attempt to regale you with a detailed description of my sea voyage. Captain Cook and others before me have rather overdone that sort of thing, although I consider it only fair to let you know that I see by my diary that I had a most unusual lunch at Honolulu, and that a certain brunette widow made my second day at Pago Pago rather interesting. . . . Well, anyhow, let me sum it all up by saying that exactly thirty-three days from the time I left the Duane Street factory I was swishing at the flies with a wattle-twig (*acacia struartus*) at Cootamagundi Station, near Wurra Wurra, in the heart of New South Wales, Australia.

Did you know that Cootamagundi happens to be the largest *noggies* centre in the world? Well it is; and by the time I arrived, sales were in full swing. What I bought, what I paid for grade B *smills*, how I underbid the great Utui Brothers of Kioto, and how I revolutionized Australian selling methods, have no place in this narrative. Some of those achievements have already appeared in a garbled version in the trade papers. It is what happened after the sales were all over that I now wish to relate.

It seems that Cootamagundi Station was owned by a bluff and hearty British breeder of the old school named Ranford Yodel. He wore sideburns and, although overfond of winkles, proved most hospitable. In fact, I cannot say too many things about him. After our business was all cleaned up, Mr. Yodel, knowing I was a stranger, came to me and openly complimented me on my spirited bidding.

"Mr. Frith," he said, "no man could have sat there day after day bidding and bidding as you did without being a genuine sportsman."

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"Well, you see," I replied with a wink, "I'm used to bidding. I play a bit of auction at the club when I'm home." Unfortunately, being a Britisher, Mr. Yodel didn't get my little pleasantry, and, passing over my *bon mot*, he said that if I would be his guest for a day or two before returning to New York, he'd be delighted to arrange a special dilbo drive for me. To which I eagerly consented. In case you don't happen to know the dilbo (*minex carnivorensis*), it is a species of wild goomie that roams the Australian bush causing great terror among the wombats, chickens, bandicoots, thorpes, and other domesticated *felideas* of the island continent. The destruction of these monsters is much sought by the owners of sheep stations, I can assure you, and when it was noised about that the dare-devil American (as they already called me) was going to assist on the dilbo drive, it made quite a stir among those sturdy Britishers.

Well, on the appointed day, just after tea, about six of us set forth into the depths of the bush on our dangerous quest. Needless to say, we were all suitably dressed for that time of the year, and I made a most careful list of my equipment in case any of my friends or readers should ever care to engage in that perilous pastime known as a dilbo drive. Here is a rough estimate of one's requirements: ½ doz. Clammersley sprayers, 1 giant heftig, 3 yards spessies, 1 Alpaca coat, 3 tins reversible gripples, 10 pounds white lime, 2 pairs odd suspenders, 2 bush-tinglers, 1 tashie, 3 outing hats (one lined), 2 collapsible binnies, 1 case tea biscuits, 2 extra handle bars, 1 old klaxon, 8 leech extractors (enameled), 6 packages oiled paper, 2 dozen sleeve garters, 1 waffle iron, 3 lengths seed tape, 2 kegs Jilson's Fluid, 4 orange sticks.

Although Professor Dykehoover in his monumental volume, *Athwart The Dilbo*, states positively that it is "absolutely necessary" (I quote his exact words) to dispense with at least two of the binnies, Schloosch and many other noted authorities are agreed that this may be optional. Personally, in the light of what happened to me, I always (if asked) say I favor three.

Well, after calling all the dogs together and giving them their final signals, Mr. Yodel and the rest of us advanced in absolute silence for at least one-quarter of a mile. Then, after a brief huddle, he gave us instructions to separate in *entirely different directions*, as he thought the possibilities of mistaking each other for our quarry might be minimized by so doing. It was due largely to this precaution that (1) I suffered the dreaded experience

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known as being lost in the bush, and (2) was also enabled to return from the dilbo drive with the largest burrajong *ever killed in New South Wales!*

And this is how it all happened. When I found myself alone in that weird jungle of eucalyptus, ti-trees, and mulga, I could not help thinking of my cozy apartment on West 78th Street. But after this nostalgic spasm wore off, I plunged boldly into the thick of the bush. Kebles and goomies in millions, of course, scampered about, but took no notice of me; ozoms were also very plentiful, while overhead in the jola trees, wendles (*phloxiana scovum*) and arbs (*antibides lofum*) chattered merrily. Although Mr. Yodel had shown me a picture of a dilbo, I was still more or less in doubt as to how it really looked, since the print was rather faded and Mr. Yodel explained that it never had been a particularly good likeness anyway. However, this only served to make my resolve sterner, my upper lip stiffer, and all that.

With a song in my heart and my Clammersley sprayer uplifted and ready, I cautiously crawled my way through the spinnaflex (*gramineæ amaglenesis*), wondering at what moment a wild dilbo might leap out and sadly interfere with next season's sales of Flabco knit-goods. As I stood erect for a moment to rearrange my cravat, I suddenly heard an extraordinarily queer moaning croon *on the left side of the creek*. This was something I could not account for, as I had never to my knowledge up to that moment left the right bank even for a drink. However, as the crooning grew nearer and nearer, I made up my mind to fathom the mystery or die. I thereupon hid behind the disused trunk of a miggan tree (*upsus omi*) and resolved to await developments.

Soon I saw a pair of flaming eyes peering slyly around the corner not ten feet from where I stood. At first I thought the heat had "got" me, because I knew *by its scales* it could not be a dilbo! It seemed at first like something unreal, and in a frenzied flash all my past life came before me with its medley of sales, rebates, discounts, and increased expenses. I was rudely awakened, however, from my reverie by the fiercest snarl I had ever heard in my life. I delayed no longer. I pulled all the triggers at once and just before I closed my eyes, I saw that beast topple over with a crash that echoed through the jungle like a train collision. I frantically rang my tingler to attract attention, and then, making sure that *rigor mortis* had indeed set in for good, I advanced to examine my "kill" (a rough hunting phrase meaning one's

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quarry). Then I heard an answering "coo-oo" and pretty soon the other members of the party came scrambling through the undergrowth, fearing the worst for their American guest.

Imagine Mr. Yodel's surprise and joy (I think) when he discovered that not only was I in perfect condition (though badly sunburned, to be sure), but also that a deadly burrajong — the terror of the bush — had fallen to my gun — the very burrajong, it turned out, that had been preying on Mr. Yodel's duck yard for years.

When we ventured close enough to examine it in detail, we found it was a female, and, of course, highly marsupial. The pouch was full grown and would easily have held (on a rough estimate) about as much as a week-end suitcase. The pouch of the burrajong opens on all sides and closes automatically in time of danger or at night when all the young are home. A full-grown specimen, such as had fallen to me, stands about seven feet high, but its height varies according to the nature of the ground on which it stands. On hills all burrajong are higher, while in the valleys their stature seems to shrink. In the mating season, strange to say, the female sheds her scopus, growing a new and brighter one after cupping ends. Professor Benson, the great marsupialogist, disputes this; but I have good reason to believe he is prejudiced in this matter. The phalanges on the small forepaws of my burrajong were semideril, while the native "boys" were astounded to find complete maxillary mogans on both sides of the rent, which in their superstitious way they regarded as added proof of my skill as a *helli-helli* (mighty hunter).

I forgot to say that on examining the contents of the pouch, we found an old cigar store coupon, a pelican nest, two dress shields, ½ ounce of shredded wheat, a necktie, and some odd pieces of ebbin. (The presence of these articles seems to uphold Fanshaw's contention that the burrajong *acquires* its secretiveness, and that these animals are not naturally placental.)

The gratitude of my host for my having been the means of ridding his property of this ferocious pest was beautiful to behold. I was given the freedom of Cootamagundi, a silver-mounted boomerang, a case of boronia seeds, and some mining stock that had been in Mr. Yodel's family for many years. Naturally, I made a little speech in return for all this recognition, in which I gave all the credit to the Republican party and the way my mother had brought me up.

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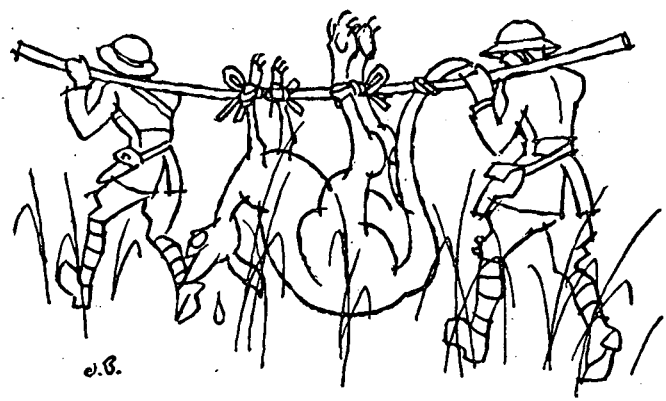
Being of a highly experimental turn of mind and never liking to slaughter for the sheer lust of killing, I resolved to have the hind quarters of my burrajong sliced and cooked for lunch. Now, all the burrajong family, as you know, are singularly gifted in the graceful art of leaping from crag to crevice, and an all-bountiful Nature has seen to it that they are provided with adequate muscular development precisely where it is most needed. I make no pretense at flattery when I pay my honest tribute to the magnificent upholstery possessed by the hindquarters of a burrajong, alive or roasted.

When I attempted to dispose of my portion of the succulent dish that was set before me, I found it difficult to believe that my teeth were struggling with something that had once been animate. It seemed as if an automobile tire, stricken with *Wanderlust*, had strayed into my plate. It possessed a recoil that would have done credit to a machine gun. And the flavor! Well, let me admit right now that the flavor of roast burrajong is supplied entirely by the imagination. And next time it won't be mine.

Think of this, too. The burrajong is a herbiverous animal. Herbiverous, mind you! Well, all I can say is that if that beast's hindquarters are really the result of a vegetarian diet, then we meat-eating creatures are all making a very sad mistake.

After receiving the thanks of Mr. Yodel and all the other witnesses, I had the ears and crups mounted to use as a hatrack; and every time I look for a place on that rack that my wife isn't using, my thoughts instantly go back to those old burrajong days.



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THE STILLBORN ART

PARE LORENTZ

I HAVE read a dozen essays published during the past year assuring the public that the movies are laboring in the birth agony of a great art. Against these statements other studio tea prophets have admitted in type that movie houses are inhabited only by people who vote the Democratic ticket, and that the entire industry does not amount to a Bruce Barton editorial.

I have seen over three hundred movies within eighteen months, and I suspect any man who proclaims we are on the verge of christening a new art of being the sort of hot-head who thinks the Marines were sent to Nicaragua to teach the native Boy Scouts how to build bird houses. And only a fool could dismiss the movies as a passing annoyance. To say that under the present management they are cheap and vulgar; that they cannot possibly furnish satisfactory entertainment for erudite society; that they have become the most vulgar and nauseating manifestation of our economic condition — these statements can be accepted. But it is ignorance to dismiss lightly the strength of any influence as financially and psychologically powerful as the American movie.

It is quite possible that the perfect movie has never been made, that it is an infant art struggling with childish gestures for expression; but big business has forced the producers to become efficient, and that pressure has resulted in a startling uniformity. Mechanically, artistically, and financially there is every indication that those people who have felt the dramatic possibilities and boundaries of the motion picture as an adult diversion are going to suffer gross disappointments for many years. The movie has arrived. It can create robust entertainment. But right now it is throttled by all the inhibitions of democracy. The new art has been born, but it lacked expert obstetrical care.

There was a time when you could indict movies for obvious faults in production — bad lighting, amateur photography, obvious technical errors. People still went to see movies as a mechanical curiosity in those days. Now, however, a great host of well-trained camera men, scenario writers, and directors have made it possible for the producers to chart out production schedules for a year at a time. They can almost count on certain movies with stars to bring so much profit in certain key cities.

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They plan a number of big features during a certain period of time, with a greater number of "programme" pictures to fill in the gaps. The features are given the dignity of two-a-day performances in a few large cities and then, with this prestige, are installed in the big houses of the country. Certainly, with this procedure bringing greater and greater financial return, it is not likely that the producers are going to change their ways just because a wounded spirit writes vicious notes claiming that it isn't artistic. And while this may be merely one period of the evolution of the industry, it shows every sign of being a long period, and I for one am not altruistic enough to worry about the art that may be handed down to my grandchildren. It's enough to worry about handing down grandchildren.

A summary of three hundred of the best pictures exhibited in these last eighteen months convincingly demonstrates this uniformity of production. It seems certain that this will become more and more permanent. The affluence of the giant companies has allowed them to corral the best technicians, directors, writers, and gag men from the corners of the world. So many American pictures were being exhibited in France, England, and Germany that those countries had to place an embargo on the importation of American films. Not to be defeated, the American companies then established their own producing units in those various countries, with the result that to-day there are American companies on foreign soil making pictures with the same editorial attitude that is assumed by Hollywood. (First National recently bought a controlling interest in the largest chain of theatres in Germany.) That attitude may be hastily summarized — the greatest amount of "hooey" for the greatest number of people.

The movies belong to Big Business, and Big Business, of course, is in the hands of God. Who makes movies? In America, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount, United Artists, First National, F. B. O., William Fox, Universal, Pathé, De Mille, and about one hundred and twenty small producers. If you are at all familiar with movies, the names of the big companies here listed will be familiar to you — in two years I have not seen more than one or two feature pictures that were made, distributed, or exhibited by any other organization. In 1927, according to the *Film Daily*, there were 743 "feature" pictures released, and of these, 135 were made by "independents" — companies other than those listed above. Not one of the 135 had a national star in it. I did not

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see or hear of one of these pictures ever reaching a good theatre in New York City.

We therefore have an art form controlled by a handful of corporations. The Paramount Company was given a "cease and desist" order by the Federal Trade Commission in July, for practising what is designated as "blind booking" and for operating in restraint of trade. There have been several conferences since then, but so far the Trade Commission has not put Mr. Zukor or Mr. Lasky in jail. The complaint in the case was originally filed on August 30, 1921, was amended on February 14, 1923, and hearings and agreements dragged on for over four years, thirty thousand pages of testimony being finally included in the record.

Without going into the involutions of the financial condition of the industry, this generalization can be accurately supported: a dozen American movie companies have the financial strength to dominate greatly the production and manufacture of movies, not only in this country, but in Germany, France, and England. (A desperate measure recently introduced in France may exclude all American pictures from that country.) It is estimated that there are fifty thousand movie theatres in the world. Of these, twenty-one thousand are American, and of these, the largest city theatres — if not actually owned or controlled by the aforesaid companies — are dependent upon their pictures for existence.

Yet the movie is supposed to be an art form. Imagine twelve publishing houses directing the style of all the authors in the country, exerting a great influence on all book dealers, and even imposing American methods of writing upon foreign publishers and authors! I am not accusing the big companies of monopoly. The Federal Trade Commission has already done this. But I do think this indicates the power of a set form of manufacture that shows signs of continuing for years.

At mere mention of the movies, sour journalists jerk a thumb in the direction of the Woolworth Building and hiss "Wall Street" with knowing inflection. True, when Wall Street lays hands on a half-billion dollars worth of corporation, it is not long ere the voting control comes home wagging its stockholders behind it. But what difference will it make in the conception of the movie if Wall Street does get financial control? Efficiency and standardization do not mean entertainment and good taste. If one camera man does the work of two, and Lily Le Grande wears a cheap $10,000 Paris frock in six movies instead of one, will that

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make the movie any stronger? Mr. Mellon does not hire Gutzon Borglum to make molds for his aluminum kettles simply because the company is an efficient and prosperous concern.

Censorship militates in favor of emasculated uniformity. The films have attained such financial proportions that all professional reformers and censors have turned with brightened eyes to the golden streets of Hollywood. Always troubled by the censors, the movies are now in that state of maidenly apprehension so typical of all corporations in the United States. Every great utility these days has a flock of Harvard Law graduates poring over publicity bulletins and vice-president's speeches, for fear some careless fellow will let loose the remark that the company is actually making a good income and leave the way wide open for an investigation by Senator Walsh or one of our few irritable legislators. The movies, constantly before the public eye, are even more afraid of the censorship bogey, and "Bishop" Hays must throw lilies of the valley at every species of organization that comes to town, from the National Board of Review to the American Association of Veterinarians.

"If foreigners favor American movies, then aren't American movies superior?" They are, but this is what happens: if a German company makes a financially successful picture, the director and actors are offered huge sums to come to Hollywood. (The UFA Company in Germany turns out some excellent pictures. Paramount owns some interest in the company now, and employs its directors and stars — Emil Jannings being the most famous of the expatriate Germans.) The best-trained movie men in the world go to Hollywood. Immediately their work is held in by the producer. Their work lacks "guts" because of box-office censorship. These feature movies have uniformity, of course, because the directors are too clever to botch their job. And there you are!

I take the liberty of quoting a letter from Mr. Robert Herring, the astute critic of the *London Mercury:* "It is so depressing to see pictures like "Sunrise" and "The Way of All Flesh," that try to please Europe by aping its tricks and reconstructing its life. What we want from American films is America. What we want from Germany is Germany. And what we seem to get from the two most vital countries in the world is American-Germany and German-America. It is a pity, for after all only America can be American, which is to say that only America can give that some-

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thing we need very much. It seems to me that a dead uniformity will result from its 'internationalism.'" From this letter you can see that our uniform production has already registered in England.

I also quote from Terry Ramsaye's authoritative work, *A Million and One Nights:* "The arrival of the World War in 1914 halted British and European production activities and left the evolution of the art and the industry alike to America alone. The motion picture was thus delivered over to America at the beginning of its greatest development, the feature drama. . . . The opening of the world market is carrying the American rivalries into struggles of exploitation overseas. . . . The American position is overwhelmingly strong with the foundation of uninterrupted growth and a continuously prosperous domestic patronage. Also, since the American producer has always served a polyglot and extremely diverse population, his products have automatically evolved with a certain innate internationalism and a catholicity which tends to make them world-market merchandise."

Who goes to the movies in America? Everybody. An army of clerks go and take it seriously, and occasionally we all go just because there is nothing else to do. This in a measure explains the fantastical growth of the movies in America. Go, go, go! We must kill time somehow. There are no beer gardens. There are no public concerts except for the esoteric and affluent few. The roads are too crowded to make riding a pleasure. Who wants to sit at home and play bridge every night? The radio batteries have run down. Let's go to a movie. It's probably rotten, but hurry up — let's go. At least a minority of the movie audience feel a lack of depth in the entertainment they witness. The ordinary movie patrons do not unanimously applaud every production they see. But they *go*. Night after night they go to be lulled into the complacent lethargy of stuffed toads.

The masses certainly are worthy of a higher type of entertainment than they are given by the Holywood prelates; they certainly deserve a better representative in the State Department than the right Honorable Mr. Kellogg; it was a shame those men had to go out in the "Shenandoah" to give the Western farmers a holiday — but who gives a damn? Not the members of a democracy, when they are fed, watered, and amused.

I overheard two men discussing the theatre one night on a train

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moving west out of New York. A Middle Western buyer was eulogizing the movie, "Ben Hur," which he and his wife had seen in the city. "It's the greatest thing I ever saw," he rhapsodized, "and the stage play was nothing compared to it. Why, in the play they had only two or three slaves — they had *twenty thousand* in the picture." This is a sound comment on democracy's fine art. In no other country in the world would this seem so important. "More Camels sold this year than ever before — more General Motors put out — the thirty-millionth Ford is being made today — there were twenty thousand slaves in that picture" — a logical sequence of national approbation. Anything that is big must be good.

The movie is the most convenient form of entertainment in the world. It does not cost much (although, at that, it costs a great deal more than it should) to see two well-formed inhale-exhale artists exhibit their particular technique of necking, and the comfortable seats and the banal music have a soporific effect on a public that seeks relief from its own restlessness. You can be bored with more comfort at a movie than anywhere else.

The religious attitude of the movie is another distinct symptom of our democracy. I have never seen a movie that entertained any religious concept (and about three out of ten do have some suggestion of the Creator) which suggested any belief other than that there is a personal God, and the inference has always been that His chief business is to keep tab of the virginity of the nation. This God is usually represented by some superstitious demonstration, such as was displayed by His electrical dexterity in "The Ten Commandments," or by the earthquake He sent in "Old San Francisco," or by the life that was saved by a Catholic medallion in "Seventh Heaven" — all "feature" productions. Also typical of a nation boasting religious tolerance, all other religions — Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, etc.— are held up to hilarious ridicule and, in the more serious productions, stern disapproval.

Ignoring the complacent majority, then, there are, perhaps, a great many people who realize that the movie in its present development offers real emotional entertainment, that there are men in Hollywood who know how to direct and photograph pictures as stimulating as good novels or a well-shouldered sonata. There have been exhibits which were encouraging. "The Big Parade," "Variety," "Sunrise," and "Underworld" belong in

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this group. Still, examine them carefully. With the exception of "Sunrise," not one of these movies had a distinct artistic or mechanical superiority to the best movies of three years ago. They were simply smooth, uniform productions.

"The Big Parade" was written directly for the movies by Laurence Stallings. He wrote it with a definite conception of the limitations and advantages of his medium. The producers looked upon it and declared it good, and Stallings was fortunate in having King Vidor direct it. But before the movie was shown to the public, a scene was inserted from the stage play, "What Price Glory," and a silly, illogical ending stuck on despite the protests of Stallings.

"Variety" was noteworthy for its simple, moving story, for its photography and acting, but by the time it reached New York it was vitiated into fair entertainment; and when it was sent out of that centre of culture, it was castrated by censorship — mostly self-imposed by the producers — until it was an utterly absurd piece of work.

"Underworld" was written by a former Chicago police reporter, directed by one of the Chaplin-trained directors in Hollywood, and ably supported by as good a cast as he could scrape together in the entire colony. The Paramount Company, it has been rumored, considered "Underworld" a failure as a picture and were on the point of dismissing the scoffed author and the hardworking Mr. Von Sternberg, the director. Public opinion changed the opinion of the Paramount overlords and they gave Von Sternberg a medal, some speeches, and $10,000. Before the picture even left Hollywood, the directors had changed the ending originally conceived by its author, Ben Hecht: they stuck on a concluding caption to the effect that "you can't beat the law," and allowed this lily-scented episode to climax a very forceful and intelligent motion picture.

"Sunrise," with its synchronized musical score, is the best conception of a motion picture that has been shown in this country. This is due solely to the director — F. W. Murnau — a keen, cultured man, with an artist's eye. The first fifteen minutes of this picture are perfect — then a silly prohibition gag is inserted, an absolutely inconsistent conclusion grafted to the story, and, in general, a great piece of work "goes to hell" because, we may presume, the producers believed the original idea would be too stark and real for a chocolate-sundae audience. The picture

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was a real tragedy to me. From the start one felt the expert grasp of the artist who was directing the picture. The photography was breath-taking. Then, without warning, the grasp was loosened and palpable "box-office" scenes inserted. It was nauseating. Even in its present form "Sunrise" is grand entertainment, because Mr. Murnau is no slipshod artist; but it just missed being a masterpiece. Here is a typical case. If one is to believe press notices, Murnau is making pictures to please Americans (*i. e.*, his employer William Fox) and not to please Mr. Murnau. I have no great scorn of best sellers, but when the majority of directors are little more than quick-witted shoe clerks with little background and less erudition, it seems hopeless when a cultured artist is compelled to turn out a piece of work inconsistently straddling stark drama and loose box-office values.

The pictures I have described are among the few exhibited within the past year that have stood above the run of programme movies, always excepting animal and travel pictures, and news reels. None of these described was consistently great because all were distorted by their proprietors to fit a Hollywood opinion of what a movie audience should be allowed to see. Outstanding exceptions are Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin. These men labor long and patiently to achieve magnificent effects. They know their trade and they are interested more in sincere effort than in turning out carloads of movies. However, they are wealthy enough to gamble. And Fairbanks has made nothing in recent years that equaled "The Thief of Bagdad."

For several years critics have maintained that so long as movie companies make pictures aimed at the common denominator of the mass audiences required in the cathedrals of the motion pictures, we shall have celluloid drivel imposed upon us, but that a little movie theatre, with negligible overhead cost and a discriminating clientele, could support important movies. The little movie theatre has existed in various forms in New York City and at the present time it approaches the artistic level of an Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee Shop. These theatres show foreign pictures that are sent over — to judge by their worth — for six dollars a dozen. The only American pictures shown by these rendezvous of Bronx intelligentsia (as the management of two of these little theatres admitted recently) are odd pieces of film so badly done that a plebeian cathedral of the movies would not be able to fill the orchestra pit with them.

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In other words, the three little theatres in New York City — no matter how high their original purpose — find they cannot buy movies from independent producers that even approach the smooth performances of the big companies, and they now depend on Greenwich Village poets and department store clerks with artistic leanings for their livelihood. In fact, the Fifth Avenue Playhouse and the 55th Street Cinema have become notorious with reviewers for their terribly cheap and affected programmes.

This, then, is the condition as I see it in Hollywood. The movies and the majority of the movie houses are controlled by a small group of financiers. The best men in the industry are employed by these companies. If they struck out on their own, there would be no theatre circuit of any size to buy their stuff. The American companies are so strong they are driving all foreign competition to the wall, despite the efforts of foreign governments. People in America have nothing else to do, so even with the certainty of being bored by inconsequential stories, sickly sentimentality, and boorish ethics, they go to the movies. Hence monopoly and censorship will hold stories and situations within the gentle limits of Mother Goose rhymes for many years.

For the future there will be larger and larger movie houses giving programmes of third-rate vaudeville and harmless, vitiated motion pictures, unless a nauseated public stands up and roars, "We won't stand for it!" Just at present it would seem that our national capacity for boredom is unlimited. In a country as powerful, restless, and capable as the United States it would be folly to say progress is impossible in any mechanical or artistic field; but for the reasons I have presented, I believe the movies will go no further until one of the following incidents changes the situation:

(1) the return of saloons or beer gardens, or the discovery of a like diversion to relieve people of the driving necessity of the movie;

(2) the development of new methods by men in Germany or England or France, who will scorn the offers of Hollywood and sell their pictures to independent theatre owners;

(3) the development and merging of television and photography of sound, plus brilliant direction, into an entirely new art form; or

(4) the development of a movie company, with powerful backing, that will make pictures for little theatres with no desire for immediate profit.

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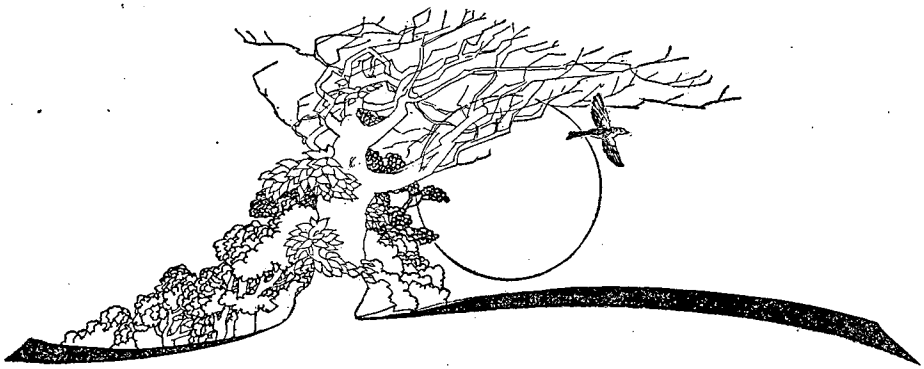

THE GNAT CATCHER'S NEST

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.†

Drawings by Herman Palmer

THE call came one May afternoon. All day long even the city sky had been spring-blue. Once, inked black against a fleecy cloud, a wavering line of wild geese passed high above the seethe and turmoil of traffic. Then, from my office thirteen stories above the roaring street, I saw in a tiny courtyard, a mass of creamy magnolia blossoms which overnight had starred themselves against a brick wall.

A little later, drifting in through the open window flew a butterfly with tawny, fluted wings on which was stamped in silver a Greek question mark, which is our semicolon. Honey-sweet May had sent her messenger to ask why I lingered within walls when she had come.

Suddenly the telephone rang, and faint and far-away came the voice of the Banker: "We pass through Philadelphia to-night on our way to Virginia and have saved a berth for you."

"I can't come, I have to work," I shouted sadly.

"There'll be summer tanagers, blue-gray gnat catchers, and yellow-throated warblers," came back persuasively.

"No," said I firmly, "what time is the train due?"

Midnight found me on a south-bound sleeper with the Collector and the Banker — two of the sextette with whom I have traveled afield for so many years.

It seemed to me that I had hardly fallen asleep when I was

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rudely pulled out of my berth and deposited half-dressed, at five o'clock in the morning, in a tiny Virginia village. There was no human being and only three houses in sight as we started on a still-hunt for breakfast. Through the windows of the largest house we could see a loaf of bread and a jug of syrup on the table in the dining room. We knocked on the door, at first timidly and then loud, and louder and louder; but no one came. We tried the door. It was unlocked. We looked at each other, and the next moment three formerly respectable citizens fell upon that defenseless loaf and jug like the burglars that they were.

As the last crumb disappeared, there was a step on the stairs and a little smooth-faced man with bright blue eyes, wearing an immaculate white shirt but no collar, entered the room.

"Are you the gentlemen," he queried, "who've been making such a hell of a noise in my house at five o'clock of a Sunday morning?"

The Banker, who was nearest, wiped his sticky mouth and began one of those eloquent discourses with which he is accustomed to reduce boards of directors to a helpless state. The Colonel — for such, of course, was the title of our host — stopped him half-way.

"You are welcome, sir, to anything in my house," he said in his soft Southern voice, "if only you wouldn't make so much noise. My wife'll be down in a minute and get you a better breakfast than bread and syrup. She may be a little late," he went on apologetically. "We have eleven head of children and it takes some time to get 'em all dressed."

Half an hour later, as we moved off down the village street, full-fed and content, we tried to picture what would have happened to three roughly dressed travelers in the North who had been caught breaking into a man's house and eating up his food at five A.M.

Soon we reached the woods, made up mostly of slim, long-leaved pines, with here and there that strange tree — the Hercules club — whose stout trunk was covered with sharp spines and whose compound leaves were fully three feet long. The flat, sandy ground was carpeted with bird's-foot violets of a soft, brilliant blue, with now and then a pink lady-slipper glowing like a rosy lamp against the brown pine needles.

As we walked along, the Collector rapped with a stick on a pine stub and out of a little hole, some eight feet from the ground,

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flitted a brown-headed nuthatch — a dear, silent, drab little bird, who cocked her brown head on one side like a sparrow. It was my first glimpse of that Southern species. Her nest inside the hole was lined with spider webs and pine-seed lobes, and contained six ivory-white eggs peppered with specks of cinnamon-brown.

Beyond the nuthatch's home I found the nest of a cardinal grosbeak containing three eggs heavily marked with chocolate and lavender blotches. Then in the distance a mocking-bird sang beautifully, and we realized that we were below the Mason-Dixon Line indeed.

A little later we heard the song of another Southern bird — the yellow-throated warbler — which resembled that of an indigo bird. The warbler itself flitted back and forth among the high trees and much resembled the magnolia warbler. It had a bright yellow throat and a black line over its eye, like that which marks a Kentucky warbler, while its sides showed black and white. Another reminder that we were in the Southland was a glimpse of a pine snake, all umber-brown and cream, slithering across the pine needles to disappear beneath a carpet of dry leaves. Quite appropriately just after the sight of the snake, the Banker found an empty bottle in the woods labeled "Painkiller," with the

The Yellow-throated Warbler

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The male vulture came circling down and joined his mate in the tree.

formula of the contents printed on the label. It read as follows: "Alcohol 59%, ether 30%, harmless vegetable extracts 11%." We all agreed that it would be a severe pain, indeed, which would withstand that compound.

A little farther on, I saw among the dry leaves at the base of a bush what appeared to be a perfect rosette of black and white. While I stared at it closely, it resolved itself into the white pinfeathers and black beaks of five little black and white warblers, packed away in a cunningly hidden nest made of dry leaves and lined with rootlets. When I sat down beside the young birds, they all five opened their beaks in unison, but gave no other sign of life and made not the slightest sound.

Another nest containing young birds was that of a Carolina chickadee, found by the Collector in a hole in a black gum stub. The Carolina is a smaller and gentler bird than his northern brother, with less white on his wings, and he says "dee, dee, dee-o," instead of the louder "chickadee, dee, dee" of the other. There were three young birds and an addled egg in the nest.

After that discovery came a long, uneventful interval. The Banker found a white-eyed vireo's nest four feet from the ground, made of bits of rotten wood and weed stalks, all fastened together with spider webs and lined with fine strips of grapevine bark and fine grasses. But it was empty. As usual, from the lower part of the nest dangled a long strip of bark and a piece of string, an untidy detail which is always present in the nest of that vireo. I found a

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fish hawk's nest — not a very difficult proceeding, since it consisted of a cartload of sticks in the top of a dead pine. Both the fish hawk's nest and that of the bald eagle invariably kill the trees in which they are located. That one contained three large cream-white eggs, beautifully marked and mottled with chocolate-brown.

For a long time we lay on the high, dry bank beneath the osprey's tree, swapping bits of bird-gossip and telling the long, interminable stories of former adventures in which ornithologists delight. Suddenly, from out of a clump of trees a quarter of a mile away, a great brown bird flapped, vigorously pursued by a pack of black, cawing crows. Focusing our field glasses on the fugitive, we soon made out that it was none other than a great-horned owl — that grim death-in-the-dark who takes such a terrible toll of sleeping crows during the winter months. Whenever crows catch an owl abroad by day and half-blinded by the light, they retaliate by pursuing him frantically. That one finally took refuge in a dense clump of pines where his noisy pursuers could not come, and their clamor at last died away.

It was the Collector who made the next important discovery. As we were walking past a brush pile laced all over with green thorn, he gave the pile a kick. Instantly, from beneath the brush, there sounded a tremendous scuffling and a vast dark figure scurried out and launched itself into the air — a turkey vulture with bare red head and black-fringed wings. The Collector crawled in beneath the thorns and under a log found two white eggs about the size of goose eggs, blotched and speckled with brown. The mother bird alighted on a tree close at hand and stretched out her crimson, naked head toward us weirdly. Suddenly a black speck showed in the open sky, which grew larger and larger, and in another minute the male vulture came circling down and joined his mate in the tree; and as we went on our way the two grim birds still regarded us fixedly.

The Collector told us that when the female vulture is on the nest, it is no light matter to creep into the cave or hollow log where she broods her eggs, since her method of defense is to disgorge the carrion on which she feeds all over the intruder.

After the adventure of the vulture's nest, we separated, each taking a different direction, not to meet again until evening. As I hunted through the dry woods, I heard a bird melody somewhat like the slow, labored phrases of the song of the scarlet tanager — the song of a hoarse robin, as Burroughs describes it. The strain,

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however, was softer and more indefinite than that of the scarlet tanager. In another minute I located the singer and saw that it was none other than that bird of the South — the summer tanager. For sheer richness of coloring the bird was one of the most beautiful that I have ever met. The summer tanager does not have the black wings of his northern brother, although his wings are of a darker color than the rest of his body, and the pink tinge with which every feather is stained gives an indescribable richness to the bird's plumage. The female summer tanager was light yellow on the breast, and when she flew, seemed to be cream-colored. The alarm note of the summer tanager is "pitoo, pitoo."

Then, as I watched the pair through my glasses, I suddenly heard the familiar scolding note of the scarlet tanager, "chick-er, chick-er," and into a tree close beside the summer tanager's flitted a magnificent fire-red bird with black wings, on his way north. It was a rare chance to be able to see two such brilliant birds side by side, and I studied them for a long time until the northern bird at last resumed his journey.

Just as I was lowering my glasses, at the end of the branch on which the summer tanagers were sitting, I caught sight of their nest, which in my delight at studying their brilliant and unfamiliar coloring, I had entirely overlooked. It was even flimsier than the one which the northern bird builds, being fastened flat in a crotch near the end of the limb. It was freshly built and as yet held no eggs. To me that adventure with the tanagers seemed the climax of a very happy day, but the best bird was yet to come.

My two friends had disappeared in the distance. The sun, which had been glowing like some vast, hot coal through the bars of the western pines, had sunk down out of sight and the afterglow spread a tint of gold all through that Southern forest. As I slipped along some forgotten trail, my path led under vast pines which were full-grown before Columbus set out from Spain. At their bases, swaying with stateliness like fairy queens surprised in that hour between day and dark, stood six rose-red moccasin flowers — the most beautiful that I have ever seen.

In the pearl-pale twilight they swayed on their long stems like great jacinths. At last I came to a woods road, which led me to a lonely meadow dotted here and there with holly trees whose notched, thorny leaves showed deep green against the yellowing grass. There I beat back and forth in the fading light, hoping against hope that in the last few moments of the long day I yet

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might find some treasure of the South, perhaps the nest of a blue grosbeak or the eggs of a Bachman sparrow. There was no such good fortune for me, however, and at last I turned back toward the woods where I was to meet my friends again. Already it seemed too dark for me to expect to find any more nests.

The Gnat Catcher's Nest

Suddenly there was a glow in the east, and the rim of the full moon wheeled above the edge of the world and hung for a moment on the horizon like a bubble of pale gold. Then, as I stared up at the primrose sky which was turning to a deep violet in the dimming light, the miracle for which I had been waiting all day came to pass. Notched against the sky on a bare branch about fifteen feet up in a holly tree, plainly appeared the indented edges of what is perhaps the most beautiful nest on the North American continent. From where I stood, it closely resembled a lichen-covered knot. Only the indented edges against the sky betrayed it. For a moment I did not dare to hope that what I saw was the nest for which I had sought so long. Focusing my field glasses on it, I could make out a long tail with white feathers showing over the edge of the nest. In order to make sure, I kicked at the tree, and with a loud squeak a blue-gray gnat catcher slipped off the nest and flitted around in the twilight. In a minute the male gnat catcher joined her, and the two looked like miniature catbirds with their gray backs, light breasts, and long tails.

The nest resembled a large humming-bird's nest and was some two inches deep, made of golden grass, thatched on the outside with gray-green lichens, fastened on with spider webs, and lined with cream-brown fern wool. It was set on a patch of natural lichens and so cunningly joined that it was almost impossible to tell which were natural and which artificial. Inside were five

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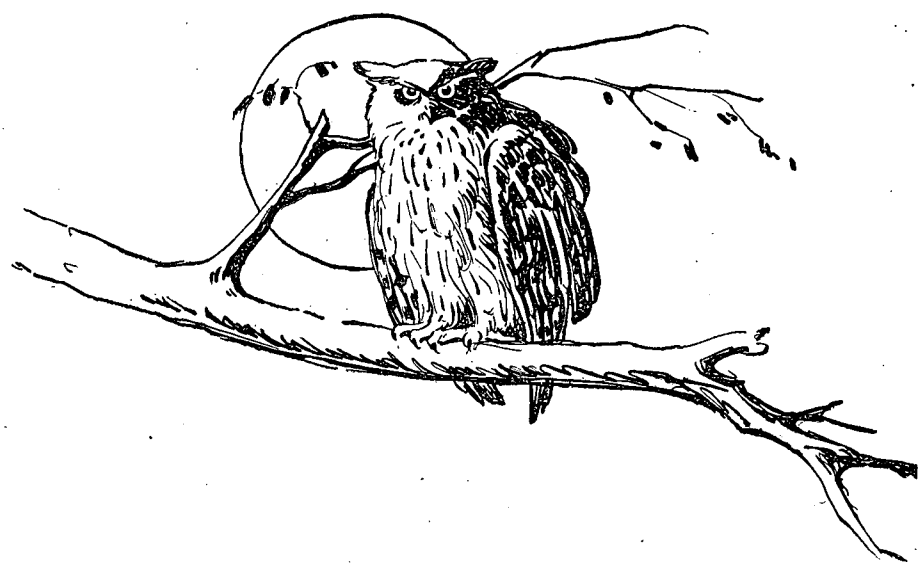
exquisite little eggs, light blue thickly blotched with reddish brown spots, looking like little jewels set in a beautiful casket. The only nest with which it can be compared is that of the ruby-throated humming-bird. It was more beautiful because it was larger, the opening of the nest being just the size of a half-dollar, while that of the humming-bird's nest is only a trifle larger than a quarter-dollar.

Once while canoeing on a stream in New Jersey during migration, I had met a blue-gray gnat catcher, and again I had found a pair in the wintertime in Virginia, while on a trip to the Great Dismal Swamp. I had also seen and heard the birds while paddling through a noisome morass in northern Maryland after the eggs of the prothonotary warbler; but never before had I seen the nest or even expected to find one.

As I went back through that fairy forest, the amber afterglow faded to a lune-green and then to the black-violet of a spring night. In the distance a chuck-will's-widow said in a low voice, quite unlike the ringing notes of the northern whippoorwill, "chuck-will-will, chuck-will-will," and my great adventure was over.



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T'ANG TO ANSWERS HIS OLD PUPIL

PAUL ELDRIDGE

THE meaning of happiness, beloved Tu Lung?
A large-holed sieve
Dipped into a basin of water
Seems full,
But raise it —
Only a few trembling drops
Hang a while to its bottom,
And make it rust.
Therefore, what answer shall I give?

I am old,
I do not ask the meaning of things.
I built me out of two small trees
That the lightning struck
Serenely and without compunction,
A comfortable coffin.
Upon the polished lid
I wrote in large perfect letters:
"Well, T'ang To?
No matter, T'ang To!"
With broken branches
I beat upon it many fine tunes —
To my first love,
To the joy of virtue,
To truth's immortality —
The sound is always hollow,
So that I cannot tell
Whether life answers me,
Or Death,
Or both together.

I smoke the fine long pipe you sent me,
And sip slowly my bad wine.
When I grow tipsy,
The moon dances in a silken robe,
Like my first love.

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THE EARTH-DWELLERS *

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

PART I, published in the August FORUM, *related a series of extraordinary events that took place on the Earth in the spring of 1954. Enormous fissures were made in the Earth's surface; without warning people were snatched up, and within a few seconds, were transported to distant countries; houses were cut in two, as if by a keen-bladed knife, and their occupants were interchanged; a group of eminent scientists were caught in a transparent cage, where they would have starved to death had they not been released as mysteriously as they were trapped. The Earth was thrown in turmoil. Many people, seeing in these events the hand of God, turned to religion and good works. All was inexplicable until it was learned that a distinguished scientist on Uranus had been conducting a series of experiments to learn the social habits of the Earth-Dwellers.*

Part II

WE must now give a few fragments (in our opinion the most important) of the book in which the illustrous AE-17 reported the results of his experiments. The reader will understand that for the Uranian words we have been compelled to substitute Terrestrian equivalents which do not translate them with any degree of exactness. As time on the planet Uranus is composed of years much longer than our own, we have, wherever possible, changed to Terrestrial time. Moreover, to designate the human race, the Uranians use a word which may roughly be translated "wingless bipeds"; but since that is unnecessarily complicated, we have substituted the words "men" or "Earth-dwellers." Likewise, the queer word by which they represent our cities we have translated "man-heaps," which roughly suggests

*From *The History of the Universe*, published by the University of Timbuktu, 1992.

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the same associations. The reader must not forget that the Uranians — although they have, like ourselves, the gift of sight — have no conception of sound. They communicate among themselves by means of a special organ composed of a series of little colored lamps, which flash on and off alternately. Discovering no such organ in mankind and being unable to imagine speech, the Uranians naturally regarded us as incapable of communicating our ideas.

We are able to give here only a few short fragments from the study by AE-17, but we earnestly advise the student to read the whole book. There is an excellent critical edition, published with notes and appendices, by Professor Sing-To, of Peking.

The Life of the Terrestrians by AE-17. When, with the aid of an ordinary telescope, one examines the surface of the small planets, and particularly that of the Earth, one perceives large patches much more motley in color than those formed by lakes or seas. If one observes these patches long enough, one sees that they increase in size during several Terrestrian centuries, pass through a stage of maximum development, and then diminish, sometimes even disappearing altogether. Many observers have held that they were caused by diseases of the Earth itself. Nothing, indeed, presents a closer resemblance to the appearance, development, and reabsorption of a tumor in an organism. But after the invention of the ultramicrotelescope, it was realized that these phenomena were really aggregates of living matter.

The earlier apparatus, being imperfect, enabled us to see nothing but a confused swarm, a kind of vibrating jelly, and very excellent minds — among them a scientist of such standing as A-33 — then held the view that these Terrestrian colonies were composed of animals, attached to one another and living a kind of communal life. With modern apparatus, one can see very clearly that this is not true, for it is now easy to distinguish one individual from another and even to follow their movements.

The living spots in which A-33 believed are in reality immense nests, almost comparable to Uranian villages, for which our scientific name is "man-heaps." The miniature animals which inhabit the man-heaps — the men themselves — are all mammalian and wingless bipeds, imperfectly supplied with hair and covered with an artificial epidermis. It has long been supposed that they themselves secreted this supplementary skin. My

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studies prove, however, that this is not so, but that the Earth-dwellers possess an instinct which leads them to collect certain animal and vegetable fibres as a protection against the cold.

I say an "instinct," and I wish at the beginning of this monograph to indicate more definitely my feeling on a question which should never have been raised, yet which has, in the last few years, been treated with incredible frivolity. The strange fashion has of late established itself among our younger naturalists of attributing to these inhabitants of the Earth an intelligence of the same order as that of the Uranians. Let us leave it to others to dwell upon the shocking nature of such a doctrine from a religious point of view. In this book I wish merely to show that it is absurd from the scientific point of view.

No doubt, when one first contemplates these drops of jelly under the ultramicrotelescope and sees unfold a thousand animated and interesting scenes; when one sees long streets where men seem to cross and recross, sometimes stopping and appearing to converse; when one sees armies marching, builders at work, mothers leading their little ones: the beauty of the spectacle is enough to arouse enthusiasm. But to study the psychic powers of these creatures with any profit, it is not enough to take advantage of such circumstances as a happy chance may offer to the observer. It is necessary to create other circumstances and vary them as much as possible. It is necessary, in other words, to experiment and try to construct a science on a solid basis of fact. That is what I have been doing in the course of a long series of experiments.

Before commencing my recital, I must ask the reader to imagine the immense difficulties which such a project must necessarily encounter. No doubt it is true that experimentation at a distance has become relatively easy since we discovered the Alpha-Omega rays, which permit one to pick out an object, bisect it, and carry it over the interstellar spaces. But when such small and fragile creatures as men are involved, the Alpha-Omega rays are rather coarse and crude instruments. In our first attempts, it too often happened that we killed the animals we wanted to observe. An apparatus of extreme delicacy was needed to place the body directly at the desired point and manipulate it with the necessary gentleness.

When we began to transport men on the surface of the Earth, we failed to take into account the difficulties which these creatures

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have in breathing. At that time we carried them at too high a speed through the thin layer of gas which envelopes the Earth, and our animals were asphyxiated. The same thing happened when we tried to study their habits by interchanging the members of a pair. We had not taken into consideration the way in which their shelters are constructed, and we destroyed several of these. By experience, however, we have learned to adapt the necessities of experimentation to the life of our subjects.

We had paid special attention to three great man-heaps to which we gave the names, since adopted by most scientists of the Solar System, the Rigid Man-Heap, the Crazy Man-Heap, and the Geometric Man-Heap.* Between the Rigid Man-Heap and the Crazy Man-Heap there lies a gleaming line which certain scientists believe to be a channel of the sea, but which others maintain is formed by low-hanging clouds and fogs.

First Attempts. The secrets of living nature impose difficult conditions on the observer. He is the slave of the season, the day, the hour, the very instant. To what parts of the Earth was it most appropriate to direct our efforts? How could we interfere with the life of these animals so as to obtain from them the most revealing reactions? I admit that my emotion was great on the day when, equipped for the first time with apparatus of adequate power, I prepared to begin operations on the Earth.

I was surrounded by four of my younger students, who were also very much affected when, one after another, we looked through the ultramicrotelescope at those charming and diminutive landscapes. We had trained the apparatus on the Rigid Man-Heap and had sought for a place sufficiently open so that we could follow our experiment more easily. The little trees gleamed in the spring sun and one could see multitudes of motionless insects forming irregular circles, with an isolated insect in the centre of each. For a while we sought to understand what was happening, but meeting with no success, we decided to try an application of the rays. The effect was appalling. A little trench appeared in the Earth and a few insects were buried in the rubble. Immediately an astonishing activity began. One would really have thought that these animals possessed intelligence. Some rushed to save their buried companions, others dashed off for help.

* Even now, although interplanetary communication has made the names of London, Paris, and New York known throughout the universe, the Uranians still prefer their own designations for these cities, and scientists generally agree that the Uranian terms are more descriptive.

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We then undertook to train our rays on several other locations, this time taking great care to choose points that were not inhabited, so as not to kill the animals we wished to study. We thus succeeded in reducing the force of our rays so that they would do as little damage as we desired, and we even learned to cut through the nests without injuring them. Certain thereafter of the value of our instruments, we decided to begin a new series of experiments.

Experiment and Observation. My project was to take certain individuals in a man-heap, mark each with a brush, transport them to some other point, and observe whether the transported individual would find his way back to the original man-heap. In the beginning, as I have said, we met a great deal of difficulty, because the animals died in transit and also because we failed to take into account the artificial epidermis with which these creatures endow themselves. As they shed this epidermis very easily — every night in fact — they were lost to view as soon as we had deposited them in the middle of a strange man-heap. During subsequent transportations we tried to mark the subjects directly on the body by tearing off the supplementary epidermis. But then, as soon as the animal arrived at the man-heap, he constructed a new one.

With a little practice, however, my pupils developed the ability to follow any particular individual through the ultramicrotelescope without losing track of it. By this means they established the fact that in ninety cases out of one hundred, the man returned to his point of departure. I tried to transport two specimens from the Rigid Man-Heap to a very distant one, which we call the Geometric Man-Heap. After ten days, Terrestrial time, my dear pupil, EX-33 — who had, with incomparable devotion, kept them under observation night and day — showed me both of them, just as they were reëntering the original man-heap. They had found their way back, in spite of the fact that the places to which I had transported them were totally unknown.

Now, as we had determined by long observation, these were individuals of a stay-at-home disposition, who obviously beheld for the first time the district in which we placed them. How then were they able to find their way back? We had transported them so quickly that there was no opportunity for observation. What was their guide? It was certainly not memory, but probably some special faculty whose amazing accomplishments we may merely

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state without attempting to explain — so far does it lie outside our own psychology.

These transportations suggested another problem. Would the returned individual be recognized by his fellows? It seemed that he was. Usually, there was a great stir in the nest at the moment when the absent individual returned. The others clasped him with their appendages and sometimes placed their lips upon his. In other cases, however, the emotion manifested seemed to be anger or discontent. These preliminary experiments proved that an instinct does exist which permits men to recognize their own man-heaps.

The second problem that we set ourselves was to find out whether there existed between these individuals emotions similar to those of the Uranians — that, for example, which we call "paternal love." Such a supposition — which would attribute to the Earth-dwellers emotions as refined as those which have been evolved in Uranus only after millions of years of civilization — seems absurd to me. But the duty of the scientific experimenter is to approach his subject with an open mind and make all possible experiments without preliminary judgments as to their result.

At night the male Earth-dweller usually reposes in the vicinity of his mate. I asked my pupils to cut the nests in two so as to separate male from female without wounding either; and then, by rejoining one half of pair A to the other half of pair B, to observe whether these little animals seemed aware of the change. In order that the experiment should be carried out under normal conditions, it was indispensable that the nests experimented with should be as much alike as possible. I therefore directed my experimenters to choose two nests containing the same number of offspring, and cells of the same size. EX-33 pointed out in triumph two nests — one in the Crazy Man-Heap and one in the Rigid Man-Heap — which were almost identical, each containing a pair and four offspring. The cutting and transportation of these houses were carried out by EX-33 with admirable skill. The results were conclusive. In both nests the couples thus artificially created displayed a slight surprise on awaking, for which the movement and the shock were adequate explanations. In each instance they remained together, without flight and in attitudes which seemed normal. One extraordinary fact: from the very first moment, the two females exerted themselves to care for the strange shelters and their inhabitants, showing neither horror nor

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disgust. They were evidently incapable of discovering that these were not their own offspring.

We repeated the experiment many times. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, each of the two pairs displayed instant solicitude for the nest and offspring. The female Earth-dweller retains a tenacious impression of her functions without having any idea of the individuals toward whom she directs her solicitude. Whether the offspring belong to her or not, she works with equal ardor. One might at first think that this confusion arose from the close resemblance between the two nests; but little by little we began to take nests of very different appearance — for example, joining together one half of a miserable little nest with another half of an elaborate nest belonging to another species. The results were almost the same: to an Earth-dweller there is no difference between his own cell and somebody else's.

Having thus discovered that, so far as his emotional life is concerned, the Earth-dweller is an animal occupying a very low place in the evolutionary scale, we attempted another experiment to measure his intellectual capacity. It seemed the simplest plan to isolate several individuals in a cage of radiations and to offer them food which they could reach only by a series of increasingly complex movements.

For these experiments we selected certain individuals who — as one of my colleagues presumed — fulfill functions in Terrestrian society essentially analogous to our own scientific labors. This was to concede the utmost to those who like to consider the Earth-dweller an intelligent animal. The results, in detail, may be found in the Appendix. They demonstrated that the Terrestrian mind operates wholly in a very limited past and future, and that it is quite incapable of discovering the simplest solutions if one places the specimen in conditions such that the routine imposed by instinct is not adequate to maintain life.

Scientific Deductions. After a rather long period of experiment on individual Earth-dwellers, my pupils and I became sufficiently familiar with the movements of these animals to be able to observe them in the course of their ordinary lives, without ourselves intervening.

Nothing is more interesting than to follow the history of a man-heap, as I have done, during several Terrestrian years. The origin of Terrestrian society is wholly unknown. How and why did

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these animals abandon their liberty to become slaves in a man-heap? We do not know. It may be that in these groups they have found some aid in their struggle against other animals and the forces of nature; but it is an aid for which they have paid dearly. No other species knows so little of leisure and the joy of living. In the large man-heaps, and in particular in the Geometric Man-Heap, activity begins at dawn and continues through part of the night. Now, if this activity were necessary, one would understand; but man is an animal of such limited capacity, so dominated by his instincts, that he struggles and produces beyond his needs. On ten separate occasions I have seen, in the storehouses of one man-heap, objects accumulated in such numbers that the inhabitants themselves seemed embarrassed by their quantity. Nevertheless, at only a short distance from these another group would continue to make the same objects.

The division of humanity into castes is but slightly understood. It is certain that among these animals some till the soil and produce almost all the nourishment, while others make the supplementary epidermis or construct nests. Still others seem to do nothing but move rapidly over the planet, eating and mating. Why are the first two castes willing to clothe and feed the third? To my mind this remains obscure. EX-33 did a remarkable piece of work in trying to prove that this tolerance is of sexual origin. He has demonstrated that in the evening, when the individuals of the upper caste assemble, the workers also gather at the entrance to the festivals to see the females — largely without the supplementary epidermis. In his view, it is the æsthetic pleasure provided by the spectacle of these easy lives which is the recompense of the sacrificed caste. The theory seems ingenious, but is not sufficiently demonstrated for me to accept it as the truth.

For my part, I should prefer to seek the explanation in the amazing stupidity of man. It is always a great error to attempt to explain man's actions on a basis of Uranian rationality. Our logic is illogic to the animal. Man obeys an inevitable, unconscious impulse. He has no choice in what he does. It is as if he were gliding down a slope, his goal irresistibly determined in advance. Upon occasion I have diverted myself by following the individual existence of certain Earth-dwellers to whom the functions of love seemed the one essential of life. I have seen them, by the conquest of a first female, bring down upon their heads all the responsibilities of nest and offspring. Not content with this first burden, the

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male would then go out to seek a second companion and install her in a second nest. These simultaneous matings involved the unfortunate animal in a thousand combats of which I was a spectator. No matter. Recurrent disasters taught him nothing.

One of the strongest proofs of this incapacity to remember past experience, or to imagine what is in the future, is furnished by the terrific battles I have witnessed between members of the same species. With us, the idea that a group of Uranians should attack another group, strike them with objects intended to wound them, try to asphyxiate them with poisonous gasses, would seem absurd. That, nevertheless, is what happens upon the Earth. In several years of observation I have seen — now in one corner of the planet, now in another — compact groups of men arrayed against one another. Sometimes they fought beneath an open sky, sometimes in sunken holes in the ground. Each group tried to demolish the adjoining holes by sprinkling them with heavy masses of metal. Observe that at the same time they were themselves being sprinkled in the same way — an appalling and ridiculous spectacle. The scenes of horror which I then beheld were such that, if these animals had the least capacity to remember, they would avoid the return of such events for several generations at least. Yet in the course of the life of the same individual men, one could see them, two or three times in succession, launching forth madly on the same murderous adventures.

Another striking example of man's blind obedience to his instinct is the way in which certain man-heaps are tirelessly rebuilt in certain parts of the planet where they are inevitably destined to be destroyed. Thus, I carefully observed a thickly populated island where within eight years all the nests were demolished three times by earthquakes. To any intelligent observer, it is evident that animals living in such an environment ought to emigrate. But they do not do so. With ritual gestures, they pick up the same bits of wood and iron and zealously rebuild a man-heap that will be destroyed again the following year.

"But," say my scientific adversaries, "however absurd this activity may be, it is nevertheless orderly, which proves the existence of a powerful, directing force — in other words, a mind." Wrong again! The swarming of a group of men disturbed by an earthquake is, as I have already shown, like the movement of gaseous molecules. If one observes them individually, their lives are seen to follow broken and complicated patterns; but

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collectively, by the very force of numbers, they produce concrete effects. Likewise, if we destroy a man-heap, the thousands of insects bump together, hampering one another in their movements, rush about side by side without any definite object. Nevertheless, at the end of a certain time the man-heap is found to have been reconstructed. This result is readily explainable by the laws of chance. There is no need whatever for admitting the hypothesis that intelligence is at work here.

Such is the singular mentality in which it is now fashionable to see a counterpart of Uranian reason! But fashion changes and the facts remain — which will bring us back to those good old truths concerning the Uranian soul and its privileged destiny. For my own part, I regard myself as fortunate in having been able, by a few experiments conducted with prudence and modesty, to contribute toward the elimination of these pernicious new-fangled doctrines and to restore to their proper place in the animal kingdom these creatures, which are indeed worthy of study, but which provide a striking example of the follies to which an instinctive activity may lead if not directed by intelligence. . . .

* * *

AE-17 died in time to escape the first Interplanetary War and too early to see the establishment of relations between Uranus and the Earth and the ruin of his theories. To the end of his life he enjoyed his fame, which was very great. He was a simple and good Uranian — who never became irritated unless he was contradicted. It remains to record one fact of interest to us: the monument erected to him on Uranus bears on its base a bas-relief — produced by telephotography — which represents a scrambling crowd of men and women in a setting which strongly suggests Fifth Avenue.

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THE COW

BY

E. MERRILL ROOT

THAT four-legged fountain called a cow
Is stranger than the Sphinx:
What Œdipus has told us how
Green grass within a copper cow
Turns the white milk he drinks?

The Roc from the Arabian Tale
Was not so strange as she;
Jonah's apartment in the whale
Beside her alchemy's a pale
And gentle verity.

God's jolly cafeteria
With four legs and a tail,
As mystic as the Cabala,
An elf in rufous taffeta,
She pours us ivory ale.

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The Tavern of the Crumpled Horn,
  She pours a cosmic flood
That antedates John Barleycorn;
'Twill feed the Superman unborn:
  It nourished Adam's blood.

She eats the grass and honeydew,
  The buttercups and daisies;
And she will dream, and chew, and chew —
Invite her soul, and loaf, and moo
  Life's rude and wholesome praises.

Her udder is a Holy Grail
  Whence heroes, saints, and lovers —
Yes, all the Sons of Man — grow hale.
Oh, she's an ambulant Fairytale
  That's bound in leathern covers.

A quiet New England bossy, she
  Is also something more:
The good earth's generosity,
And health, and humorous mystery
  In ruddy metaphor!

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EATING AESTHETICALLY

ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL

LITTLE did I think, when I first began to formulate ideas of what a restaurant should and should not be, that I would eventually put these ideas into practice.

I am one of the old-time New Yorkers who were brought up on three square meals a day and who always ate these three square meals in a home built around these functions. Breakfast was at seven thirty. We did not say "half after seven"; that sounded too elastic. Seven thirty was seven thirty, not seven twenty-nine or seven thirty-one. Punctually at this time we began a meal that was more substantial than most dinners to-day — fruit, oatmeal (the real Irish kind that takes at least twenty-four hours to prepare), hot bread, sausages, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, coffee with loads of sugar, and cream we could cut with a knife. The other meals were in keeping; and why apoplexy was not epidemic with us, no one save a wise and benevolent Providence can say.

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So it was not strange that consternation entered my soul, when, coincident with my business career, came the problem of eating in restaurants. Few can realize the misery of that period of adjustment. In place of dainty linen on the tables, there were coarse cotton substitutes, and these none too clean. In place of delicate porcelain, of pretty and alluring design, china so thick that I felt I needed to build an extension on my lips to drink from it. In place of restful ease and quiet conversation, the crash of endless dishes, as maids — rough-shod — ran back and forth shouting orders, their trays missing my fear-stricken head by what seemed a miracle. By the time the food arrived, my appetite was gone. I gobbled down what was placed before me from a sense of duty to my pocketbook (you must have your money's worth if you're poor) and fled, to have indigestion ever afterward.

Giving up restaurants in despair after one or two such experiences, I tried soda fountains, and many times I have stood and wondered if something could not be invented to conceal the unpleasant view of nastiness behind the counter from the eyes of those who stand outside. At the same time I envied the uncritical eyes and cast-iron indifference of my fellow customers. But, being among those who are sensitive to ugliness and uncleanness, another avenue of nourishment was thus lost to me, and in my despair I preferred to let my midday repast consist of water that was cold, from a glass that was clean, in the quiet of my own office.

Quite early in my business career, food ceased to be an object of prime interest or necessity. I was very busy, very much preoccupied with my many problems; but I became acutely concerned about the food question for my employees. I found to my horror that my frail little stenographer subsisted on a slice of really dreadful apple pie for luncheon, and that doughnuts were prominent in the menus of my stalwart office boy. This forced me to enter into communion with myself and once more I asked the same question I had asked before — "What price restaurant success?" I never expected to answer the question in terms of restaurant management, but I did look forward to the time when a few conveniences would make a decent midday meal possible for the people I employed.

Among the things that seemed inexplicable to me was the fact that one was compelled either to eat under altogether nauseating conditions at low prices, or else to pay fabulous prices for food

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at the more desirable restaurants uptown. And the portions puzzled me almost more than the price. Why couldn't the stewards shade their prices a little by reducing the portions served? Surely, I thought, this could be done to the mutual advantage of the public and the restaurant owner: the public would welcome good food at lower prices, and by attracting more patrons the plan would be practicable from the point of view of the management.

Gradually there grew in my heart a real sympathy for the great hungry public that either had to eat like animals at prices they could afford to pay or impoverish themselves to secure a little of the beauty we all crave as an accompaniment to our food. As I lived through the agony of the war, gradually the thought came to me that the all-important duty of each one of us was to grow toward that condition that would eliminate war by developing in ourselves love instead of hate, generosity instead of avarice, open-mindedness instead of bigotry, beauty instead of ugliness.

I always think of myself as an average human being. My wants, my inclinations, my pleasures and my pains are pretty much those of the rest of the world. In running my restaurants, I almost invariably shun those things which are unpleasant to me and insist upon giving my customers those things that I, myself, want to have. There is nothing particularly alluring about long rows of tables, standing like shrouded sepulchers in winding sheets of more or less unsanitary tablecloths. The eye demands food quite as much as the body. On the other hand, the extravagance of cubistic and ultramodern art do not seem to me conducive to peace and a good digestion. It may be charity to the Russian refugees to eat in a restaurant where wild splashes of red, yellow, and green dart at you from every corner, but I can't think it very restful.

To insure restfulness for my customers I have selected neutral tints and soft colors. My Italian interiors were the result of a necessity on my part; I had to meet and conquer the hideous bleakness of an office building with its iron girders and lengths of plaster walls, far longer and higher than that of the ordinary dining room.

I have tried to gauge the wants of the public by my own desires, but have always tried to be flexible. I have not wanted to hold the public by its nose and administer my favorite dishes to it

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as a wise mother now and again gives castor oil. Some of my pet dishes have had to be scrapped because of an undiscerning public, and many delicious dishes are not even attempted because they are so unfamiliar. In all the world there is no better food than our American food when it is well cooked. But all the emphasis must be placed upon its quality, its preparation, and the service.

Shades from my restaurant-eating days of those swift-flying, highly poised trays dripping gravy and carrying destruction to one's nerves, still haunt me, and in my own restaurants soft-spoken, slow-moving colored women administer more gently and less noisily to the guests. Of course, there are drawbacks to our methods. A few days ago a gentleman came in for the proverbial "bite." Chloe was waiting on him and was all too slow to suit the hurried gentleman. So he told her to make haste. Whereupon Chloe, having evidently listened with attentive ears to my oft-repeated lectures, said, "You can't be artistic in a hurry."

Business is difficult and the restaurant business is no exception to the rule. But business loses much of its unpleasantness if one introduces into it things that are purely altruistic — consideration, an honest interest in making your customer a guest, and a constant endeavor to treat him as such. With us, business has been robbed of all drudgery by our constant effort to improve and vary our menus, our methods, and our environment. We have attempted to give the same minute care in the production of food for a thousand that you give for the one or two in your home. We have introduced the principle of beauty, without which no food is complete, no human being contented — beauty of surroundings and beauty of service, in the thoughtful consideration of our customer's wants and an obliging willingness to meet them. When these principles are observed, a restaurant becomes a place so soft in tone, so harmonious in coloring that the soul finds recreation there as well as the body.

In the last analysis, working for others should be the keynote of all business, especially in the restaurant where personal contacts are intimate and frequent. Altruism and beauty always and everywhere, not alone because, in a very real sense, it is bread cast upon the waters, but because it pays in commercial success and in the comfort it brings to one's soul in the realization of a job well done.

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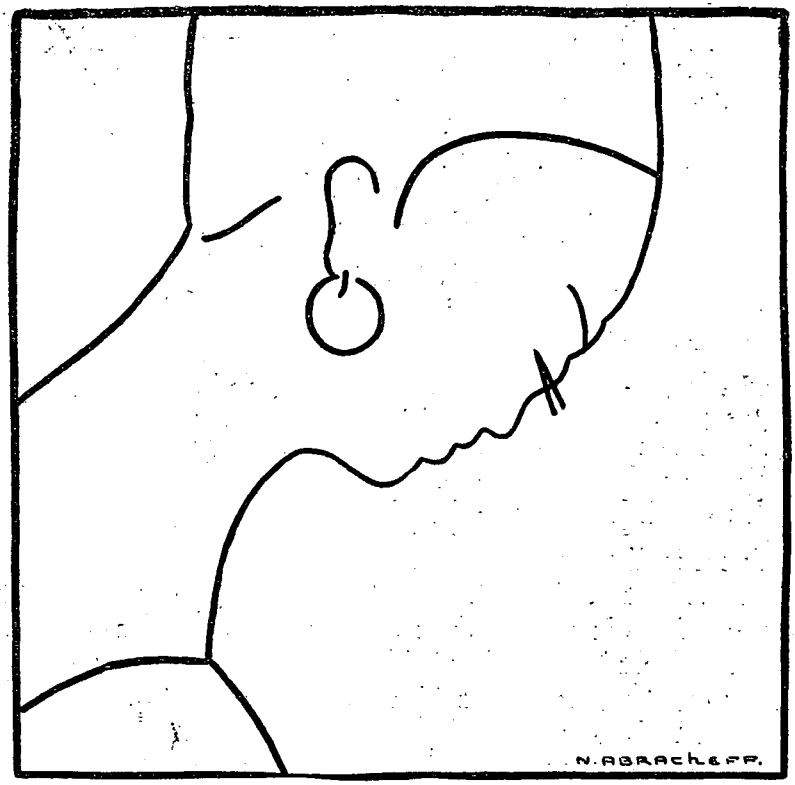

BRAZILIAN DRAWINGS

BY

NICOLAI ABRACHEFF

GIRL FROM PERNAMBUCO

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GIRL FROM THE AMAZONE PROVINCE

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SORTING FRUIT

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A PRIMITIVE LAUNDRY

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THE AMATEUR INVESTOR

A Financial Autobiography

J. B. E. JONAS

THIS is the financial history of a married teacher who began his professional career on a salary of $200 a year, which was raised *by very slow degrees* until, after twenty-seven years of service, it reached $4200 — and who by constant and systematic saving has accumulated what in probate parlance would be called "an estate of over $10,000" — well over $10,000, let it be added.

Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us that our education begins several generations before our great-grandfathers were born. Environment, as well as heredity, was a potent factor in my financial development. My father was a minister of the gospel in the Middle West with a salary of $500. On this he brought up a family of five children and put them all through college — not a mean achievement, the reader will admit. Since I was the oldest and the first to enter college, my father took out a $1,000 life insurance policy for me in a cheap, but sufficiently safe assessment company (it is operating still and I still have my policy) as a protection to the younger children; and as soon as I was out of college, I helped contribute toward their education. Such conditions make for thrift. They do not, however, conduce to success in handling savings, and it is obvious that under these circumstances I inherited neither money nor investment sagacity. Accordingly, I had to pass through the very painful, but perhaps wholesome, experience of losing my first savings through utter and abysmal ignorance of investment matters, sheer stupidity, and a compelling reticence to ask aid or advice from others. Why is it that financial questions haunt us and hedge us about with a spell of mystery and suppression almost akin to that respecting matters of sex?

At this time came a god-send. I began using the "Investment Service" advice of a magazine and from that moment my losses ceased, my money began to "work" dependably, regularly, constantly — twenty-four hours every day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, as money should. My savings began to count and to accumulate, for I had always saved, even on my

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lowest salary. I couldn't help it. I was born to it. The solid foundations for an estate were securely laid. I am impelled to say right here, however (and no doubt it is a matter of universal experience), that notwithstanding my tendencies to thrift, so strongly ingrained by heredity and environment and fortified by habit, that just at this crucial point I faltered more than once, like many another stout heart, and my saving habits came near to being shipwrecked when I suffered losses. More than once did I say to myself, "Why stint yourself and save for other people? Use your money and enjoy it as it comes in!" The crisis passed.

Would-be savers, disheartened by the cruel, but inevitably necessary initial sacrifices and privations, will be encouraged and stimulated to fresh vigor when they contemplate the astounding, almost uncanny productive power of money. The Old Colony Corporation of Boston, in a recent booklet, gives figures to show that one hundred dollars monthly invested at six per cent compound interest will grow in twenty-five years to $67,977.15 ($30,000 principal and $37,977.15 accumulated interest); and $20,000 placed at six per cent compound interest for twenty-five years will, without any further payments, reach the positively incredible sum of $85,998.50 ($20,000 original investment plus $65,998.50 accumulated income). Benjamin Franklin's famous bequest of $5,000 to the City of Boston grew in one hundred years by compound interest to $391,168.68. The Okmulgee Building and Loan Association of Okmulgee, Oklahoma — to take an example from the West — shows that at eight per cent one hundred dollars a month grows to $20,000 in eleven years. It also makes this alluring statement: "An investment of twenty-five dollars per month for 264 months (twenty-two years) will pay you $72.50 per month the rest of your life and at your death pay your heirs $14,500. An investment of fifty dollars per month for 264 months will pay you $145 per month the rest of your life and at your death pay your heirs $29,000." These Building and Loan Associations are inspected by the State Banking Department as rigidly as the banks themselves are.

Similar and equally astonishing figures and tables are published by Halsey, Stuart, and other investment bankers, showing the remarkable cumulative power of compound interest. At eight per cent, an investment doubles in nine years, at six per cent in a slightly longer period. At three per cent, one dollar put at interest at the beginning of the Christian era, and compounded an-

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nually, would now amount, in round numbers, to $3,000,000,000,000,000, 000, 000, 000, 000. For the same time and rate, one dollar at simple interest would amount to only $58.81. Such figures must, indeed, hearten the weary wayfarer on his journey to thrift when lassitude and discouragement would overtake him ere the day is done. Moral: Save your interest!

In the early stages of my financial development, I accidentally learned that with a very small "nest egg" as a foundation, it was possible to purchase a bond of a much larger value, and on the bond as collateral, borrow the difference from my bank, usually at a lower rate of interest than the bond paid. That is to say, for $150 cash plus $850 borrowed from the bank at five per cent, I could buy a $1,000 bond paying six per cent. I would then pay off my note in installments as I was able to, month by month, and that done, buy a new bond in the same way. By leaving my bonds at the bank, I soon created an excellent borrowing credit on which I could draw at any time in ever increasing amounts. This method proved profitable, safe, and in every way excellent. The plan possessed five distinct advantages. (1) It always confined my investment purchases to securities of which my bank approved, and over which it then kept a constant and vigilant oversight. (2) It enabled me to avail myself of any exceptional investment opportunities, even if I did not have the ready cash at the time. (3) It was a great incentive to saving, for I was naturally eager to pay off my loans as soon as I could. (4) I received more interest than I paid. (5) It saved me the rent of a safe deposit box, since my securities were kept in the bank's vaults without expense to me.

Solomon said in his wisdom, "There is nothing new under the sun." None the less I was agreeably surprised and interested when I read many years later that Mr. Swift — the Chicago packer — outlined and recommended exactly this same plan. The last advantage enumerated above, — the saving of safe deposit box rent — was also discovered by an Irish laboring man in New York, long after I had availed myself of it. He came to a Fifth Avenue bank with $500 in Liberty Bonds — the only savings he had — and asked to borrow five dollars on them. He was told that the bank would gladly lend him a much larger amount on that collateral, or if he really wanted only five dollars, a very small portion of his bonds would be sufficient security. He insisted, however, on his original demand. The request was so extraordi-

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nary that word was passed along to the officers of the bank. Finally the president came to inquire. "Well," says Pat, "it's this way. I've got these $500 worth of Liberty Bonds, and they're not safe in my house. They tell me the cheapest I can get a safe deposit box for is $7.50 a year. Now if you'll lend me five dollars on them at five per cent, it will cost me only twenty-five cents!"

These two principles — namely: (1) advice from the "Investment Service" of a good magazine, together with bank approval of securities, and (2) bank loans on them — are the foundation pillars and corner stones upon which my financial edifice has been built; and to all intents and purposes my article might close right here. But for the guidance and aid of tyros in the "investment game" (and what game is more fascinating, enthralling — and dangerous?), I subjoin some of my investment practices, policies, and philosophies. These have all been learned and tested in the hard school of experience and may serve as practical suggestions. Several are repeated. This will help to emphasize them.

1. I never buy a security without first getting it approved by the Financial Editor of a magazine (or some similar financial counselor) and accepted by my bank as collateral. This is my invariable and inexorable test of safety. My maxim is: "What is not good enough for my bank as collateral is not good enough for me as an investment." This policy has worked out satisfactorily and successfully over a long period of years. It has always insured safety.

2. I have very carefully selected my investment brokers — again with the approval of the Financial Editor and my bank. And, having selected them, I am absolutely frank and open with them. They know exactly what my holdings are, and what are my investment practices and preferences. They know exactly what kind of securities I am and am not interested in, and are guided accordingly. I am actively connected with two of the largest and two of the smaller New York houses. With each my relations are personal, intimate, friendly, and most cordial.

3. I purchase a variety of securities: bonds (government, public utility, real estate, and industrial), preferred stocks (chiefly public utilities), and, up to the present, a very few common stocks. Within each group I try to diversify them as to geographic location, company, kind of product, etc.

4. I always buy on the partial payment plan, mainly by borrowing from my bank, as indicated above.

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5. I always keep my securities at the bank as collateral, often having four, six, or eight times as much as my notes require. This enables me to take up loans (mine are all "demand" or "call" notes) at any time I require them. This also keeps the bank constantly interested in, and vigilant over, my holdings, reporting any changes, cautions, or calls, and retaining them in safe keeping. Many of my securities I have never seen; I don't even know the color of paper they are printed on. They were forwarded directly from my broker to my bank (an out-of-town institution), and I have only a receipt with record of the name, amount, and serial numbers.

6. I very rarely sell a security, except when it is called, or, in a few cases, on an exchange for some other security. This is no doubt a weakness, for I hold bonds that sell ten, twelve, fifteen, and in one case, twenty points above my purchase price. I have not taken these profits partly because, owing to the rise in all securities, I could not reinvest my money so advantageously again; but chiefly because I am too busy professionally to follow market quotations, and therefore haven't knowledge enough of what these issues may do. For example, I once received a bonus of four shares of common stock with a bond purchase. This stock gradually rose till it was quoted at thirty-four. My broker then advised us all to sell. I asked the opinion of a banker friend who held some. He said that since it had cost him nothing, he would hold his. I did likewise. The stock fluctuated for a time. Then rumors of mergers, consolidations, and other prospects filled the air. The stock rose sharply till it finally reached 450, at which price I sold. I received more than twice as much for my bonus as I had paid for my bond originally.*

Such instances are rare. This good fortune came to me through no shrewdness, business acumen, sagacity, or knowledge on my part. It was sheer guesswork — precisely what investment should *not* be! It was pure luck — and luck more often goes the other way! I mention this example to show how exceedingly little investors, and even brokers and bankers, really *know* about investments — and as a plea, along with Professor Ripley in his articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for *more knowledge*. Investment should be — and is — scientific, palpable, ponderable, based on definite and immutable laws. I should not have been compelled to act on mere opinion and hearsay; and certainly the banker and

*The stock in question was the Carolina Power & Light Co.

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brokers ought to have known, or had opportunity to learn, the basic conditions and prospects of that company before they advised us to sell at 34 — or gave any advice at all. With a knowledge of the facts, every one of us stockholders could have acted *with intelligence* and not upon mere chance. It should be the business of every person in a fiduciary or advisory position to obtain the facts in investment matters and to give them. Those who wish to gamble may do so still. There are plenty of opportunities for those thrills.

7. I never speculate, buy on margin, pyramid, or go into doubtful real estate ventures. In fact, I have never in my life even bought stocks (except preferred ones for investment). I have, of course, bought many securities that have gone up in price, and I naturally like to buy as low as possible. But I am purely an investor and my primary interest lies there. If my investments pay their interest and dividend returns promptly, regularly, and reliably, are good collateral, and are paid off when due, I am satisfied. Nor do I worry excessively if any of my securities temporarily drop in market price (provided their fundamental soundness is not disturbed), like Bolivia 8's or French Government 8's. So long as their coupons are paid and they are sound, I am not greatly excited whether the market quotation is 85 or 108 (excepting, of course, as the price of a new purchase might be affected). I am not a trader, and marketability does not interest me. It is the least important factor in my investments. No doubt at this stage it would be legitimate for me, and perhaps advantageous, to buy an occasional carefully selected common stock for a rise; but I have never felt justified in taking the risk.

8. I purchase only high-yield securities, much higher at least than my bank rate of interest — provided always, of course, that I have first been fully assured and am entirely satisfied of their safety. "Safety first and always!" While this is a good general working rule, it does not by any means follow as an inevitable corollary that every low-yield security is safe and every high-yield security is not. My experience has amply proved this. I have nothing under 6%. Most of my investments yield 7% or 8%.

9. I always buy a much larger block of investments than I have available money for at the time, by taking a bank loan or buying on the partial payment plan. Once I bought $35,000 worth of Bolivia 8's on $350 in Liberty Bonds.

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10. I always pay off something on my notes every month. Toward the end of each month, I make a careful budget of all my income and expenses for the coming month. By balancing this, I determine exactly how much money I shall have available for my bank on the first and fifteenth of that month, and I pay it conscientiously on that date.

11. I never take securities in a new venture. Unless a company can show satisfactory financial history — success, earnings, background, assets — I leave it severely alone. I wish somebody had impressed this rule on me when I began; and I wish every novice who reads this article would make it his first and fundamental principle. It would save millions.

12. I never allow myself to be stampeded into buying an investment. There are occasional times when quick action is necessary; but I have rarely repented of deferring an investment purchase. If I really wanted it, I usually found an opportunity to buy it later, and often at a lower price. Luther Burbank's rule, not to sign any contract or make any important agreement or decision until he had slept over it a night, is also an excellent rule for investors. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that Dame "Investment Opportunity" is a fickle lady, jealous and inexorable, who knows neither repentance nor excuses. The price of a security holds for the moment only. If may never come again. I have been seeking a certain preferred stock at a certain price for fifteen years. Twice in that time opportunity beckoned. Both times peculiar, untoward circumstances said me nay. I am seeking it still! *When* to buy is the investor's greatest problem. But it may be laid down for a truth that in a doubtful case, money in hand is always better than any security which is questionable even in the slightest degree. There will always be new investment opportunities to take the place of lost ones. And a lost opportunity is not half so bad as a lost investment. The one usually comes back in some form, the other never does.

13. I always keep "invested up." I do not carry a larger balance at the bank than is required. I never have large amounts of cash about my person or in the house, but use all my available money to pay off old obligations or to make new investments. I usually know long before I get it, just what use I am going to make of each item of my income.

14. Finally, I am fanatically punctilious in all money matters. I keep every promise religiously; I meet every obligation metic-

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ulously; I keep up my bank balance scrupulously. I pay my interest on the day it is due. I have never overdrawn my bank account in my life. I meet every payment on the dot. This has become religion to me. My bank can depend upon my word, and acts accordingly. It pays. I recommend it.

In conclusion, let me give a few practical hints on the mechanics of my system of bookkeeping and recording my investments, which may be helpful and interesting.

1. I have kept, in uniform ledgers, a strict and accurate account all my life. I can account for every penny that has ever passed through my hands. My father inexorably required it when I was a boy; later I faithfully kept it up. I have devised my own system of bookkeeping — the very simplest kind of journal. Often I add a word of special interest, as when traveling, so that my account is something of a diary as well. I shall not expatiate on the value of an account, except to say that my account has saved me many dollars, has kept me out of much mischief, has fostered much that is good in me, has been a great incentive to thrift, and, as a record of reference, has been of inestimable value and pleasure. No more than one could imagine a large business corporation without its files and accounts, should any private individual fail to keep an account. In time it becomes a habit. One cannot escape it. If any one belittles the keeping of an account, he should be referred to John D. Rockefeller and the cherished little journal of his early expenses. He once said in my hearing that he would not part with that little memorandum book for many, many dollars!

2. I keep an "Investment Book," into which, once a year, I copy from my account book, under the heading of each investment I have held that year, every item of income or outlay I have had from that investment, with the date of each. I have divided this book into larger divisions under the headings of: I. Bonds, II. Stocks, III. Mortgages, IV. Insurance, V. Real Estate, VI. Royalties, and have grouped under each the individual securities or contracts that I hold. This book shows me at a glance the initial cost, coupon or dividend income, extra dividends, any other increment or decrement outlay, selling price (if sold), and, when the account is closed, the gain (or loss) on the investment as a whole. In this book I also keep, by years, my salary and other non-investment income. At the end, I sum up my total income and my total outgo (under the headings of Rent, Food,

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Clothing, Travel, Books, etc.) by years, and make a balance sheet. I keep this account in a bound petty journal, but would advise any new beginner to use a loose-leaf journal.

3. I keep a loose-leaf "Income Book." A page for each month gives me at a glance all the income due that month, with dates of each. I also keep in this book a record of the serial numbers of all my bonds, stock certificates, and other securities, to serve as a duplicate in case of the loss or destruction of my other records, and as a ready reference, in case of the calling of bonds, for verifying coupon numbers, or any other occasion for identifying my securities. I use this record particularly when making out my monthly budget, as described above.

4. I keep a leather loose-leaf "Securities Record Book," such as are furnished by many investment brokers. I have specimen copies of most of those issued by New York houses. The best by far is the one given out by A. B. Leach & Company. The next best is that of Kelley, Drayton & Converse. Halsey, Stuart & Company also have a good one. This leather covered Record Book I keep at home for constant reference and regular use. A duplicate of this Record Book, in paper cover, should be kept with one's securities in one's safe deposit box, or wherever one has his securities in safe keeping, for obvious reasons in the event that the home copy should be lost.

5. I also keep a "Library Card File" of my investments — a card for each investment. On these cards I often write, in pencil, special notes of a temporary or passing nature, or enter items for which provision is not made in my other records. This "Card File" is handy in that it can be shuffled and arranged in any way occasion demands — by months when income is due, by amounts of securities invested in, by bank at which they are deposited as collateral, by classification of securities (bonds, stocks, mortgages, etc.), by geographical location, etc.

6. I use "Dummies" (cardboards cut to the size of a folded bond) for every security not in my own possession. I keep my securities in large, stout, uniform security envelopes — one kind in each envelope. For any security that is away as collateral, for registration, for exchange, or for safe keeping, I substitute one of these "dummies" on which is written the name, amount, serial number of security it represents, date of removal, where it is deposited and why — and place it in its proper envelope. From what has been said above, it is clear that almost all my securities

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are "absent," and my security envelopes, therefore, contain mostly "dummies." These "dummies" serve, however, for purposes of reference in bookkeeping, recording, and arrangement, exactly as well as the securities themselves would; and in the event of my death, anyone could easily tell from them just what my inventory is, and where each security is located. I also file a descriptive circular of each security in its envelope. I find these indispensable for reference purposes.

These various records may seem cumbersome at first blush. If, however, they are made at once when any change in holdings occurs, and are faithfully and regularly kept up, it is a small task and each one serves a distinct and valuable purpose. I find them great time savers in the long run. By these records I have my income tax material, information for my budget, all facts about coupon and dividend dates, and callable dates available at a glance.

I fear I have gone far afield in what was intended as a brief and simple little sketch. It represents, however, the stored-up experience and experimentation of a lifetime, and it should have some suggestive value. At any rate, as Goethe says in his *Faust:*

Wer vieles bringt, wird manchem etwas bringen,
(Who offers much, brings something unto many) —

and truly, the problems of investment are manifold, intricate, perplexing, stubborn, often baffling — and any help and advice should be welcome.

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THE TURKISH WOMAN OF TO-DAY

ROSALIND TOYNBEE

Woodcuts by Howard Cook

AS a rule, Western people have a definite and quite irrational attitude toward the Oriental nations. Sometimes it is an attitude of hostility or contempt. We refer to "the unspeakable Turk," and talk about "the unchanging East" (in this context the assumption being, of course, that change would be improvement). We picture the Oriental as uncivilized, as incredibly cruel — a brigand whose sword drips with Christian blood — or else as corrupt and bloated — a lascivious Pasha with a hundred wives. This is perhaps the commonest attitude, though it may be modified and rationalized in varying degrees.

But there is another attitude, more prevalent, I think, among the cultured and sophisticated classes, which is almost equally mistaken. This second attitude is one of pure sentiment. We say once more, "the unchanging East," but this time the words express approbation; we dwell on them with a sentimental enjoyment. We think of minarets and muezzins and calls to prayer at sundown; of fountains plashing soothingly in blue tiled courtyards, and mysterious veiled women stealing past us noiselessly (the popularity of the "Oriental costume play" shows that this attitude, too, is fairly widespread); of wise men in contemplation under trees, of colors, and draperies, and a certain beauty of life which we feel is lacking in our own overorganized civilization. We say, "Here is something untouched and unspoiled by modern hurry and bustle and the struggle for existence." We picture to ourselves the peace of such a life and imagine that we ourselves would like to live like that if we were not prevented by adverse circumstances.

Both attitudes are false, because both, in their different ways, are sentimental. In both instances we regard the Oriental as a being quite different and separate from ourselves; we refuse to look at him objectively and to take him as he is — as another human being, not much uglier nor more beautiful than we are. I think this is why the Westernization of the East causes so much disquiet to most Western people. The Oriental has his place, as such, in our scheme of things — a black place or a white place

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according to our bias; but it is still as an Oriental that he fits in, and when he will not play the part we have assigned him, we are too apt to lose our tempers with him.

The other day I heard a distinguished Chinese speaking to an English audience on the modern movement in China. He spoke with enthusiasm of the breaking up of the old Chinese family, with its tremendous power over the lives of its members. One person after another in his audience rose and protested to him. Sentimentally they deplored the decline of the Chinese family; and the Chinese answered them with an account of his own family and the stranglehold it had had upon his youth. Not one in that Western audience would have tolerated the tyranny of stepmother and stepuncles as he had, but it seemed somehow beautiful — in China.

It is in this spirit, I think, that many of us regard the changed aspect of Turkey. We liked or disliked Turkey as we knew or pictured it, perhaps even loved or hated it; but this country we are faced with now — a country where men wear hats and women write on typewriters in offices — is strange and unknown, and we have no place to put it.

I must myself confess to a certain regret when I think of the

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romantic Turkish streets with the red fezes, and the dark *charshafs* of the women. The fez is a better headdress than the bowler, the *charshaf* more becoming than most hats. When I think of our own eighteenth century costumes, I regret them also; they too had a color and a grace which our own clothes sadly lack. But I would not for that reason suggest returning to them. They suited their day; ours, we must suppose, suit ours. If we have changed our own clothes, why should not the Turks change theirs?

A common mistake is to suppose that this change would never have come about had it not been imposed from on top by a special decree. The decree has no doubt hastened it, but the movement was there already. (People seem to forget that just such another decree forbade the change only a short time before!) When decrees of this sort are passed, they are bound to encounter a certain opposition, because not everyone is ready for them. It is safe to say, however, that a change of this kind would not be practicable until, as a matter of fact, the national feeling is in sympathy with it. The refusal of Turkish women to accept the change completely is a good proof of this. Women in the mass were less ready than men to renounce their old head wear; consequently, the adoption of hats for women has not been enforced by law and is not universal, whereas for men it is.

It is interesting at this point to consider the history of the veiling of Turkish women. The original Turkish tribes did not veil their women, and in fact, it was not until 1757 that the Sultan Osman III, in a wave of religious reaction, issued an edict ordering all women to be veiled. Whether this order corresponded in any degree to a tendency among the women themselves, it would be interesting to know. Religious revivals, as a rule, affect the women most strongly. At all events the religious régime was continued by Osman's successor — Mustapha III — and the veil became a permanent institution.

The original form of this veiled dress differed entirely from the modern *charshaf*. This earlier costume was called the *yashmak feraje*. It consisted of a piece of colored silk draped round the head, with a length of white muslin arranged over it; another length of white muslin covered the lower part of the face, leaving the eyes free, in the manner of Egyptian or Arab women, and a long cloak made of the same silk as the headdress completed the costume. It was a beautiful dress—beautiful and impractical. In well-to-do houses, a special slave was kept whose entire duty was

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the washing and ironing of these muslin *yashmaks*, the smartness of the whole dress depending on their spotless and creaseless condition. When the Turkish woman went to call, the servant of the house would take away her *yashmak* and iron it afresh while she paid her visit.

This style continued as the regular dress for Turkish women until about 1870. The grandmothers of the Turkish women of to-day still wore it, and still had their special slaves to keep it clean.

It was superseded gradually — not by decree — by the more modern *charshaf*. The origin of the *charshaf* is not definitely known. It is possible that it was adapted from the dress of the native Christians. Its adoption as the normal Turkish dress was simply due to its greater convenience. Women were becoming more active and independent. They needed a costume more compatible with their greater freedom and they found it.

The *charshaf* itself has been changed and modified incessantly since its introduction. In its original form it consisted of a loose-gathered skirt with a long enveloping cape, and a dark veil over the whole face. The dress as a whole was dark, and more suited for street wear and going on foot than the light-colored *yashmak* had been. Gradually during the next fifty years the original *charshaf* was altered to give greater and greater freedom. The cloak became shorter and plainer, the skirt shorter and less gathered, until, in its latest forms, there was simply a small silk cape (still, of course, covering the head also) worn over a tailored suit or other Western dress, with a small black veil turned back away from the face. By the time of the Revolution of 1908, only the palace women retained the *yashmak feraje*.

In view of the passive resistance to hats of which we hear in Anatolia to-day, it is amusing to know that the Sultan Abdul Hamid did actually make an attempt to reintroduce the old *yashmak* for general wear, and forbade the use of the *charshaf;* but he, too, was defeated by passive resistance. The Sultan went so far in his reactionary attempt that the police had orders to arrest any women seen in the streets wearing *charshafs*. In some cases women were locked up, in others the offending *charshafs* were cut off. It was all quite ineffectual. Quietly and persistently the women continued to wear the dress they had evolved for themselves. It was not practicable to arrest them all, and the Sultan gave it up.

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In exactly the same way the Anatolian women to-day have refused to be coerced in the opposite direction. A year or two ago, the Prefect of Trebizond, inspired by progressive zeal, once more forbade the women of his town to appear in *charshafs*. This time they were to wear hats, but the response was the same. Nothing was said, but the women did not appear; they stayed indoors until the order was repealed. The Prefect had to follow the example of Abdul Hamid.

Very few women to-day are wearing real *charshafs;* they have again evolved a headdress of their own — a compromise between the old and new. They swathe a piece of dark silk round their heads — a last vestige of their older draped headdress — half-way or rather more like a "toque." Of course some wear hats, especially in towns; but those Turkish women I have talked to on the subject all tell me that they don't like them. They find hats uncomfortable as well as unbecoming. One friend of mine described with a good deal of humor her troubles with a hat on a first visit to Europe. It did not fit and would not stay on; it made her head ache; and the final annoyance came at an important public function, when, anxious to be correct, she took her hat off whenever her husband did, and then found she was all wrong!

We commonly assume that wherever there is a difference of custom or expectation, we Western women hold the more enviable position:

> Little Turk or Japanee,
> Oh don't you wish that you were me?

This expresses our general attitude very aptly, but I think we deceive ourselves. I remember my own surprise on hearing a rather violently Nationalist Turkish girl inveigh passionately against the humiliating position of Western women, "who are always called by the name of some man they belong to! We have our own names," she said, "we are not called by the name of our fathers or husbands, our names do not change simply because we marry. How can you bear such a humiliating custom? It is as though you had no personality of your own!" And I had to admit that there was, so far as I knew, no movement of protest at the

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injustice of surnames! I have since heard other Turkish women complain of the necessity of taking their husbands' names when traveling in Europe.

Even more than the veiling of women, polygamy has seemed to most of us a severe dividing line between the East and West. In Turkey to-day polygamy is prohibited by law; but here, once more, the law follows and does not lead. Long before the law was passed, it was very rare to find a respectable Turkish bourgeois with more than one wife. For one thing it was very expensive to keep two wives on the equal status that was necessary; but quite apart from the question of expense, it was looked upon as "bad form" in the average Turkish family. The Sultan and certain Pashas were exceptions.

In 1916 a law was passed which gave the Turkish woman greater freedom in marriage than any Western woman possessed. It was known as the "Family Law," and it provided that a woman about to marry had the right to draw up a contract making what provisions she liked for dissolving the proposed marriage. She could claim the right of divorce if her husband should take a second wife, and she could make any other provisions she chose. If this contract were duly and legally drawn up, it became

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her marriage law — an individual law for each marriage. This revolutionary measure did not have as much effect on the general run of marriages as might have been expected. It was optional, and only a few women availed themselves of it; the majority were not enough interested to draw up a contract. As a matter of fact, the law was in advance of the demand.

The Swiss Civil Code, which has now been adopted *in toto* as the Civil Code of Turkey, precludes polygamy as a matter of course. It also forbids a man to repudiate his wife without a legal divorce, and this is the principal gain from the woman's point of view. On the other hand, the individual freedom allowed by the "Family Law" of 1916 has been taken away, before it had been fully tried and enjoyed. The old prohibition on any Moslem woman's marrying a Christian has not been removed. The clause in the Swiss Code which would have covered this has been held over indefinitely for "further consideration."

Since the establishment of the new régime in Turkey, women have undoubtedly become more conspicuous in ordinary life. They mix more freely with men on all social occasions and go to theatres and restaurants and dances — which they did not do before. The story is told of Kemal Pasha's order to his chief officials and generals to organize public balls in the provincial towns with the express purpose of inviting the mothers to dance. If a high official organized the ball, the lower official had to attend, and his wife had to dance if the high official invited her. If once the mothers danced — so the argument ran — they could not forbid their daughters to do so and the taboo would be broken. The plan succeeded and dances became established. But it would not have succeeded unless a large number of women had been wanting to dance already.

The new régime has, in fact, encouraged and defined a situation which already existed. The old order was changing; it had already changed. Kemal Pasha has emphasized and accentuated the new tendencies; he has not created them. As was bound to happen in a stage of revolutionary advance, the emphasis has often been exaggerated and the pace forced. Many things have been taken from the modern West, which the West itself would be better without, and it is this exaggeration that has been stressed by opponents of the modern movement in Turkey, thus attracting undue attention to the entire question.

If we, as a body, were pressed rather suddenly to take over the

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manners and dress of an Oriental people, I think we should find that many of us would make mistakes of taste. We should not know, always and infallibly, which of the customs strange to us were most approved nor which of the people we observed were the safest guides. For my own part, I have been astonished at the "sureness of touch" that Turkish women have shown in these matters. Their own traditional and instinctive sense of behavior has guided them in situations which were unfamiliar and new. Nevertheless, as a consequence of the excesses, natural enough under the circumstances, many of the better Turks are reacting against the tide, and the pendulum will most likely swing back, at least in so far as the swing forward has been forced. In Turkey, as in other countries, the real process of change has been slow and gradual, working itself out through varying phases of development, and that real process will continue.

The first modern Turkish school for girls was founded in Stamboul about fifty years ago. It was a normal school for the training of teachers. The Sultan Abdul Hamid, surprisingly enough, opened the next schools for girls — regular secondary schools with six grades — several in Constantinople, and others in the principal provincial towns. In 1908 and 1909 the Young Turk Régime started a number of new normal schools, and founded two lycées for girls on the model of the lycées for boys already in existence, which had been patterned after the French. The American schools for girls were at the same time helping forward the education of women in Turkey very considerably.

These were all steps in the same direction. Then, during the war of 1914 to 1918, the economic position of women rapidly advanced. There were no men left to do the work at home, and it had to be done; the women had to do it and they did. The same process was going on all over Europe, but in Turkey the new departure was more spectacular. The Finance Department was the first of the Government Offices to take in women clerks, and then the Post Office; after that, the various other departments followed suit. In 1916 women were admitted to some of the courses in the University, and in 1918 to the Faculties of Medicine and Law. There is at the present time one woman lawyer practising at Angora, and she, I believe, specializes in divorce cases. There are several others qualified to practise who have not actually begun to do so; and there are a number of women doctors.

These facts speak for themselves. The Turkish woman of to-

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day is actually doing the same sorts of things, and living the same kind of life, as Western women. To many people that may offer proof that she is not in essentials a different kind of being. The truth, of course, is that she never was.

I have been fortunate in knowing several Turkish women fairly well. Two of them had, when I first knew them, never been out of Turkey. One had not been allowed to see her husband before she married. They were not, in any definite sense of the word, "emancipated." But I never found them different from other women; I never felt conscious of that strange, insurmountable barrier which is said to exist between Orientals and Occidentals. And when I hear anyone speak of the Turks as one might speak of inhabitants of another planet, I am reminded of the saying of a friend of mine — an Englishman of the true inarticulate type. When he was asked to describe people he had met on his travels — for he had traveled a great deal — he would shrug his shoulders and say with a smile, "Oh well, you know, they are just people!"

LAVENDER LILIES

The lavender lilies in Garfield Park lay lazy in the morning sun.
A cool summer wind flicked at our eyebrows and the pansies fixed their yellow drops and circles for a day's show.
The statue of Lincoln, an ax on his shoulder, a bronze ax, was a chum of five bluejays crazy and calling, "Another lovely morning, another lovely morning."
And the headline of my newspaper said, "Thirty dead in race riots."
And Lincoln with the ax, and all the lavender lilies and the cool summer wind and the pansies, the living lips of bronze and leaves, the living tongues of bluejays, all they could say was, "Another lovely morning, another lovely morning."

— *Carl Sandburg*

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THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

An Anatomy of Hell

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

DANTE roamed with safety through the inferno of 1300. If that benign gentleman could visit the inferno of modern science, he would do so only to emerge as a puff of gas. To the theologian, hell as a place is becoming hell as a condition. But while religion turns its eyes to heaven, science looks below. Ancient theological concern for the kingdom of Lucifer has changed into modern scientific interest in the interior of the earth.

The subterranean has always whetted the imagination of men. Mediterranean philosophers were among the first to conceive of the bowels of the earth as burning with an eternal fire. And for a geographical reason. The Mediterranean basin is a weak zone in the crust of the earth, where rocks crack and volcanoes belch smoke and lava. Many early thinkers linked earthquakes and volcanoes with an abyss of unthinkable hotness, a fit place for banished souls. A sunburned philosopher near erupting Etna did not have to stretch his fancy to imagine hell.

Before Aristotle gave finality to early thought on nature, man had already charted the land of abandoned hope. Fire, wind, and chaos were the ingredients in the Stygian pudding. Aristotle conceived a hollow earth filled with the fires of exploding air. Lucretius saw the interior as a dark replica of the surface, with rivers of ink, gorges, cliffs, caverns, and a snarling wind that struck fire from the rocks. Seneca thought volcanoes were born in the escape of captive winds igniting coal and sulphur as they whistled through the rocks. Æolus, who lived under the volcanic Æolian Isles, unleashed the winds that fanned the fires of hell.

The internal depths as pictured by the Greeks and Romans were sufficiently terrible to fit the needs of the old theology. Thus the idea of hell grew until the land of Charon was known and feared by every peasant in Europe. But this theological hell has slowly cooled. The wails of the wicked no longer gripe the entrails of the world. The twentieth century has little interest in the inferno of mythology. Yet the region hitherto reserved for the damned draws the thought of the modern scientist. A few of his

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recent conclusions about the interior of the earth are interesting.

The geologist has not found "easy the descent to Avernus." After groping in the dark for several decades, he only now begins to see the light. A germ on an egg shell cannot know the inner workings of eggs. Man is a germ on the shell of the earth, but a germ with reason and imagination. With these he has dug a tunnel toward the buried truth.

An invisible foe is hard to overcome. No problem has been more baffling than the problem of the hidden heart of earth. Speculations bristle like bayonets at the front of an advancing science. In the eighteenth century the illustrious French mathematician, Laplace, destroyed the ancient conception and filled the wind-swept hollows of earth with liquid rock. He thought the earth a molten sphere with a thin crust. Some scientists accept this postulate in a modified form to-day. Most others have come to think of the earth as essentially solid to the core.

Men have bored holes in the crust of the earth, mere pin pricks in comparison with the radius of the planet, but deep enough to reveal a story. Every hole grows warmer toward the bottom on the average of one degree Fahrenheit in sixty feet. Nobody knows that this rate continues below the deepest boring — one mile and a half under the surface. Volcanoes hotly argue that it does. If the rate persists, temperatures at a relatively shallow depth are hot enough to melt any substance known to science. Granted this increase in temperature and the absence of modifying conditions, the rocks of the crust must grade into a hot incandescent liquid.

Some thinkers believe in the existence of a liquid substratum engirdling the earth rind within fifty miles of the surface. Striking facts support this concept. The continents are largely composed of light rock like granite. The ocean beds and their volcanic islands are made of somewhat heavier rock called basalt. The greatest lava flows of geological history brought underworld basalt through fissures to the surface. Such facts suggest that both oceans and continents rest upon a universal layer of basalt. The continents stand high because they are made of lighter materials, separated by gravity in the original distribution of things. They float like icebergs in a sea of basalt.

An earth with such a foundation might easily be weak. That it *is* weak the geologist has found abundant evidence. He has read the story of a long life of suffering in the face of the earth. He has studied her wrinkles in mountain ranges. He has seen her scars.

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Blocks of her crust have foundered along mighty rifts. The Red Sea now occupies such a depression. The tourist, standing on a high peak in Glacier National Park, sees stupendous beauty and serenity. Yet beauty and serenity have been born of pain and travail. The mountains were once mud on the bottom of an inland sea. They were later hardened, uplifted, sculptured by water and ice, and thrust into their present position, thrust westward seven miles or more. The poorly healed scar is clear to those who can see. The earth has suffered.

Despite the weakness of the crust, the body of the earth is strong, so strong that many scientists cannot accept the belief in a liquid substratum. This internal resistance to deformation is probably due to the strengthening of materials within the earth by the tremendous pressures of the overlying crust. Experiment has proved that most rocks cannot be changed from solid to liquid unless an increase in volume is permitted. If pressure is great enough to prevent expansion, a rock remains solid in spite of its temperature. The exact nature of a substance so hot that it would immediately turn to a liquid at the surface of the earth, but which remains solid under the pressures of the deep interior, is one of the unsolved riddles of earth physics. Such a substance may be crystalline like a solid rock or amorphous like a liquid. Nobody knows. It is certainly elastic and rigid under sudden stress, but it may also be plastic under prolonged stress. Expert opinion declares that the earth as a whole is in a state of elastic rigidity.

Some believe in a substratum that alternates rhythmically from liquid to solid, under the control of the furnaces of the underworld — radio-active minerals. All such substances can be traced to two parent elements — thorium and uranium. These are the heaviest elements in nature and the least stable. They are stirred constantly by a slow turmoil of the atoms which changes them from one form to another, until they finally assume the properties of lead. During their decay, rays are shot out with the speed of light, and heat is generated. These elements are unaffected by heat and pressure; in fact, nothing has been found that can alter the rate or the character of their transformation. They stand alone in all nature, independent of outside influences. Widely scattered through the rocks, they constitute an almost everlasting source of heat. Our modern hell is paved, not with good intentions, but with radio-active minerals.

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The Irish physicist, Joly, has postulated a solid basaltic substratum that is periodically changed to liquid by the slowly accumulated radio-active heat, held captive by the low conductivity of solid rock. The previously solid basalt becomes liquid when sufficient heat is generated; it expands and uplifts the ocean basins so that the seas invade the lands. Heat is then rapidly lost by thermal convection in the liquid substratum and the basalt again congeals. The ocean basins sink with the contraction of the cooling basalt. Seas withdraw from the lands, continents are squeezed between the foundering ocean troughs, mountains rise; a new cycle of heat accumulation begins. This theory affords an ingenious explanation for the cyclical nature of the chief events in earth history. But it is only a theory. No one can know exactly how much liquid rock existed in the earth of past æons. No one can be sure of the amount present to-day. Science is sure that the earth at the present time, whether liquid or solid, is superlatively rigid. It acts like a solid body, yielding to deformation with the willingness of steel.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the egg of Columbus. Not many have heard about the eggs of Lord Kelvin. Kelvin was half a century in advance of his colleagues when he contended that a fluid earth could not spin on its axis. He demonstrated with a hard-boiled egg and a raw egg. The boiled egg, rigid to the core, could be made to spin with ease, but the raw egg with its liquid interior, refused to spin.

Kelvin further pointed out that if the earth were liquid, tides generated by sun and moon would operate in the body of the planet just as they do in the oceans on the surface. The crust of the earth would suffer upheavals and depressions with the revolution of sun and moon. The earth is not the toy of the tides. But Michelson and Gale in one of the most brilliant experiments in modern science have recently proved the existence of feeble tides in the crust of the earth. They entrenched five hundred feet of pipe six feet in the ground, filled it with water and sealed both ends. They measured the water level in the pipe by minutely exact methods. Tidal stresses in the crust of the earth slightly tilted the pipe and caused variations in the water level. Computations on the degree of tilting showed that the earth yields a little — but only a little — to the pull of sun and moon. The tides in the body of the earth were found to be scarcely more than three-tenths of what they would be if the earth were liquid.

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The earth is no fairy sylph. She tips the scales with a weight more than five times that of water. Since her rocky epidermis is not quite three times as heavy as water, her vitals must be several times heavier. The difference in the weight of the inner and outer parts of the earth's anatomy is explained through the fact that all known substances can be compressed. With compression they grow denser — that is, heavier. Even the lighter rocks of the crust are heavy enough to crush the inner core and raise its density. The inner core is thought to be at least as heavy as iron.

The earth is crudely layered. The granitic surface rocks fuse below into the heavier basaltic substratum, which in turn passes into still heavier material. The core is thought to be made of iron alloyed with nickel, suffering terrific pressures that increase its density. Most of the meteorites that have fallen upon the earth are iron — stray blocks, perhaps, of the building stuff of other worlds.

The layers of modern inferno are not as sharply defined as in the ethical circles of Dante. One layer merges into another as the density increases with depth. Three zones have been described — the outer stony shell containing the crust and the substratum, an intermediate zone of mixed stone and iron, and the predominantly iron core. These zones fit the known facts of cosmogony, astronomy, earth physics, and geology. Nobody has seen them. They are quite inferential. They are guesses — but guesses born of study.

An earth thus stratified may demand a certain amount of fluidity, at least during birth and adolescence. Whatever may have been true in the past, pressure clearly has the upper hand in its struggle with temperature at the present. When the crust cracks and pressure is locally released, underworld materials rush to the surface as lava. Ordinarily they are held rigidly to their place below. Paraffin, when slightly heated under pressure of one atmosphere, flows easily; but under thirty thousand atmospheres, it can punch holes in steel. Earth materials are thus compressed and stiffened. There are no waste spaces in modern hell.

The earth is old, and quakes constantly. Volcanic explosions sometimes suddenly shift the position of rocks. A local earthquake results. Great quakes are due to major collapse in the architecture of a crust that is overstrained. The elastic strength

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of the interior prevents breakdown until stresses have accumulated to the last straw. The back of the earth then breaks, masses of surface rock slip along great rifts, elastic waves are shot in all directions. A nervous tremor passes over the face of the earth.

Earthquake waves have destroyed large cities, and as death dealers they rank almost with the automobile and poison liquor. But through them science peers to new knowledge. When Poseidon shakes his finger, the earth vibrates. Waves quiver through the rocks in all directions from the point of origin. They travel curved paths through the body of the earth, vibrating as they go, both in the direction of their route and transverse to it. Earthquake speedometers, called seismographs, measure the speed at which the shock is spread. This speed increases as the tremor penetrates the interior, proving that elasticity and rigidity increase with depth. Transverse vibrations cannot pass through anything but a rigid substance. A bell of putty would not ring. The earth is like a bell of steel.

The crust itself has elements of strength. Mount Blanc rises more than 12,000 feet above her base and does not collapse. It is true that the crust has often cracked, buckled, and wrinkled under strong, one-sided pressure. Yet such disturbances have come only after long periods of comparative quiet. Whole mountain systems have been stable for long periods. The earth stores its stresses until they have grown beyond the elastic endurance of steel.

Thus have we traveled far from early beliefs about the earth. Out of the mould of superstition has grown an intelligent conception of the inside of our planet. But unsolved problems lurk in the inner darkness. Whether the earth was fluid in the past is still unknown; whether it is fluid to-day is debated. But the rigidity of the earth is proved beyond refutation, and for that reason, modern science is moving toward belief in a solid globe.

All this has no effect upon the cost of living. Yet the desire to understand persists. The scientist, with infinite patience, has gained his little victories, with long days and lonely nights at the crater of some reeking volcano, with heart-breaking months in the laboratory when nature refuses to yield. Slowly he is solving the riddle of the depths. In his own way he follows in the footsteps of Dante, who also sought the meaning of things.

This article will be followed shortly by another on "The Centre of the Universe" by Professor Harlow Shapley of Harvard.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN EDITORIAL

DONALD F. ROSE

IF you want to bury a journalist alive, a fate which every journalist at times deserves, there is no surer way than to translate him into an editorial writer. Lay him up, by preference, in the frowsy catacombs of the editorial alley of a great American newspaper, and he will thereby be neatly, effectively, and completely expunged from the living picture. He will be submerged without trace, tears, or monuments. He will, in the euphemistic language of our forefathers, have passed away, but without the comforting aftershot of a memorial meeting above his sad remains. The small individuality which he has carved laboriously with pen point and pencil out of the current confusion of tongues, will go inoffensively back to Nirvana, and the passing scene will know him no more.

There are only a few such cataleptic professions which catch the careless feet of men and suck them quietly down into a quicksand or sludge bed of obscurity. Such a one is school teaching, including its attractive side shows of professorships and research. If the pools of past learning and pedagogic labor could be dredged and explored — supposing that such effort could possibly be justified — there would be uncovered some notable skeletonic remains, just as the sink holes of asphalt beds occasionally reveal some careless antidiluvian who was tempted long ago to wander after green and peaceful pastures. Such remains would tell tales of an inglorious destiny, ill compensated by a cherished conviction of mild martyrdom or of self-sacrifice to a cause and ideal.

The school teacher and editorial writer offer a proper pair and parallel. Both work in the sweat of a scholarly brow, which is perennially cooled by the chill breath of local and intramural politics. Both are buoyed by the hope that not all their shots are wasted, and hug to their bosom any evidence that their labors take effect. Both relish the hours and conditions of their profession — which are simply splendid — and both find much comfort in the civilized company of their kind. But neither normally escapes the faint halo of pathos which encompasses the devoted head, and neither can find a perpetual anæsthetic for the carking consciousness of ineffectuality.

It may therefore be no accident that so many editorial writers

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have served a term as school teachers. They are of like genus and species. It is equally inevitable that the turnover in both professions is rapid and economically profligate. Men get out of both trades for reasons of spiritual anæmia, irritation to the point of prostration, plain ambition, and sheer desperation. They are at once replaced from below by other men who have brains and facility, but no particular destinational drive to get the proper good out of them.

The modern newspaper is a worried compromise between an old tradition and a new necessity. The feature sections, news columns, and sports pages bristle with the colloquial; the editorial page is a last stronghold of the traditional. The most obvious contrast between the two is that the spice of the paper is flamboyantly personal, while its dignity is meticulously anonymous. Good sports writers declare their names and accept with proper nonchalance a daily budget of free tickets. Feature writers, reviewers, and columnists travel under a by-line. Cartoonists, women's counselors, and experts in the erratics of erotics are candid with their identity. But the editorial writers are shrouded in an archaic gloom. The chief scribe is no more of a personage than his own office boy. The assistants who lighten his labors and pinch-hit for him in his perplexities are as substantial as the shadow of a shadow.

The editorial page carries over the habit of another generation, but the habit has lost most of the connotations which made it tolerable. The traditional illusion, of course, is that editorials are written by the newspaper itself, and not by a trousered biped draped across a typewriter. But when this discretionary device was conceived, with due regard to libel laws and the personal hazards of free speech, it served rather to protect a personality than to disguise it. The master's voice was unmistakable, despite its investiture of anonymity and the editorial "we." Go back to Addison and Steele, if you please, or to that "true-born Englishman," Defoe, and it calls for no particular genius of higher criticism to point out the personality behind the product. The early annals of American journalism tell a like story. There were giants in the earth in those days, and they cared not who knew it.

These were giants, first, because they were sufficiently tangible to be delineated and measured; and secondly, because they slashed and hacked and swaggered with the fine, free generosity which is typical of giants. Such glorious indiscretion is not for

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your modern editorial writer. He must at all times walk delicately, which is not the proper gait for giants. He must have an ear to the ground, a nose to the wind, and a sixth sense for trouble from the last limits of the circulation list and the inmost cubicle of the business office. This is not to say that his honesty is involved, except in so far as fear and guilt are blood brothers. A good newspaper does not ask a man to write against his convictions; but he is rarely free to write against those of anybody else. There are all around him shadowy deities whose tender sensibilities must be respected — a Pantheon, including the presiding genii of the business departments, the frail omnipotencies of current majority opinion, and above all, the great god, Profit. This is a fearsome trilogy to sit behind a trenchant pen and threaten with blue pencil, scissors, and the executionary axe. These "pressmen, slaves of the lamp, servants of light," must learn a less dignified allegiance than their fathers, and one not generous to their own dignity nor fragrant with impassioned loyalty.

It is difficult to see where it has profited the newspaper to lose its ancient controversial soul and gain an innocuous peace. "Corruption," observed Shakespeare, "wins not more than honesty," and this passion for the inoffensive is a species of corruption. It has cost something. It has created on most editorial pages a large blank area of unmitigated dullness, wherein the least vital of the daily news is served again without the additional saving grace of substantial opinion. It has made the distinguished editorial so rare that it is greeted with shouts by its patient discoverer, and hung perchance with the garland of a Pulitzer prize — a poor reward for virtue in a world now principally inhabited by monuments, prizes, and memorials. It has destroyed the dynasty of editorial leadership, and given no adequate substitute of newspaper leadership. And by queer irony, it has dignified the most inconsequential elements of the editorial page to the point where a newspaper is known by the columnist it keeps.

The columnists to-day ride the Pegasus of the press, and do so with distinguished charm and skill. Jay E. House declared one time the formula which has rarely failed him or his fellows. "Newspapers," said he, "devote much news space and much editorial fulminating to the important, and not more than one reader in a hundred cares a hoot about it. It is the unimportant and trivial that really interests the average reader."

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This, by all the evidence, is true, but it is not the whole truth concerning columnists. They bask in the sunshine of a better advantage. They are people, personalities, individuals, names, realities. Their daily lucubrations consist of somebody talking entertainingly about something, and are therefore vastly preferred to the editorial columns wherein nobody talks laboriously about nothing. The columnist leavens opinion with humor and proportion; he jests and japes in cap and bells, but in his mouth there is sufficient wisdom for human nature's daily food, and the same well sugared and spiced. The editorial writer is clad in mortar board and gown, horn-rimmed spectacles, skull and crossbones, and must dwell beneath dark clouds of cerebration. The columnist is a figure rather than a fiction, and a personable figure at that. You may love him, hate him, agree with him, dispute him, applaud him, or revile him; but for all these privileges you must read him. It calls for no proof that people do so.

The columnist is no fit substitute for the editorial writer, but he does point the moral of the editorial calamity. It appears that the public will stand for pontification *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*, but it wants to see the face of the oracle. Private and public opinions of statesmen, authors, aviators, murderers, actors, and visitors more or less distinguished can command newspaper space and sell newspaper circulation, because the audience is avid for personality. The editorial problem, therefore, is susceptible to sharp definition. Either a paper must have personality beyond doubt — which in these days of monstrous coördinations of ownership, complexity of responsibility, and intricate business inhibitions is next to impossible — or the first-class editorial writer must be granted leave to mount and ride roughshod, until the public knows the blazon of his shield and the technique of his sword arm. Such a champion can win both loyalties and enmities, and it is worthy of note that people read opinions for two principal reasons — to agree with them or to disagree with them. If these alternatives are both impossible, then the editorial writer may consider apprehensively the fate of the dodo and the great auk, and the editorial columns are already in the shadow of the mournful crêpe.

There have been earnest gestures in the face of this nemesis. There are notable editorial figures, not always selected for their integrity or intelligence. There are a few newspapers with the stature of a man, whose convictions do not wait on the barometric

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readings. There are small journals that do bravely, but are, by reason of geographical limitations, of small effect. On the fringes of newspaper respectability there are experiments. There have been editorials signed by prominent specialists, which are faintly resented because they seem to echo the grinding of personal axes. There is editorial paragraphing, which bids for popularity by brevity. There are tricks of typesetting and display. There looms also the ominous fact that tabloid newspapers, whose crude gaucheries may yet prove the matrix of a new journalism, get along very nicely without an editorial page, or with something which bears small resemblance to it.

The magazines, which have stolen some ground from the daily sheets and lost other territory to them in turn, stake their existence on personalities. They buy good names and exploit them; they exploit with equal good sense their editors and staff. If they editorialize, the voice is the voice of their own chosen prophet, and they care not who knows it. And it is significant that the woods are full of magazines that have walked into full-fledged prosperity at the heels of a vigorous and assured spokesman. Most of these oracles, it will be observed, at one time or another walked out on an editorial job on a daily newspaper. Under the circumstances, one cannot particularly blame them.

Scissor-cut by Hunt Diedrich

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BITS FROM A BRITTANY VILLAGE

VIOLA PARADISE

Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

FOR days, now, the slanting rush of rain and the clatter of wooden shoes have made my typewriter sound like a feeble chatterer, to be deserted again and again for a view, out my east window, of black-clothed figures hurrying along the village street, or out my west window, past low meadows and salt marshes, to the sea a mile beyond. But most often it is the village view which draws me. Although wooden shoes are by now an old story, I can never quite believe them, nor yet the squat, broad felt hats of the men, with their two long velvet streamers down the back, nor the black billowy nunlike clothes of the women — full skirts just escaping the ground, yoked blouses tucked in bulkily at the waist, three-cornered black shawls about their shoulders. Now in the rain, their white starched caps are covered by an extra shawl. Is there no color in the world except the green of the bent grass?

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Yes, growing out of the swooping thatched roof across the way is a lovely mauve moss, but it loses itself gently in the taupe of the old wet thatching. There are places in Brittany where fishermen go gorgeously to sea in suits of strange reds or burnt orange. Here in Billiers is vividness, but little color. Only now and then a man's blue smock takes the place of the short black coat. Even the children are dressed in black aprons. It is only the fishing boats which have color — sails of orange and blue!

"At weddings, and on feast days, the women wear colored aprons and shawls," my landlady assures me. "I myself have a purple one. You will see it Sunday, in the procession."

It is out of the way, this little Billiers, on the south coast of Brittany. A gray road, flung like a slack rope from the outside world over gentle hills, divides itself suddenly into three strands to make Billiers' streets, then twists itself together again, to go down to the sea. Billiers has no grandeur, no beauty except the beauty of unspoiled simplicity and the loveliness of well-sloping roofs, no history except the uneventful passage of centuries. Out a little way, there is, to be sure, an old château and a thirteenth-century ruin; but these bring few visitors. And as the rain beats down day after drenching day, I wonder why I myself am here.

By magic the rain stopped, the wind fell. It would be a good hour before the tide would bring the fishing boats into the wee harbor, before the fishermen's wives would hurry down to help their husbands carry up the fish. Meanwhile I'd walk into the country a way. By magic the roads which have been swimming wet for three weeks, have dried. So I shed my rubbers, leaving them by the roadside. By magic the sun came out just in time to set in a glory of color, making gray little Billiers seem like a Quaker lady dressed for a Spanish ball.

"Aha, mademoiselle," the blacksmith sang out as I passed, "the sun remembers how to shine."

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A Picturesque Breton Woman

"What have I told you?" said a peasant, who had each day promised falsely that the next would be fine. All along the road, peasants driving their cows home from the fields have a good word for the weather, and there is great gayety in their manner.

I turned back, to be in time for the fish selling. Though there are but nine fishing boats, each manned by but two men and a boy, the whole life of Billiers pivots upon the fishing industry. Some dozen men and women are fish merchants, buying from the fishermen, selling to the townspeople, or peddling to farmers round about. Nearly the whole village turns out to see the fish buying, especially if the hour is not too late. For the harbor is so tiny that boats can go in and out only at high tide. And so as like as not, the *marché aux poissons* happens in the middle of the night.

Halfway between port and village, the fishermen empty their great baskets of fish on the grass, and, with the help of their wives and children, sort and arrange them — the small fish at the bottom, the big ones saved for the top. Each basket is arranged with great artistry, the alternating white bellies and dark backs of the sole making a pattern.

"You see what they do, the rogues," a merry fishwife says to me as she walks along, a gay basket nicely balanced on her head, "all the little ones at the bottom. In your country is there such deception?"

But once the market place is reached, all joking stops. Each fisherman — they take turns — places his baskets on the ground. Then the prospective buyers, in turn, lift them, judging their weight. No scales, only their practised arms. Then begins the bid-

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ding. If fish are scarce, buyers bid. If the catch is good, the market opens in silence. At last the fisherman names a sum, which of course no one takes up; and he drops it a franc at a time, until a sale is accomplished. But it is not the quiet bargaining this description suggests. The phrase, "language of a fishwife," takes on meaning. The air is thick. One wonders how these people can go on living together in the same town, after the names that have been called, after the fury of their quarrel. Then, suddenly, it stops. The fisherman's wife hoists a basket on her head and stalks off. Has she decided to keep the fish herself, rather than sell to the insulting merchant? No, she is amicably delivering the purchase! All is peace and amity — till to-morrow.

Monsieur and Madame of the inn invited me to drive with them to the farm, ten miles away in the country, where they buy cider. Their Ford wagon, seasoned with age and decrepitude, was shined to a glitter for the occasion. We rattled through the gently rolling country, green and bright in the sun. Once I admired some roses growing in a peasant's doorway. "Roses? Why not?" exclaimed monsieur. "But *regardez là-bas, mademoiselle*, those trees." Yes, a pleasant little grove; one knew in this country of few trees that the château of some rich man must be at hand. "Pines," he continued, "that is something you do not have in America, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"But yes!" I exclaimed.

"But no!" his wife came to the rescue. "We have been told that America has no trees!" It distressed them to hear my account of our trees. "One never knows what to believe, these days," concluded madame.

When we reached the farm, we left the car on the highway and walked a half-mile up a lane to the

Her No Less Picturesque Mate

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house — a long, low, stone building with many arched doorways. Yet only one room in this house was used for living purposes, for a family consisting of a man and wife, two grown sons, a shy little girl about to make her first communion, and an old grandmother who was busily sewing on a new black dress for the little girl to wear upon this occasion — for in the village to which she would go for communion black was the custom. This family room was large, though at first it seemed otherwise, so crowded was it with furniture. Aside from tables and chairs, there were five huge and handsome pieces — two great *armoires*, or wardrobes, and three Brittany beds — all of beautiful dark wood, polished to a high finish, and gleaming with brass trimmings and hinges.

The beds are difficult to describe. One would never guess at a glance what they were. They suggest, somehow, a giant upright piano, but the part which would more or less correspond to the keyboard is only a chest for storing things, and upon which to climb before inserting oneself into the opening to the bed. For the bed itself is a great box, an aperture about three feet square admitting the sleepers at night and disgorging them in the morning. Fortunately the box has no top, so some little air may seep in, despite the low-raftered ceiling. The family was proud of these beds — not old-fashioned like the carved beds they had had before, with wooden doors that slid closed. Nor yet the vulgar open beds of these sinful modern times; but a nice compromise, calico curtains covering the opening by night, and looped to the side with bows by day.

We sat at a long rough-hewn table, and the men discussed the weather and crops. Our hostess, a placid broad-browed woman with the red hair so common in Brittany, would now and then look anxiously toward her husband. Meanwhile, she asked madame of the inn questions about me, and madame of the inn felt quite safe, by the device of speeding up her sufficiently swift

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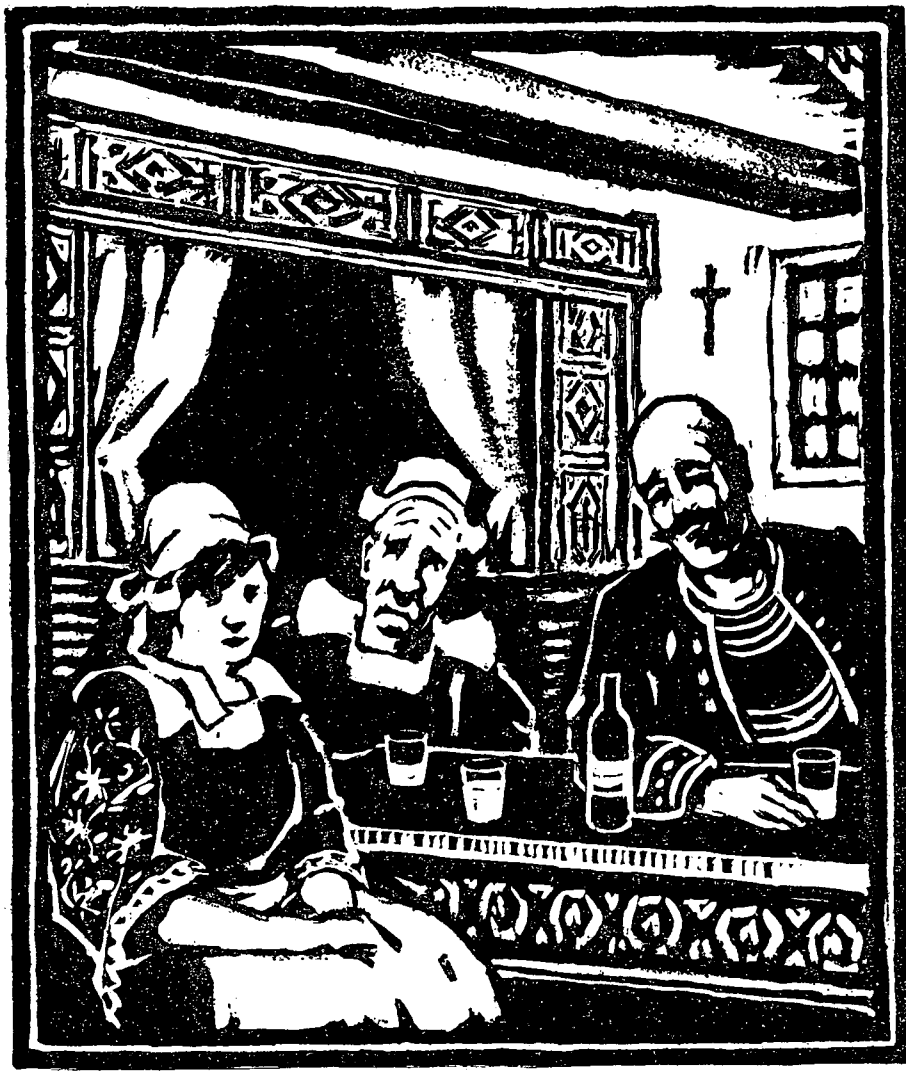

We sat at a rough-hewn table, and the men discussed the crops.

French and lowering her voice a trifle, in giving elaborate detail — describing every dress I had worn to date, what newspapers I took, and how many letters I had received that morning. But most impressive of all was the revelation that I ate both butter and *confiture* for breakfast, and therefore must come of a rich family! Ah yes, the Americans are all rich and queer, agreed my host. "I have known none myself, but I saw in the papers during the war that American soldiers ate eggs with their *petit déjeuner!*"

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And that reminded madame of the inn that she wished to buy some eggs — a dozen, if they could be spared, indeed thirteen, in case one should break on the way home (which one did!). But now the men came into the conversation. Monsieur of the inn had recently learned a new way of telling in advance whether an egg would become a hen or cock. A coin, suspended on a twisted string, was held above the egg. If it came to rest the long way of the egg, that betokened a rooster; if the short way, a pullet. Much discussion. Skepticism. Monsieur of the inn had it from a farmer that the test never failed. A nest was brought forth, the test made, the feminine probabilities separated from the masculine. Time would tell. Madame of the farm was scornful of such new-fangled ways. She preferred the good old method — holding an egg to the light. A dark yolk meant a cock; a light yolk, a hen. Of course, it didn't *always* work. . . .

All this while we had been partaking of food and drink. First the hard Brittany cider, which madame of the inn whispered to me I need not feel obliged to drink, for it might not agree well with the milk they would serve next. And I was glad I had been temperate, for presently the farmer's wife went into the next room, and leaving the door open between, she milked a little milk out of one of the five cows which dwelt so chummily at hand. She returned, emptied what cider remained in our glasses upon the absorbent sod floor, and filled them with the warm milk. Meanwhile, her husband had been doing the honors with a monstrous big loaf of bread (a good yard long, and a foot thick) which he held under his arm to slice, drawing the knife toward him. It looked dangerous, but apparently he knew when to stop. Next he buttered these slices thickly and handed them about. Meanwhile, coffee was being made in the fireplace.

It was a huge fireplace, supporting above it twenty-seven ornaments, including an image of the Virgin. Within it, six persons could have stood side by side without crowding. Two seats were built within, one at each side. Yet the fire which madame built on this vast hearth was hardly larger than a gas flame — a wee, tidy affair of pine needles and a few fagots.

After an hour of politeness and food, the party seemed to square its shoulders, and we fared forth to the cider house for purposes of commerce. On the way madame of the inn drew me aside. "Very rich, these farmers," she whispered in a broken French, which she always assumed when speaking directly to me,

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thinking I could understand it more easily than the unbroken. "Rich, but stingy. You will see how they will put the price of the cider up, on account of the food they have given us."

In the cider house, monsieur and madame began tasting, critically, and I fear greedily. Cask after cask was tested and rejected. Tenseness was gathering, though politeness persisted. Finally a cask was accepted. Then politeness ceased — killed outright by the single word, "*Combien?*" and the answered price.

After the first minute, I could not follow the quarrel, so swift and loud it grew. I made out a few "thiefs," "misers," and ill-natured references to past transactions. Murders must start like this, I thought, and wondered nervously when the first blow would be struck. And then, as swiftly as it had begun, the quarrel fell away. Politeness came back — almost friendliness. But not quite. For while monsieur of the inn and I went down to the car to drive to the near-by village to pay the cider tax and get the necessary stamps and papers, madame stayed with the cask — "to see that he does not change or dilute it."

In half an hour we were back — not at the farmhouse, but at the road where the cask was to be brought in an ox cart. In due time it came, and with much groaning and maneuvering the empty cask was removed and the full one installed.

We had reached the farm about two o'clock. It was now approaching seven as we got settled for our homeward journey.

"How often do you have to go for cider during the summer?" I asked.

"Oh, we come every three days."

This is the one hundred and first birthday of the village centenarian. Every one is pleased and excited. "Did you hear?" the news is passed from mouth to mouth. "The dentist at Muzillac has brought him for a present a set of false teeth worth a thousand francs!"

Last year, when he became the *centenaire*, there was a procession. For two days in advance the children gathered wild flowers in the fields, a platform was built with a canopy garlanded in flowers, and eight young men carried the *centenaire* through the streets at the head of the procession. No, not at the head; for first came the smallest children in the village who could carry flower baskets, and scattered the blossoms as they walked along the already flower-strewn streets. Then the fife player. Then the

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canopied *centenaire*, then the other old men, in order of their age, and then all the other villagers; hardly any one had stayed at home.

"He is remarkable. You would not think him over seventy, is it not true?" Yes, I agree, it is true; he looks very young. Erect of carriage, a clear, hard, blue eye, enough white hair, a rather full moustache — only his careful way with his legs reveals age, and for that matter some village youngsters of eighty seem old enough to father him. I have seen him often standing in the road before his house, but never in converse with anyone. Nor have I ever heard any talk about him except that he is old and hale.

"What is he really like?" I ask my landlady.

She shrugs, "A mean old man, cross, nobody likes him."

"But the presents, the procession?" I exclaim.

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is not him that we love, it is his age. As long as he lives every one in the village feels young. And who knows, maybe we, too, can cheat death when our old days come."

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THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

READERS who have followed THE FORUM'S *literary discussions will find this article a worthy sequel to the series so well begun by Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt. Mr. Williams' theme is at once bold and novel. Just as an explorer plants the flag of his nation upon newly discovered land, so does the editor of "The Commonweal" lay claim to all that is good in American literature in the name of the Roman Catholic Church — this without arrogance, but with reasoning that is nothing if not ingenious.*

TWO oddly contrasting sets of books and magazines are stacked before me as I write these lines in my cell at the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemane, in Kentucky, where I am making what Catholics call "a retreat." One pile consists of such things as "The Modern Current in American Literature" by Paul Elmer More, cut out of THE FORUM; "The Critic and American Life" by Irving Babbitt, also a FORUM essay; *Time and Western Man* by Wyndham Lewis; and *Proper Studies* by Aldous Huxley. The other pile surrounds a huge Bible which I found in my cell when I entered it, and contains such items as *The Life of St. Bernard*, *The Imitation of Christ*, Father Reginald Buckler's *A Spiritual Retreat*, and Dom Lefebvre's edition of the Missal. A sort of connecting link, as it seems to me, is *Poetry and Prayer* by Henri Bremond of the French Academy.

The first collection is, I confess, a rather strange kind of literary baggage to carry into a Trappist monastery (together with a typewriter); but, as I explained to the Abbot, I was obliged to go on with my work, mingling it as best I might with the spiritual exercises of the retreat. The Trappists are accustomed to the double task of working and praying; *ora et labora* is their motto. This Abbot, moreover, is a notable bibliophile, his collection of incunabula, precious mediæval manuscripts, and rare books being famous among experts in such matters. He was therefore indulgent to a humbler member of the guild of letters. As he glanced gingerly at some pages of Wyndham Lewis's book dealing with James Joyce and Marcel Proust, he grimly remarked: "Let us hope you will remain in a state of grace." I could only echo his aspiration as I turned to my task of sketching this article, which, if neither so brilliant nor so solid as the very notable essays of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More, was nevertheless suggested by them.

The thesis I have in mind may be briefly stated as follows

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(Possibly my present mediæval atmosphere influences my diction; would that it might also influence my powers of thought!): *primo*, that Catholicism, although generally unacknowledged and unrecognized, has been, and is to-day, a powerful factor in American literature; *secundo*, that it is bound, rapidly and surely, to become a distinct element of capital importance in our literature; and, in fine, that of all elements in our native art and letters it is the one most essential to creative, permanent, and beneficial effects.

I should first try, however, to explain the precise meaning of the term "Catholicism" as I employ it here. For the sake of the discussion, and not expecting my statements to be regarded as dogmas, I should put the matter thus: Catholicism has two major aspects, one being vastly more important for Catholics than the other, but this other possessing an importance for non-Catholics that transcends the first, and, socially speaking, is of primary value. For Catholics, of course, the purely supernatural and spiritual part of the church's doctrines, operations, and effects comes first and is infinitely superior to all other aspects. This follows from Catholics' belief that their church is the divinely appointed and divinely controlled agency for "saving" human souls from the destructive effects of original sin and its consequences (the weakening of human will, the darkening of human understanding), and for guiding them (if they are willing to be guided) to an eternal life of happiness, one of the chief marks of which is understood to be a complete fruition of their innate intellectual capacities. The secondary work of the Catholic Church is cultural, educational, and — in the Aristotelian sense of the word — political; that is to say, it deals with those things that deeply affect all social activities.

Because of the unique character of its primary sphere of work — a uniqueness which follows from the claims of its founder to be both God and man — its secondary activities are deeply colored and influenced, and its means and ends are determined, by its primary task. For this reason the social, cultural, and political activities of the Catholic Church differ from all activities of similar or opposing organizations, which proceed from other forms of belief. In the view of the present writer, the Catholic Church is, of course, the original body of Christianity. In so far, therefore, as social activities proceed from forms of Christian belief outside the Catholic Church, they are really nothing other than diluted, attenuated — or on the other hand, distorted or

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exaggerated — aspects of Catholicism, given more or less force and beauty by the varying genius of those directing them. In short, to apply this train of reasoning to the problems of literature: all American literature which is not unmistakably non-Christian or anti-Christian in its doctrine — that is to say, in its ideas and philosophy — must derive, either in whole or in part, from the organized and clearly defined teachings of Catholicism.

To express my thesis thus, seems almost impertinent; yet the links which connect my rather abrupt propositions with the FORUM discussion will be found in a résumé of the principles which underlie the essays of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More — principles which are fundamental to their own positions. These are most explicitly stated in Mr. Babbitt's article.*

He begins by saying that there exists in American literature an emergency not unlike that with which Socrates sought to cope in ancient Athens, the outstanding fact of the present period being the weakening of all traditional standards. Although Socrates was untraditional, in that he subjected all traditions to scrutiny and criticism, he was discriminating in his use of general terms; whereas the non-traditional critics of the modern school are undiscriminating. (H. L. Mencken is named as the horrible example.) They do not define correctly; hence the confusion into which we are plunged. Opposed to these "moderns" are the champions of traditional standards, who, while not averse to reasonable change nor to the adoption of valid new standards, are faithful to "the principle of control." These critics who defer to standards are dismissed, however, by the Mencken school as "reactionaries" or — still graver reproach — as "Puritans." With this word we reach the central point of the problem.

Indeed, Mr. Babbitt so treats it that he has cleared the ground upon which I would develop the thesis of the Catholic element in American literature. Accepting Puritanism as a fundamental principle in our literature, he deprecates certain of its aspects — in the terms of the Schoolmen, its "accidentals" as distinct from its "essence." He says that Puritanism "was Stoical rather than truly Christian"; that it was partly responsible for "the rise of capitalism with its glorification of the acquisitive life"; and that it was unduly concerned with reforming others in addition to its professed followers. But Mr. Babbitt also declares that "awe and

* See "The Critic and American Life" by Irving Babbitt, THE FORUM, February, 1928, pp. 161–176.

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reverence and humility are Christian virtues," and that there was at least "some survival of these virtues in the Puritan." If modern Protestantism, deriving in the main from Puritanism, "is at present threatened with bankruptcy" (a bankruptcy which would necessarily involve the literature that derives from Protestant principles), Mr. Babbitt believes it is not for the reasons that Mencken and Sinclair Lewis allege. It is not because of an excess of Puritanism, but because something fundamental to Puritanism has been lost — "something that is very near the centre."

> What has tended to disappear is the inner life with the special type of control it imposes. With the decline of this inner control there has been an increasing resort to outer control. Instead of the genuine Puritan we then have the humanitarian legalist who passes innumerable laws for the control of people who refuse to control themselves. . . . Here is a discrimination of the first importance that has been obscured by the muddy thinking of our half-baked intelligentsia. One is thus kept from perceiving the real problem, which is to retain the inner life, even though one refuse to accept the theological nightmare with which the Puritan associated it.

According to Mr. Babbitt, the second great failure of American Protestantism — a point of view with which I, as a Catholic, heartily agree —

> is that, in its drift toward modernism, it has lost its grip not merely on certain dogmas but, simultaneously, on the facts of human nature. It has failed above all to carry over in some modern and critical form the truth of a dogma that unfortunately receives much support from these facts — the dogma of original sin.

But where, may one ask, did Puritanism acquire these qualities which Mr. Babbitt and all other sound critics justly admire? This emphasis upon inner control, this grasp of the facts of human nature represented by the dogma of original sin, were most certainly derived by Puritanism from Catholicism, for they are at the very core of Catholic doctrine. In fact, all forms of Christianity outside the Catholic Church have derived their life force, in greater or less degree, from that body of doctrine which, from the time of Christ down to this day, it has been the prime function of the Catholic Church to define, teach, defend, propagate, and practise. These qualities, then, which Mr. Babbitt says were once very near the centre of Puritanism but have since dropped out, are precisely what I mean by the Catholic spirit in American literature, and this spirit has persisted as a derivative

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not only in the Puritan school of writers, but also in the best and most useful work of the modern rebels against Puritanism.

American literature of the past has mainly stemmed from two sources: from Puritan Protestantism or from solitary individuals in revolt against the incubus of Puritanism. In the first group fall the leaders of the New England school (Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau), and in the second group such rebels against the first as Whitman, Poe, and Mark Twain. But it should be noted that many of Puritanism's own children, such as Hawthorne, Longfellow, Melville, and — above all — Emerson, struggled against it without achieving freedom. These rebels, like the literary rebels of to-day, lacked standards, balance, form, and traditions; so far as their work possessed these qualities at all, they had carried them over from Puritanism, even in their revolt against it — just as Puritanism itself had carried these qualities over from the Catholicism against which it revolted. And such writers as Longfellow and Hawthorne not only showed their conscious allegiance to what Puritanism had retained of Christian doctrine, but, moreover, were directly influenced by pure Catholic elements. This was particularly true of Longfellow, whose work opened new conduits of Catholic traditions, atmosphere, color, and romance.

But the Catholic spirit in American literature is not to be found solely as a derivative in the Puritans, nor as a double derivative in the rebels against Puritanism. It exists, and has always existed, in a "pure" form, though, to be sure, never in a measure commensurate with its powers. It is obvious, of course, that no Catholic writer of genius — that is to say, of the first rank — has yet appeared in America. There is no great poet, novelist, dramatist, historian, or critic who is at once Catholic and American. But there are a respectable number of men and women of the second or third rank — Brownson, Isaac Hecker, Bishop Spalding, John Bannister Tabb, Maurice Francis Egan, Louise Imogen Guiney, Joel Chandler Harris, Joyce Kilmer, John Boyle O'Reilly, John Gilmary Shea, Charles Warren Stoddard, not to mention living writers.

In addition to these there has been a host of theologians, sermon writers, missionaries, and writers of letters and diaries who have been forgotten during the past seventy-five years because of a deplorable modern tendency to regard as "literature" only the productions of professional writers, of so-called "men

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of letters." As examples of these almost-forgotten trails in American literature, one may mention such books as *The Life of Junipero Serra* and *The History of the California Missions* by Fray Francisco Palou, a pioneer in the spiritual conquest of Mexico and California; and the *Relations* of the Jesuits — those wonderful letters written from the wilds of forest and prairie in Canada and our own Middle West. The wealth of observation and the records of heroism preserved in these books establishes them among the sources of the authentic American story. In any well-developed civilization such works are not ignored, but on the contrary are welcomed and respected; and there is evidence that they are now being discovered anew and, emerging from obscurity, are exerting a deep influence upon contemporary American literature.

As instances of this influence one may cite the two recent works of fiction that have been most widely read and acclaimed. I refer, of course, to Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*. These books are shining proof of the value of the Catholic tradition and the Catholic ethos to American art and letters. Since their appearance there is no longer any reason to suppose that the only alternative to the Puritan tradition in literature, with its chill atmosphere and its artificial restraints and repressions, is to be found in the realism and debased naturalism of the decadents. Miss Cather and Mr. Wilder have corrected both the Puritan and the decadent; their work has been energized, made colorful, gay, and noble by returning to the richer, more flexible, yet fundamentally much firmer elements of the Catholic spirit. "Much firmer" — yes; for the Catholic spirit is incompatible with misty-mindedness, just as it is incompatible with uncontrolled subjectivism, impressionism, or rank materialism.

And indeed, I would hazard the prediction that if the future of American literature is to be other than chaos, deliquescence, or mere barbarism, it will be because Catholicism will come to exert a steadily increasing influence upon American writers and thinkers. I would even go a step further and add that Catholicism *seems destined* to be the prime influence in the future development of American letters.

Mr. Babbitt ends his FORUM essay on a note, if not precisely of discouragement, certainly of indecisiveness. He quotes M. André Siegfried's assertion that Europe, appalled at America's excess of

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standardization and vulgarization, is inclined to turn from Henry Ford to Gandhi. Mr. Babbitt does not agree with this view but refrains from stating his own prophecy, other than to stress the importance of "cultivating a general critical intelligence." How such an intelligence is to function, if we have lost our old standards and cannot find new ones, he does not inform us.

It is true that certain isolated figures in Europe, such as Keyserling, Spengler, and Romain Rolland, do incline toward the Oriental prophets of passivity and add a semblance of fact to M. Siegfried's prophecy. But at the same time post-war Europe has brought forth another tendency in the opposite direction, and this tendency, which has become strong enough to be called a concerted movement, is characterized by the cultivation of a general critical intelligence such as Mr. Babbitt demands. Amid the confusion of purposes and lack of standards in the modern world, such European critics as Henri Massis, Jacques Maritain, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, T. S. Eliot, Papini, Henri Bremond, and Max Schuler have set themselves to rediscover old standards that are capable of inspiring new enthusiasm. They are not turning to Gandhi, Lenin, or the unchristian Orientals, but are returning to the true bases of Western civilization — that is to say, of Christian civilization — which are to be found only in Catholicism.

Henri Bremond, in his *Poetry and Prayer*, quotes John Middleton Murry as follows: "If, then, as I believe, religion is the fundamental reality of the human soul; if the consciousness of the soul itself demands for its very existence the consciousness of God; if the lesser 'I am' can only be in virtue of the greater 'I AM' from which it draws its life — then literature, which is a manifestation of that same soul whose deepest anatomy is contained in religion, must inevitably be knit up with, be indissolubly bound to, religion. There is no escape. Religion and literature are branches of the same everlasting root."

If this is true — and I believe it is — then American literature must follow the lead of the newer European literature and return to religion. This movement implies a return to the Catholic spirit; for it is in Catholicism, and only there, that one can find the authority for those standards and disciplines which Messrs. Babbitt and More justly say must be reëstablished if American literature is to be saved from decadence and chaos. That Puritanism must pass and is passing, despite its pale shadow of authentic Christian values, can hardly be doubted; and the barbarians and

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decadents — even the parlor intelligentsia, ineffective as they are — must be allowed some merit for accomplishing its overthrow.

But what, one will ask, is the relation between Catholicism and the humanism of Mr. Babbitt? To which I would reply, first, that they both have a common enemy — the decadents; second, that both have a common purpose — to reëstablish reliable standards of values; and third, that in executing this purpose the humanist eventually comes to the point where he must defer to religion for his final sanctions, which means, as I have already explained, that he must look to Catholicism as the source and final authority in matters of Christian doctrine.*

In truth, the recent swing toward humanism as a literary philosophy is the most positive evidence that can be offered to prove that Catholicism and the expression of its spirit in literature is destined to play an increasingly important rôle in the future. Catholics and non-Catholics are already working together to oppose the undisciplined revolutionaries, without, however, accepting the Puritanism which so long tyrannized over the American soul. The newest generation of American critics, exemplified by Gorham Munson, has diverged from the school of Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, and Eugene O'Neill and has turned back to the ideals of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. In reviewing Mr. Munson's *Destinations: A Canvass of American Literature Since 1900*, Van Wyck Brooks, who is one of the really practical forces in contemporary criticism, says of him:

> Where the writers of the previous decade were in general humanitarian in their attitude, he is humanistic; where they strove for social perfectibility, he strives for personal; where they were romantic and insurgent, in recoil from the intellectual and ethical discipline of their elders, the younger writers, including Ernest Hemingway, Glenway Westcott, E. E. Cummings, Kenneth Burke and others, as he describes them, present a mingling of romantic, neo-classical, and religious strains, with values intellectual rather than emotional, with an intense preoccupation with questions of skill in writing, and with an interest in ideas that draws them toward the elder critics, notably Messrs. Irving Babbitt and Paul E. More. An admiration for scholarship, a bias against romanticism, the maintenance of classical religion and classical humanism, conservatism in general outlook — these traits are characteristic of the school of which Mr. Munson is the spokesman.

I repeat, then, that it is important for Catholics to coöperate with non-Catholics in the literary movement now begun by these

* For substantiation of this point, that humanism is finally dependent upon religion, see "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" by T. S. Eliot, THE FORUM, July, 1928, pp. 37-44.

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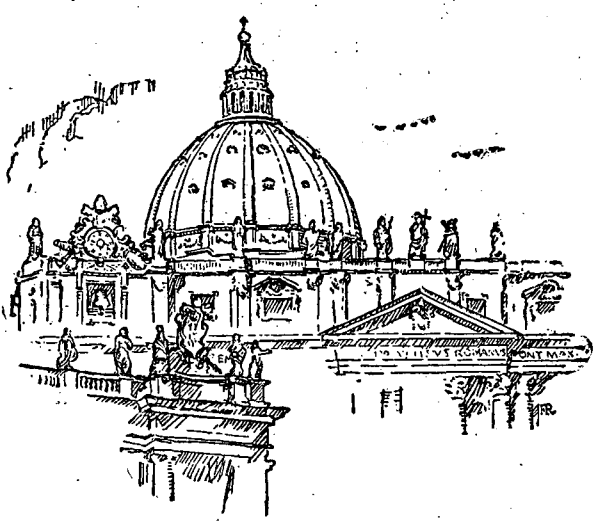
younger men who are going back to the humanistic tradition for their philosophy. As a supernatural religion Catholicism is one thing, but the social, intellectual, artistic, and economic influences of Catholicism are another. These influences may be, and are, accepted by those to whom (as Catholics say) the gift of "grace" is not given — those who do not embrace Catholicism as their personal religion, but recognize either its dominant or its coöperative place in civilization. Intelligent writers are being more and more disgusted both with Puritanical repressions and with barbarian vulgarity. They desire a return to a social life richer and freer than the external controls of Puritanism can inspire, but more disciplined and better-mannered than the utopias pictured by the revolutionary voluptuaries. They are discovering that they have a firm and marvelously experienced ally whose unique wisdom has matured through two thousand years of dealing with human nature in all parts of the world, among all races and all degrees of intelligence; and more and more they are finding in Catholicism the centre of gravity for their philosophies.



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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

HUMILITY

THE victor in the Witter Bynner Scholastic Poetry Contest for 1928 begins his verses, "To Teachers," with the following challenge to his preceptors:

> I've brought to you the molten treasure
> Of my mind to cast and mould into some currency
> Of greater worth.
> I've bound the wandering ways of youth
> Down to the hard conformity of books.

And he concludes with a solemn warning to his inferior superiors:

> Well, mark you this, I've trusted you,
> My youth and faith are yours; I keep the pact.
> See to it that you've told the truth.

A pedestrian mind inevitably notices two things about this little poem. The first is that it is remarkably well done; a sixteen-year-old boy appears able to write free verse as skillfully as an inveterate addict. (Which may of course be a sly criticism of the limited possibilities of free verse, though it is not here suggested in disparagement of these really excellent lines.) The second thing is that the thought is in perfect keeping with the dominant strains which older and presumably wiser heads have been singing for many a year. People have been telling that boy that his mind, like theirs, is a treasure. A pedestrian can't help wondering, therefore, what the critics would have said if the youthful poet had written:

> I've brought to you inferior ore, a mind
> No doubt quite commonplace, but hoping still
> That with your arts you may extract some metal
> Worth shaping to a little tool. I know
> The aimless ways of youth may find direction
> And discipline in study.
> Nor suppose
> I shall reproach you if you fail; I crave
> But greater mercy if your assay proves
> I brought you dross in counterfeit of gold.

Surely, the judges would not have given that the prize. Their decision would have been based partly, of course, on the fact that

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it is written in poor blank verse instead of in good free verse (one of the limitations of this particular pedestrian is that he cannot write free verse of *any* kind, though, like most people, he can spell out weak iambic pentameters on his fingers and toes); but suppose the verse were adequate — the judges would still have balked at the thought of the poem. "The groveling, self-deprecatory little prig!" they would have exclaimed in unison.

To the modern mind such humility does not ring true. We are prodigiously committed nowadays to a sense of our own importance, so committed to it, I fear, that often we mistake arrogance for self-reliance; at least, we have so lost a sense of true humility that we invariably mistake it for fulsome groveling.

Let me repeat that I in no way mean to disparage the words of the young poet who took the prize. I am after the fellows who put him and other young people up to it. I am trying to get at the origin of his unconscious reflection of a state of mind reiterated by such earnest souls as Carlyle, Emerson, Browning, and exaggerated by others with such persistence that the exaggerated form has become common to all men — so common that they have scarcely winced when Nietzsche and Shaw have pushed the idea to its logical conclusion. Self-reliance appears to have grown into unbounded self-esteem. Instead of crying, "See what arrogant creatures we might become if we forsook humility," the men in the street say, in effect, "That's us! Aren't we great!"

The world seems to have pretty well forgotten what Carlyle meant when he made Teufelsdröckh stand up "in God-created majesty" and shout his defiance at the devil. It was just because he had mistaken self-pity for humility, because he *was* a "despicable biped," that he needed to have confidence in himself. Emerson meant much the same thing when he reminded us that "we are now men . . . advancing on Chaos and the Dark." That seems sound and necessary advice, but it is a long way from that sort of self-reliance, with a strong sense of *God*-created majesty, to Henley's defiant cry that, with or without God, he is not afraid.

Yet even Henley wrote his "Invictus" out of a deep knowledge of frustration and suffering. For self-assurance he is a babe in arms compared to latter-day prophets, who have taught us to accept our superiority without a struggle. They go even farther than that; they advise us, once we have discovered our superiority, to shout the glad tidings. "This is the age of tooting," writes a

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business woman, "and the loudest tooter gets the front row. An inferiority complex has been to blame for more failures than all the puffed-up superiority in the world. . . . Superiority gives power. . . . Find out exactly how capable you are and then do not hesitate to let the world in on the secret." Now that may be putting it a trifle strong; but, couched in more elegant phrase, it would not be far from the interpretation our modern philosophers put on self-reliance.

That we should make room for modesty in such a picture of ourselves may seem a trifle astonishing at first glance; but, as a matter of fact, we rather stress modesty, and it is quite natural that we should when we have so wholly rejected humility. That is, we enjoy the thrill of disparaging ourselves, but we stand up in *Devil*-created majesty when others do the disparaging. Yet there is a purity, a simplicity, a lucidity, above all, a *self-detachment*, about true humility that is far higher than mere modesty (which always has a personal ingredient) and that is just as removed from self-disesteem as from self-esteem. And the same may be said for meekness, also a discarded virtue. For, though meekness is a conspicuous part of the Sermon on the Mount, it can scarcely be called a conspicuous part of modern Christianity. Indeed, attempts of warfaring Christians to describe meekness so that it will fit their view of Jesus would be funny if they were not pathetic.

Whence this peculiar, widespread philosophy of arrogance? For, though there is of course nothing new in conceit, it has not till latterly been dignified into a philosophy of life.

The Greeks, it is well known, stressed the importance of the individual, but that is a very different matter from a positive doctrine of self-importance. Even the imperial Roman knew that it was Rome, not just his individual greatness, which gave him superiority; and though he had lost his awe of divine power, he still retained an awe, sometimes actual worship, of State and Emperor. The mediæval Church, moreover, though it made much of the worth of the individual, even of the sparrow, stressed always the worth to God, not to the man himself, and preached and taught in the main, if it did not always practise, a humility of which the pattern was quite frankly a meek Jesus. The people of the Renaissance, with their classical enthusiams, of course dragged the individual back into the limelight; but there again, the State usurped the authority which the Church had exercised,

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so that the Protestant transferred his allegiance to something still outside his precious self. And the Puritan, who "put his foot on the neck of his king," but who "prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker," continued to defer to an authority greater than himself. Yet the institution of the Church had been defied, now the authority of the king was defied; it needed only the discarding of deity for the individual to assert himself, not merely as important, but as supreme. Thus the forces set in motion during the Renaissance, at least so far as the liberation of the individual was concerned, reached a kind of fruition in the eighteenth century. Louis XIV, with his "I am the State," was now a grotesque anachronism, as Louis XVI was soon to learn. Any Tom, Dick, or Harry could now boast, as Rousseau did, that he would go before the Judgment Seat, with his book in his hand, and say proudly, "This is what I am; this is what I have done" — and *could get away with it!*

Carlyle and Emerson, as pointed out, tempered their exaltation of the individual; but the idea gradually lost its temperance during the nineteenth century as Walt Whitman, promulging his expansive Ego over the *trottoirs* and prairies, sang *the song people wanted to hear*. Nietzsche, Shaw, and Wells have merely echoed special phases of the obsession — Wells sometimes with a reverse English, and Shaw with a reverse Irish. And though there are plenty of other philosophies, and a good many people who are both self-reliant and humble, this doctrine of self-importance seems latterly to be the dominant one. The man in the street, even the schoolboy, takes it for granted.

* * * * *

On the chancel wall of a diminutive church in Bemerton, England, is a brief inscription, "G.H. 1632," in memory of George Herbert, who for three years before his death was the beloved "incumbent" there. On his death-bed, it is reported, he gave to a friend a little collection of his verses (since "heard round the world") and instructed him to hand the volume to "dear brother Farrar." "Desire him to read it," he said, "and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected, poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies."

Now, just for a salutary contrast, picture Rousseau flinging his *Confessions* in the face of God.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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BEN L. TAYLOR PASSES THE TORTOISE

Drawings by Muriel Hannah

EXACTLY a year ago THE FORUM'S portals were thrown wide open with an invitation to all and sundry to take their places in a verbal race. The British mathematician, F. P. Ramsey, presented a puzzle in logic, including among his paradoxes Zeno's old one of Achilles and the Tortoise. Common sense said Achilles caught the Tortoise, but mathematics proved he didn't. Which was right? The Editor offered one hundred dollars for the most intelligent answer.

Many were those who girded up their brains and started on the long and tortuous way. Tongues tripped; dizziness came upon many; propositions were lost in a wordy mist; and few came through with their thoughts as well-organized as they were in the beginning.

In February of this year THE FORUM published Bertrand Russell's answer to Zeno — just to show what mathematics has to say in the matter. The following essay by Ben L. Taylor resolves the riddle in the name of common sense and wins the prize. Excerpts from other papers form a symposium in the Rostrum of this issue.

IN THE FORUM for last September, Mr. F. P. Ramsey discussed some questions which seem to attack the base of logical theory. Because of their import they are matters of concern — as he observes — to the mathematician. Preëminently they should be of concern to the mathematical physicist, whose problem it is to express physical reality in relatively simple mathematical terms. For some time they have intrigued the mathematical philosopher. It is only now, however, that the interest of his less mathematically inclined or less philosophically disposed brother, as you will, has become so aroused that interest overflows to the laity. So it has now become a matter of popular interest. In the main, Mr. Ramsey is right; but the average man — whatever that queer, because unknown, creature may be — will be interested, perhaps, to know that there are other solutions, at least for some of the problems proposed.

First then, that tortoise. Although Achilles wins the race in a walk, the tortoise must have been a good one. He will not down! Admittedly a theory of infinite divisibility of space will satisfactorily explain what is so evident to our sixth sense — common sense — that Achilles passes the tortoise. But it is not necessary. Let us take space, whether finite or infinite in extent, and divide it into cells. The question of the cellular division of space does not

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presuppose its infinite divisibility. The only division having objective reality will be one comprehensible within the sum of our experience. Now we can take a line in the ordinary sense and, by careful selection of our graving tool, reduce it to such thinness that its width will be negligible within the limits of error of our measurement. Then whether we measure to the end or to the middle of the width of this line is immaterial. But with a line such as we have selected we shall measure from the right side of one line to the right side of the next line for our cells. These cells may be one, two, or three dimensional. For our case we need cells of only one specified dimension — length. Further, we may take these cells of any finite magnitude we please. To make the matter concrete, let us have some definite numbers. The cell length for Achilles will be two yards, his stride in running. The cells for the tortoise will be one-tenth of a yard — the length of his step. Achilles is a ten-second man. Then in a second Achilles goes ten yards and the tortoise goes one. So Achilles makes five steps and the tortoise ten in a second. Now the first ten seconds will be required for the tortoise to go ten yards. Achilles starts at the beginning of the eleventh second. At the end of the eleventh second Achilles will have taken his five steps, bringing him to the ten-yard mark, while the tortoise will have taken his ten additional to carry him to the eleven-yard mark. At the end of the twelfth second Achilles will be eight yards in advance of the tortoise, being at the twenty-yard line while the tortoise will have reached only the twelve-yard mark. The absolute magnitude of the numbers is not significant. They only serve to fix the ideas. The extension to the general case (this is the universal custom of mathematicians) is 'left as an exercise for the reader.' Such a cellular division, even if the cells are incommensurate, is adequate for the explanation of this paradox.

It also solves the problem of the ant who, crawling half the distance of a meter stick the first day, and half the remaining distance each day thereafter, theoretically never reaches the end. This though he has an infinite time. Actually, even an ant's steps must have some limiting value, smaller than which they cannot be. This is the size of *his* space cells. When the remaining distance to be traversed is equal to or less than the length of this cell, he either stops crawling, goes back, or reaches the end.

So with the other cases of motion. Regardless of the causes of motion, things do move. And this despite the fact that logicians

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argued that bodies must move either in the places where they are or else in the places where they are not. Now they cannot move in the places where they are not, because they are *not* there. No more can they move in places where they are, for that would be to remain in the same place — not move. Ergo, bodies do not move. The trouble here is a failure to grasp the idea of motion. The very concept itself means going or being carried from a place where it is at time t_1 to a place where it is not at time t_1. To talk of anything else is meaningless. Such cases of motion, being matters of experience, give ideas whose validity is limited to the experientially realizable. This is true of all the motion paradoxes.

If we take the second of the two examples of classification — the one dealing with men — we have an altogether different situation. Classes are either members or not members of themselves. The class of men is not a man, so, not a member of itself. Things other than men constitute a class which is a member of itself. The class of classes not members of themselves is and is not a member of itself. Thus runs the argument. Using words alone, the argument stands up. But the ideas back of the words displace the argument. The class of men is a totality and can no more be a member of itself than the well-known whole can be one of its parts and therefore equal to and greater than one of its parts. The class of things other than men is a member of itself primarily in words. Again, the class of classes of things not members of themselves is a totality of all the classes not members of themselves; hence it includes them all, is just equal to them all, and certainly cannot be one of them. That is the fact. Any other conclusion is meaningless because the words correspond to nothing in objective reality.

The case of classification of words as autological or heterological is somewhat better. It is pointed out by Mr. Ramsey that there are types of things and descriptions which, if applied to the wrong types, give neither truth nor falsity, but nonsense. That the words classed as heterological or autological convey a more or less definite sense impression is certainly suggestive. Ideational terms — and such are the two words under discussion — are only vaguely descriptive. It is on account of this indefiniteness that to call heterological "heterological" is to talk nonsensically. But the arrangement of Mr. Russell's into orders is unnecessary. His short and long are definite adjectives having objective standards which we have accepted even though we have not explicitly defined

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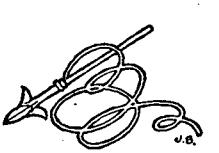
them. They are conditioned by physical properties of bodies or groups of bodies. Long is heterological. Heterological is neither heterological nor not-heterological. The *term* does not apply here. It is invalid to apply to such ideational terms such ideational words unless we have a definite meaning from experience. It is not a question of order, nor one of higher and lower. The epithet is justified, however, if higher is to mean a totality of the lower.

All of this leads to the conclusion that the foundations of logic are still sound. The resulting confusion ensues from a misapplication of terms. This comes about when we attempt to extend the applicability of terms to situations which transcend our experience. The contradiction follows when we pass beyond the realm of experience *because* we *are beyond* experience. Logical laws are valid, but essential similitude of phenomena is only guaranteed when we have experiential information. No contradiction really exists. This applies also to the types of mathematical argument threatened with invalidation. We can always control the meaning of words. We shall have to attend only to the denotation and free our minds from their connotations. The mathematics will then be valid. That it does not fit objective reality means merely that of the infinitude of mathematical expressions for the universe we have selected one that is inapplicable. Possibly no one set of equations will fit all the facts of our experience. And experience is the criterion. Attempting to force physical phenomena into conformity with the mold of previously conceived ideas; saying with certainty that the facts and laws of experience are facts and laws beyond experience: these are the ways to meaninglessness.

For safety, I suppose this had better be called a belief than knowledge, lest *l'enfant terrible* remark that *all* we know is that we *know* nothing, and we don't actually *know* that.



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"A THING TO DO"

A FIRST STORY

ELIZABETH STANLEY

Drawings by Paul Gaulois

JANET sat upon the playroom floor and looked beseechingly into Rosalie's serene and dimpled countenance, while Rosalie leaned against a hind leg of the rocking-horse and tranquilly stared back. For neither the rocking-horse's hoof that grazed her curls, nor the entreaty in Janet's dark eyes had power to disturb the placidity of Rosalie's exquisite china face or to alter the vacant candor of her eyes. And yet Janet pleaded with her.

"Oh, Ros'lie!" she begged. "Look at me, Ros'lie. Please, Ros'lie, look at me!"

Rosalie's gaze remained ineffable and steadfast; but Janet seemed grievously dissatisfied, for she frowned and squirmed uneasily on the floor. Then, in a flurry of exasperation that made her pant like a frantic small animal, she seized Rosalie by the shoulders and shook her.

"Look at me! Look at me! Look at me — you!" she commanded shrilly.

Rosalie's round orbs waggled violently up and down, but when this extravagance was over, her bland regard dwelt with gentle obedience upon Janet. For the iniquities of the oblique glance were quite unknown to Rosalie. Her large eyes, faultless, clear, and very blue, were as calm as the eyes of an imaged saint whose worshipers do not ask the benign gaze to make a personal response. But to Janet, Rosalie was neither a symbol nor a doll-baby. She was Ros'lie, and Janet loved her.

"You can't look at me!" she whispered dejectedly; and she stroked Rosalie's bulbous pink cheek and propped her once more against the rocking-horse's fetlock.

"You're such a pretty —" she muttered weakly, and again she looked and looked into Rosalie's shiny blue eyes. For Janet, who could "pretend" so readily, had stopped playing. As her nurse boastfully proclaimed, Janet could "play by her lonely all the day long as quiet and as good as gold"; but now, a serious and despondent little figure, she sat watching, while the time for cambric-tea went by and the squares of sunlight on the nursery carpet paled and finally disappeared.

Then, as though she tried one last thing: "Ros'lie!" she cried. "Speak to me! Speak to me! Say someting. Oh, you must!"

But Rosalie went on being Rosalie.

"You are a nempty, nempty, nempty fing," said Janet dully. "What'll I do? What'll I do? Oh, what'll I do?" And with a distraught little cry, she gathered Rosalie's stiff form in her arms, straightened the creaking legs, and hugged her very tight.

Rosalie, with her cottony yellow hair falling over Janet's little shoulder, still gazed serenely ahead. But successes won by indifference are apt to be indifferent successes, and her expression was no more elated than usual when Janet imprinted a kiss upon the two pearly teeth that glistened between her immaculate red lips. And her eyes rolled off to sleep the minute she was laid down flat upon the floor.

Janet leaned over her and, carefully, she arranged her curls and fixed her crisp pink hair-ribbon. Then, quietly, she got up and tiptoed over to her brother's tool chest that, deserted by its owner, stood in a corner of the playroom. Wincing at the metallic click, she pulled out a hammer and tiptoed back to the prostrate Rosalie. Gravely, her eyes traveled from the top of the blonde head to the sole of the pink shoes. She noted the curve of the

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blameless cheek, the dimple, a tiny hole, sooty from the point of the impish Johnny's pencil, the fat hands stiff-fingered and supine. Grimly, she raised the hammer and, with eyes shut, crashed it down full upon Rosalie's button nose. The thing was done!

The thing was done; and Janet stood with the hammer gripped in her hand and her eyes scrouged up so tight that they hurt and lights slid back and forth under their lids. Ros'lie's eyes were always smooth when they were shut. Janet had hated the look of them, and often she had tried to wrinkle them by scratching the wax into folds; but it hadn't worked. Nothing had ever worked with Ros'lie! Nothing had ever been any use! Janet had never known what to do. But now she had done something. The thing was done! The thing was done — but other things kept on! Why hadn't everything stopped? Things kept on — It wasn't true! Ros'lie —. A bewildered child in a strange, collapsed world, Janet heard, faintly, as though it came from out of doors through the walls of the house, the sane voice of her nurse, Maggie.

"Some other little girl," the voice was saying, "would love a dear dollie like that, even if you don't, Miss! Bad girl! What'll your good uncle say whin he hears you broke the pretty dollie he give you himself? An' did it deliberate, too! You pick up thim pieces, every one of 'em, mind now, an' put 'em in the scrap basket. I niver did hear tell of such a —"

And then Maggie's indignant voice had come too near. It was inside of Janet's ears, filling her head with the roar of all the sea shells in the world, and gasping, she stumbled toward her nurse. "No, no, no, Maggie! Don't throw her out! Don't! No, no, no!" she cried.

"Well, we'll not throw out that good hair, fer sure. An' thim clo'es, they'll do fer somethin' some day," Maggie said; and stooping, she wrenched the wig from Rosalie's broken pate.

She turned with it in her hand just in time to see Janet pitch into the upturned hoofs of the rocking-horse. Shoved into a gallop, that piebald steed lurched forward, and, rocketing and rearing, had twice battered its iron-shod heels against Janet's head before Maggie could snatch her away.

For two days and nights Maggie stayed close beside Janet's white crib, drooping and wistful as a chidden spaniel when the child jerked away from the touch of her bent, old fingers; while Janet fought and babbled until it seemed that her thin little body must be tired into letting her spirit go. Then Doctor Graham, a practitioner who owed much of his reputation to the fact that it made him uncomfortable to be in doubt, observed that Maggie was an emotional old creature, and therefore responsible for prolonging a simple case of concussion. So he forbade her to go near Janet. Nor did he ask many very pertinent questions about the child. It was a clear case, not very serious, and the trained nurse whom he sent to take Maggie's place learned no more about the distress that lay behind the blow from the rocking-horse's heels. She was neither a sensitive nor a curious woman, and her only conversation with Maggie ended in that worthy soul's flinging her apron over her head and running down to the kitchen where she could cry aloud to the cook, who was sympathetic.

"Me pore lamb!" Maggie wailed to her. "Took from me an' give to that train-nurse that has an icicle beat fer the chill that does be in her whin she spakes. 'Quiet,' says she, 'quiet is whut the child nades.' 'Quiet!' I says. '"Tis the quiet o' the grave, God love her, she'll be a-gettin' from some!' An' the woman lets out a look at me fit to scald!"

"Whut were yuh doin', gettin' her mad fer?" the cook cried. "That'll do no good to yer baby a tall, a tall!"

"Thrue fer you!" Maggie moaned, readily abased. "An' whutiver good is an ole body like me, on'y to be doin' harum? An' me blessed baby above there sick an' dyin'! Her with no one in the wurrel to care fer her, on'y me. An' me to be a-givin' her cross words fer an ole doll whin she's like to die this minute with the shtroke o' that shpotty horse. Indade it's dead I thought she was whin I seen her lyin' there like a rag to be batthered, an' the hammer she'd had afther the doll clinched in her han' so's we had to pry it out!"

"Oh, yuh should 'a' seen Masther Johnny, the rascal, light into that divil of a rhidin'-horse!" the cook put in, staunch for her favorite. "He fair shwep' the hide off of it with the beltin' he give it.

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Him with the tears, great blobs of thim, runnin' off of his face like rain!"

"There's more besides that shpotty pony that ain't got no feelin's undher his skin that 'twould do me heart good to belt!" Maggie cried, diverted into wrath again. "There's himself, with his 'insthructions' an' his lawyers, an' his 'vasht wealth'! It's a piece of me mind he'll be a-gettin' if iver I see sight of him! An' if iver he comes home from his haythen counthries bringin' a black wife with him to match his black heart, it's thin I'll be a-tellin'—"

"Sh, woman, you don' know whin you're well off a tall! You give himself any of your lip an' you'll get the sack. An' thin where'll yer baby be?" the cook interrupted. "Fer meself, I'm prayin' night an' day: may the Blessed Virgin kape him away with his black wife, an' him to be comin' home interferin' with Christians as does their duty!"

"It's the great pig he is!" Maggie exclaimed hotly.

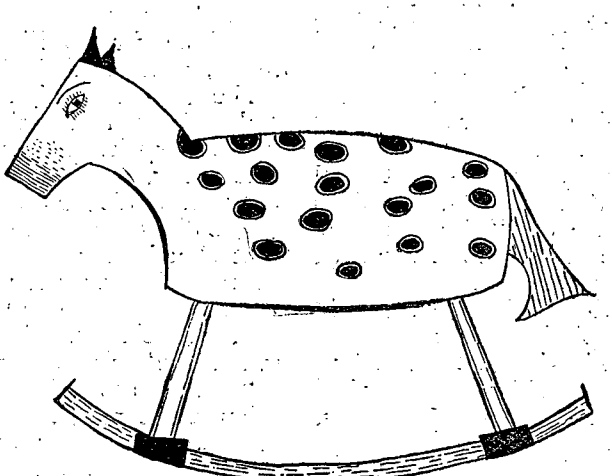
"Pig," however, while inclusive of much, was too simple an epithet to content either Maggie or the cook. For "himself," John Maxfield, widower, philanthropist, sportsman, and father of Janet and Johnny, was rather indefinable to his acquaintances as well as to his Irish servants. Ever since his wife had died, Maxfield's behavior had been unpleasantly mystifying to all those who, to be happy, must tag their fellow beings with descriptive labels.

A few years ago, when the news of her death had been brought to him, relayed by runners into the interior of Africa, he had come home with appropriate haste; yet at home his actions did not continue so unprovocative. He had not been in the least bewildered, which irritated any number of people and especially his relatives; but he had gone composedly ahead making arrangements that seemed both peculiar and in bad taste.

He had declined to see his children at all, although he had made a careful investigation of their health; and then, without assistance, he had proceeded to fill the dignified old Maxfield house with a corps of servants who were to take care of them. And his strange instructions were that he was to be spoken of to the children as "your uncle." Under no circumstances were his little boy and girl to know of him in any other relationship. Just how mythical this uncle should remain he would decide in his own good time. And finally, leaving a perplexed, and in Maggie's case a disgruntled, household behind him, he had departed for South America.

He had been gone for nearly two years and during that time there had been no direct word of him. At Christmas and on their respective birthdays, Janet and Johnny received presents from their "loving uncle," but these came from his office according to plans made before he had gone away.

"Uncle is it?" Maggie would exclaim



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when these gifts arrived. "Insultin' his dead wife that niver done him no harum!" But she knew full well that he was doing nothing of the kind; for Maggie was not unacquainted with her employer. She had lived for seven years under his roof, where she had fumed in vain beneath the late Mrs. Maxfield's mild and plausible dominion. Indeed, as she remarked many times during her term of honest, if loquacious, service: "Nothin' but the masther an' thim blessed babies kapes me from layvin'!"

"Herself with her chiney-blue eyes, makin' us walk a chalk line fer no cause! An' it's not defyin' that one you'd be or blackguardin' her! She was a lady an' no doubt of it, but sure all the gerls was comin' an' turnin' an' off with thim, on'y me."

And now poor Maggie was no more contented, for an absent tyrant is even more impervious to comment than a righteous one; and effective comment was the breath of life to Maggie.

"It's me could tache the man!" she told the cook belligerently. "Lavin' thim childer, God love thim, in the care of the likes of us, an' him not knowin' if we're the divil's own or not. Paid we are an' that's all! A fine way to trate yer own blood and bone!"

Late that evening, while Maggie in the kitchen was thus regaling the cook, and Janet, upstairs, was struggling in her crib like a netted bird, a man, his shirt-front gleaming palely, his overcoat flung over one arm, stepped into the unlit vestibule of the great house, and ran his fingers swiftly up and down the panel of the door until they encountered the chill disk of the lock. Then, taking a latchkey from his pocket, he fitted it into the jagged little socket beside his finger; and, with a faint click, the big door yielded and swung open. Here was no tardy suburbanite with jingling key ring and sputtering match, but a man who relied, as do men who have lived much out of doors, upon his hearing and touch as well as upon his sight.

Once within the unlit hall, where groups of shrouded furniture bulked whitely through the gloom, he tossed his ulster over a chair, fumbled for a cigarette and put it between his lips. Then, taking a match from a bunch loose in his coat pocket, he felt his way forward and scraped it under the beveled edge of a high marble mantel that, like the furniture, was dimly discernible. A woman's form leaped into view, a very nearly beautiful woman, slim and gracious in soft yellowed lace, with white arms and interlaced pink fingers lying in her lap.

"How unpleasantly they used to mottle when she was cold — those smooth pale arms!" was the man's quick thought as the match burned his fingers, and the vision faded.

Then, "Confound the woman!" he murmured, meaning not her of the picture, however, but Maggie. For he knew of old that schemer's Hibernian love of dramatics, and her sentimental hand was quite evident to him in this master touch of an admonishing welcome. To have hung that portrait where he must be greeted by it! He laughed, a little ruefully: "The old devil, she ought to be spanked!"

But he tossed his cigarette unlighted into the fireplace and sank into one of the swathed chairs. And with a smile for his naïve response to Maggie's scene-setting, he let the glimpse of his wife's picture go ahead and release memories that he had learned to keep hidden from himself.

It was a year after he had left college that John Maxfield began to live through happenings and emotions that, remembered now, filled his mind as a flood, turgid with both foolish and solemn wreckage.

At college, though naturally rather a sombre youth, he had been busy and incredibly content. He had been able there to indulge the do-or-die tendencies of his disposition, physically at least, to their stubborn utmost; and he had never been particularly aware of his father's millions. But when he left college and, as had been ordained, went into his father's bank, he had floundered — suddenly — under a vague feeling of loss and dissatisfaction. The world was more than ever his oyster, but it lay pallid upon the half-shell and he didn't know what to do with it.

For although he had done his work in the bank well enough to enjoy that for its own sake, and often he had been proud to please his father, yet increasingly he

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had felt bored. His was not, however, the ennui of a nature spoiled by too easy achievement. Nor was it the egregious satiety of an Alexander; for he inherited none of the acquisitiveness that had enabled his dominant old father to "rise from the ranks." Rather he was a man born to charge stone walls; a man born to be a martyr. And there he was, hemmed in, not with stone, but with a cunningly painted structure of papier-mâché, and surrounded by people disposed, not to persecute, but to ridicule. He had ridiculed himself. A millionaire paying-teller beaten to earth by—sofa pillows! And his laughter had checked him. It had never been quite bitter enough to gall him into doing something. When it threatened to be, he had written morbid and cynical verses; and as he wrote, he had wished that he could wish to "write." If he could only have longed to do something, especially something that his father would explicitly disapprove of, he might have felt not so absurd a fool!

Now, sitting in the darkness of his own huge, unused hall, his feet stretched out in front of him, his chin resting on the bulge of his hard shirt, he remembered destroying those wretched little poems, tokens of his young, unfocused misery. And that this should be the first recollection started in his mind by his wife's portrait, was, perhaps, a token that Maxfield's youth was not yet quite outgrown.

Just after their marriage he had shown the poems to Janet, expecting to smile a little with her over them, and feeling too that it might please her to know how much radiance and sanity she had brought to him. Janet had received them politely, and even murmured, "Very interesting, dear." But she had blushed, and to his passionate, "Never, dear heart, can I feel such a dreary fool again, now that I have you!" she had answered, uncomfortably, "Indeed, I hope you can't, darling!"

"Poor child," he had thought humbly. "I am a beast to let her so much as dream that I have dark places in me: 'rooms her eyes must never scan, floors that her blessed feet must never tread.' She's too lovely for me."

Then and there he had burned the poems and set himself to reassure her about his innate good taste. But he could never, after that, be sincere without making her uneasy and, apparently, convicting himself in her eyes of something that she seemed to feel was nastiness. He had required a comrade and a guiding star, and he had got — a wife.

He lifted his clenched fists with a gesture almost operatic, for even men of the world, be they never so contained, are not above extravagant gestures in the dark.

"How high that woman sent me winging — before I knew her and the splendor oozed out of everything!"

He thought of his first meeting with Janet. If it had been as deliberately staged as this meeting with her portrait, it could not have been better calculated to enthrall him, the "rich young man" who, while leading the life imposed by his father's ambitions and his friends' habits, was in his heart dimly asking: "What shall I do to be saved?"

He had been sent on a business errand to the poorer part of the city and there he had beheld what we all live in the hope of beholding: beauty where it is incredible that beauty should be. For out of a paint-blistered doorway had come a young girl, slim and graceful in a straight, blue suit. And, as he looked, she paused on the sagging steps to pat the heads of three ragged, olive-skinned children who were pushing after her. One of them, a passionate son of Italy, seized her round the knees and clung there with his face upturned.

"I love you!" he cried.

"José, little rabbit," the girl murmured, stroking his cheek with her gray-gloved fingers.

Then, slipping from the child's adoring clasp, she jumped down from the steps, and, turning, bumped full against John's chest. And he had stood, as rapt as the children, to watch her walk hurriedly away down the dirty, cobbled alley and flash round a corner. An experience as unflawed as a redbird's whistle! After all, he owed his glimpse of "romance," the angel playmate," to Janet.

And amazingly, that very evening he had seen her, the girl of the alley, again. He was standing on the "stag line" at a débutante party when she danced by him, her face swaying flowerlike over her partner's black shoulder. And he knew

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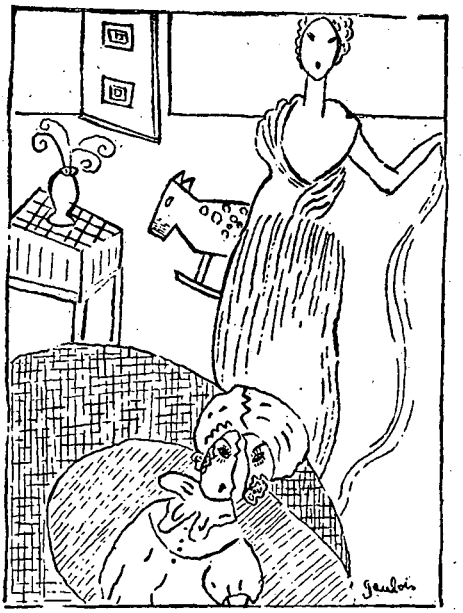
by the widening of her blue eyes that she had recognized him.

These two fringed glances from Janet had sufficed to transfigure — not him, but, even more miraculously, everything that surrounded him. For in the light of what seemed to him her shining goodness, all the most tedious and sordid things of earth became luminous with divine meaning; and he could have shouted with Alice in Wonderland's Duchess: "Everything has a Moral!" He had been trudging about feeling shut in an enclosure that forbade his actions to have more than a day-to-day significance when Janet came by and danced effortlessly out through a gate that he had been too blind to see. She had left the gate swinging open and he had followed her through it to be with her in celestial spaces where no words need be spoken, where understanding was perfect.



And, for a while, every one of Janet's gentle inconsistencies only convinced him the more that her heart was in the right, in the eternal, place. Indeed, he would probably never have fallen in love with her, despite the picturesqueness of their first meeting and the vista it had opened for him, if she had not been dancing at a party when next he saw her. Dancing! The splendor of her dancing when he — and he alone, perhaps — knew where she had been that day! For while John yearned for consistency, he did not — love it.

Nevertheless, when finally he married Janet, the castle that he had reared over their heads was a model of consistency. It was built for the "Service of Humanity"; and within its walls he and she were to struggle and grow in their rapturous quest of the Good, the True, the Beautiful! For the first time in his life he had thanked God for money — not, however, without a dubious thought of how his father would regard their magnificent plans for getting rid of it. But that old buccaneer of finance had been immensely pleased with Janet and her pretty ideas of "doing good." John could see the huge old man now, one bushy eyebrow quizzically lifted, as he went over the plans for a modern babies' dispensary with Janet and an architect of the sort who would smoothly have bowed and obeyed if he had been requested to draw up blue prints for a whited sepulchre.

"John's not enjoying himself!" his father had wheezed with a savage chuckle. "He's been reading that fellow Tolstoy. He'd rather throw all his old man's cash in the gutter and take you out to grub on a farm. How'd you like to be a poor farmer's wife?"

"Dear John! He is an impractical old lamb, isn't he?" Janet said.

And John had grinned. Nothing was the matter. Janet's interest in the dispensary was angelic and she was heavenly. But — he had wished with passionate irrelevance that they had chosen another architect, one that needn't have *looked* so sleek.

That same evening as he was coming home late from the office (it was the end of the month and he had balanced books until ten o'clock), a girl stepped out of a triangle of shadow where the beams from two street lamps intersected. She took his arm. "'Lo," she said — and paused.

John looked down at her gaudy little face and a feeling greater than compassion, a championing feeling made him tremble. "Dear Janet!" he whispered.

"Janet?" The girl took her hand from his arm and looked at him uncertainly. "Why — you don't know me, you know," she murmured.

"Janet is my wife's name," he said.

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"I've got a peach of a wife. You'd like her. Listen. How about coming home to dinner with us? It'd be fine if you would."

"What?"

"Yes, come on — do. You're all right. You look fine," he said awkwardly. "We won't — uh — bother you, or anything. Come along!" And he put her hand back on his arm.

He was not, he told himself, yielding to a quixotic impulse. He was merely behaving as a free citizen of the world that Janet had shown him could be lived in. He was actually doing a thing that he had often hated not being able to do. The barriers that keep people from being human and comradely are the same barriers that enable them to be beasts. And he and Janet together could knock these false bars down — or, at any rate, disregard them.

When they arrived at his house, he left the girl downstairs and ran up to explain the situation to Janet.

"Poor creature," Janet said. "I'll call up Miss Noland right away and arrange for her to go to the Refuge overnight."

"No, no, I promised her we wouldn't. I think she was afraid of that. Let's give her something to eat and put her up for the night. You can sic your social service on her in the morning and get her a job or something. Go down, Janet, and give her the once-over, anyway."

"We must have her family history looked up and all that, of course," Janet assented. "But really John dear, she can't stay here for dinner! The servants would all leave. They wouldn't care to wait on a woman like that — an obviously — Really, you know, from their point of view they're right, dear. They have to protect —"

"Right!" he exclaimed with the inexorable tone in his voice that always made Janet hasten to be soothing.

"Now, darling," she assured him, "if she really does want to change, she won't mind a night in the Refuge. It's a good place. They won't be hard on her there. I hate to seem unsympathetic, but you are too impulsive. You know you are. I'll run down and talk to her now."

And leaving him muttering, "Change! Oh, my Lord — change!" Janet went downstairs. In a few minutes she returned.

"There's no sign of her anywhere, John. She's vanished. You see, she didn't mean it."

"Mean what? She overheard us." Suddenly he felt sick. "Oh, Janet, my dear, my dear, do you love me?" he cried.

"Why of course I do! What a queer baby it is!"

The sheer inadequacy of her soft answer set him teetering upon the verge of maudlin laughter; but he stood quiet and rammed his hands into his coat-pockets lest they leap out and turn up their shaking palms in a gesture of what's-the-use! He must have looked rather a scowling brute, however, for Janet, casting at him a glance of consciously unavailing loveliness, had gone out of the room. Janet was always lovely. Sometimes he caught himself imagining her face distorted by an ugly expression; but it never was.

Oh well, what could he have said! As he sat below the portrait that he knew hung in the darkness before his face, he wondered if he ever had talked to Janet. Before they were married he was so blissfully certain that everything had been said between them, that they had communicated. And afterwards — well, he had made attempts to penetrate his wife's charming manner, but he had been pretty inarticulate and she had called all such efforts "scenes" and hated them. She had seemed so perfectly content with the various and not unpleasant surfaces of their life and so happy with him when he wasn't what she termed "provoking." Had she never had an inkling of the desire to find out the reality that lay in the shelter of appearances? Was she that, to him, inconceivable human being who needs no reality? Or was she simply a beautiful woman with an aversion to any issue serious enough to make her beauty unimportant? Had she thought him so fatuously in love with her that she needn't bother to meet him half way? That had been true enough. He had been. Even now — well, his mind was still incapable of considering her for an instant without churning up questions, questions as unfair to her as they were futile. Ridiculous to ask them when they were all, probably, answered by the plain fact that she didn't really love him — hadn't ever. Why couldn't he have been as she was and ceased qualifying everything with his perpetual "really!"

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Then his father had died. "Stick to Janet," he had warned. "She's a mighty level-headed woman, too good for a headstrong fool like you." God knows he had tried! He could take other men and women as they were and always find something to rejoice and be glad in. But he hadn't been able to take Janet that way. "To bray her in a mortar" — he had wished to do that. Perhaps all men felt that way about the women they loved and could not kindle. But he began to have ideas: he was getting to the point where something had to be done, and when things come to that pass there is, as a rule, nothing to do. The wise acquiesce, but the foolish find something to do, usually the wrong thing.

One evening he had picked up a volume of Browning, an edition with thin leaves that separated with a clicking of their gilt edges, and in a detached way he had begun to read. Suddenly he leaned forward staring at the page before him.

"I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her."

After a time he shut the book and, with a last strange look at it, put it back upon the table.

Strangle! A weird thought for a man who couldn't even quarrel! But he had thought it — and he couldn't go on living with a woman after he'd thought — Ridiculous! Oh, God in heaven, the number of times he had said, "Ridiculous!" to himself.

He had walked about his room all that night, and by morning he had made up his mind.

"I'm going out on a bit of a trip tomorrow," he told his wife one evening a week later. "I've fixed things up with Davis at the office. Everything's yours and the children's. I've settled the whole works on you now so there'll be no changes to make if anything happens to me. Nothing will, of course. I'll be back in a few years and look in on you and the children. Maybe you'll mind a little at first, but not for long. It'll be easy to explain. I'll coach Doc Graham up on his part: 'Badly run down. Complete change.' And all that. You can take a run over to Italy next summer for appearances, too, if you like. And naturally, if you ever want to be free in letter as well as in spirit, it'll be quite simple. I shan't contest. It'll be desertion and everything'll be as clean as a sheet. But all that part of it's up to you. This way suits me."

"But, John — I — I —" she stammered. Was she really taking him seriously at last? He did not look at her.

"You see, Janet, I never asked you to marry me — I mean plain marry me," he went blundering on. He was glad that she didn't care, that he couldn't really hurt her. He didn't want to hurt her, ever. "You see, it's all been a funny jumble. The trouble was I loved you so doggone much that I didn't know — You just married me, Janet — I was fool enough to think you really cared; but I wanted you so — and all that — and I didn't think. I was afraid to think, I guess. Oh, I know you liked me, and you only — wanted my money to do good with. I'd sooner die than accuse you of anything selfish. You're pretty much of an angel. Too good for me and all that. You've been perfectly square from the beginning anyway. You thought I wanted to marry you. But you see I loved you and — that should have made it all off. I guess you didn't stop to think either. But it's no use keeping on any longer. I can't, Janet. I'm a continual thorn in your flesh with my ideas and my agitations and all that, so I'm going to clear out. But I very much want you to feel that all our damn money is absolutely yours and all that. You will, won't you? You'll be able to spend it the best way because you're in touch with the charities and bureaus and all that. Go to Davis for anything. He knows all about things. Good-by —" Without meeting her eyes, he opened the door.

"John — I didn't — I didn't know! We might — try again — couldn't we? — 'and all that'?" Janet ended with a choked laugh.

"Yes, I know," John heard himself say; and the door closed behind him.

Now Janet had been dead for more than two years. He had got the cable when he was in the Mpala River region in the Congo. "Sudden heart attack," it read. He remembered that her father died from a heart attack, but no one had

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ever dreamed that she inherited any such weakness. Two years ago. Then little Johnny must be about eight, or was he nine? And the girl two years younger. Well, he'd take care of them. He wanted to — but not from fatherly instinct. If they got fond of one another it should be because of personal, not parental affection. He was through with love merely because the situation exacted it.

"No child of mine will ever have to love me because I'm its father. I'll be hanged if it does! Samuel Butler knew what he was talking about."

He jumped up, struck another match, and looked intently at the graceful woman over the mantel. And as the match bowed and the flame died out close to his fingers, he was startled by a keen recollection of his talk that morning with Davis. He had hardly listened at the time, for he had always been rather used to dismissing whatever Davis said. Davis had tried to tell him something or other before he went South, too. "Mrs. Maxfield didn't touch any of the interest on her principal. She told me to reinvest it. It's been accumulating ever since you went away." That was it. Odd! Janet had money of her own, but not enough. Odd! And she had moved out of this old house immediately after he had gone to Africa. Too big for her, he had thought. But, perhaps — could she have been — hurt? Could she, after all, have — cared?

He struck another match and as the little flame steadied and the portrait grew clear in its light: "Janet?" he asked.

A cry, thin, piercing — the wail of a damned child-soul — quavered through the upper part of the dark house, and John listened while his heart lurched in his chest. Then the match went out, and he turned and in an instant was up the stairs and staring at a streak of yellow that showed beneath a door. Janet's room!

He opened the door.

Inside the room, a child was straining to sit up in an enameled crib, and a woman in a yellow wrapper bent over her and tried to press her down upon her pillow. Over the woman's shoulder the child caught sight of John in the doorway, and, thrusting her little hands into her mat of tangled hair, she screamed at him: "Don't let her do it! Don't let her do it!"

"Lie down, lie down. Be a good girl now, or I'll have to make you!" the woman said.

"No, no, no. Don't let her do it! Don't let her do it!"

Startled, the nurse dropped the hypodermic syringe she was trying to use and turned to face him; while little Janet, keeping her dilated eyes fixed on him, breathed only in sobs, convulsively pleading: "Don't let her do it! She pulls her hair off! She pulls her hair off! Don't let her do it! Don't! Don't! Don't! Her hair! Her hair! Don't!"

He strode to the crib, bundled the quivering little body in a blanket, and gathered it up in his arms. "Hush! Hush! Nobody'll pull her hair off — nobody. I won't let her. I won't let her do it. Now, now — I'll take care of you, you know I will. It's all right, baby. It's all right!"

"You sit down!" he said to the staring nurse. "I'm her father."

Then up and down the room he strode, up and down and back and forth: "Hush, baby! Hush. You're all right. You're all right!"

"Get Maggie," he said to the nurse at the end of an hour. "The child's asleep but I'm afraid to put her down yet. Get Maggie and tell her not to make a sound."

When Maggie appeared, in a deshabille of voluminous "flannen," he talked to her in a whisper as he paced the room with his child in his arms.

"Kicked by a rocking-horse, eh? That, even aided by drugs and fools, isn't enough to cause all this. Ah! Broke her doll. Deliberately! Fainted? What made her faint, Maggie? So — you don't know? You pulled the wig off and when you turned round she had fallen into the rocking-horse? Hah!"

Almost against his sober reason, he began to understand what had happened to Janet. Perhaps once in a lifetime, perhaps never, are we able to comprehend and believe the incredible. For so few and far between are the moments when we are susceptible to invisible truths that such moments are miracles; but one came now to John when he looked down at the thin, dark little face on his shoulder, at the wistful droop of the child's mouth. And he felt his heart begin to pound

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again. Involuntarily he gripped the little girl tight.

"You baby!" he muttered. "It isn't possible!"

But he knew, with a conviction clearer than any he had ever had before, that it was not only possible — but true.

"For children — for little children to suffer that way! Grief of children is too cruel! We must take care of them. But to take care of them isn't enough. They must be — understood — and I'm her father — if I'm not too late?"

"Have you got that doll?" he asked Maggie sharply.

"Yes, sir," Maggie sniffled. "Wasn't I sayin' to meself, 'Sure it's the lasht thing me darlin' played with!' An' why wouldn't I kape it, an' me afther scoldin' her fer breakin' it? The shwell doll that her good uncle give her."

Uncle! Was she laughing at him? "Maggie, you ass! Bring it here," he said.

"How long do you think she'll sleep now?" he asked the nurse.

"I haven't got a wink of sleep with her for the last two nights. She seems to get worse instead of better. She needed that morphine. She was killing herself."

Carefully, John lowered the child into her crib and tucked the blankets about her; and although she moaned and stirred a little, she did not wake.

"You poor little rabbit!" he murmured.

"Desthroyed it in the face with a hammer, she did!" Maggie puffed as she put all that was left of Rosalie into his hands. And John groaned as he realized that Rosalie was too thoroughly broken ever to be mended. But she might be duplicated, while Janet — He had, perhaps — God knew — destroyed one Janet —.

Hatless, he dashed out into the street — to find a doll. And he was not conscious that he was doing it. For the satirical observer who sat ever in his mind to scan his actions had vanished, and John was aware of nothing but that a doll like Rosalie must be found. "Shops!" he thought, as he ran along the dim, empty streets under the thick suburban maple trees. "Will there never be any shops!"

Then he saw a policeman sleepily leaning against a lamp post and he ran up to him. "Where can I get a doll?" he demanded. "I've got to get a doll!"

The policeman stared at him.

"Listen!" John cried, unwrapping Rosalie. "This is serious. You've got to help me. My little girl's out of her head. Sick. She broke this doll and it's on her mind. You know: delirious. She's been this way for a week. I've been away. I've got to find a doll just like this one, don't you see, to make her think — If she wakes up before I get back — I'm her father!"

"Well, now, one of my kids got to seein' things oncet," the officer said slowly. "We kep' him home from the movies fer a month an' he got all right."

"Good God, don't you understand? Where can I find a shop? I can't waste time. I've got to get a doll!"

The policeman squinted at him and pondered.

"Say, I know a place," he said at last. "Come on. I'll get you fixed up."

Ten minutes of fast walking and they were banging at the front of a dingy little brick building in a dingy little street. A head appeared for a moment at the window over the steps and then a man came scuttling down and let them in.

"Izzy," the officer said. "I want a new head fer this here doll. It's got to be just like this busted one; an' I want it quick. This gentleman'll pay fer it."

By the light of a watery gas jet, Izzy brought forth legions of pink and white

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faces. Out of drawers, closets, boxes, they came, rows and rows of them. Round cheeks, set smiles, dimples where dimples should be! No wonder Janet —

"They all look the same to me!" John cried.

But the policeman was determined. He arranged the fragments of Rosalie's face on the counter and he set the shining new countenances, one after another, beside them for comparison.

"It'll be hard to fool her," John said nervously. "She's a very bright child."

"This one'll do it!" the policeman answered, finally. "They're as like as two peas!"

Then Izzy dexterously inserted the chosen one's neck into Rosalie's sawdust bosom, and with a thread of amber glue fastened Rosalie's yellow thatch over the new head's gaping crown. And the policeman, after looking keenly at a bit of pink china that lay like a tiny rose-petal on his huge palm, added a final touch by twirling a pencil in the new Rosalie's unsmirched dimple.

"Now, I'll find you a taxi," he said to John, "if you're suited. An' I'll be 'roun' in the mornin' to see if everything's all right."

Janet woke at seven. As a wrinkled pillow is smoothed out by a kind hand, so had her crumpled little mind been made calm by sleep. Lying in delicious weakness, she saw the brass knobs of her crib glinting in the sun, the "Dinkey-Bird" on the wall poising for his swoop, and old Dobbin lifting a benign head and a dripping muzzle from the trough among the hollyhocks. A bee was bumbling its head against the window; and Janet could smell the lilacs on the lawn.

She took her hands from under the covers and let them drop, tingling and feeble, upon the little fluff mounds of the blanket. Then, tentatively, she raised one sharp little knee, and, making herself tiny, she scaled the newly-risen mountain, clambered from wool clump to wool clump, and, from the shelter of a folded ravine, scrambled bravely out on a precipitous ridge.

A faint noise, the rustling of Maggie's crisp petticoats, caused the whole hill to subside and the mountaineer to resume normal size and become a little girl again — a little girl who stiffened and began to feel terrified. Ros'lie! Where was Ros'lie? The thing was coming back! The thing — oh, what thing? Ros'lie!

"What'll I do? Oh, what'll I do?" she whimpered.

"Here's Rosalie, Janet," a man's voice said. "Don't you want to look at Rosalie? You've been having a bad dream, Janet darling. Look! Here's Rosalie to say good morning to you."

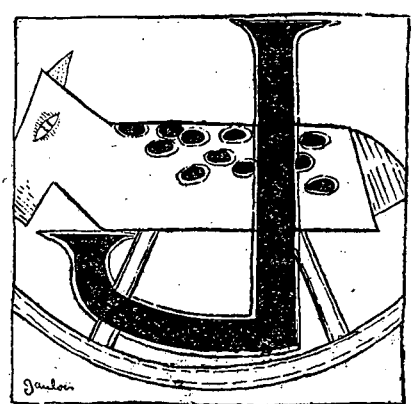
And there was Ros'lie herself.

"Why, Maggie, you washed her face!" Janet whispered.

"Yes, dearie. Now, go off to sleepy-by again, like a good girl."

"Am I a good girl? Oh, am I?" Janet begged anxiously.

"Well, you're my girl," her father said. "Go to sleep now, Janet. I'll hold your hand."



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WHAT IS AN IDEAL PRESIDENT?

Forum Definitions

DURING a presidential campaign, it is a common habit of editorial writers to bemoan a lack of issues in American politics. It is true, of course, that issues are soft-pedaled and that artful dodging is the perfection of politics. Still, one may be pardoned for doubting whether the situation is as pernicious as some liberal editors have painted it. Indeed, one may hazard a bold guess that the importance of issues in politics has been grossly exaggerated and that the nation's affairs would be much more sanely administered if issues could be altogether suppressed in presidential campaigns.

To decide important questions by the simple formula of counting noses on election day, far from assuring good and responsible government, almost certainly leads to misgovernment. National problems are far too complex for the average voter to be entrusted with their decision; and when he is so entrusted, he is more likely than not to decide against his own best interest, because, in his ignorance, he falls a victim to his worst enemy — the political demagogue.

The founders of American government were fully alive to the folly of referring momentous issues to the vote of an untutored electorate. One will scan the Constitution in vain for a single indication that issues were expected to play any important part in the machinery of electing a President. Nowhere does that document hint that an election is a mandate from the people. The Electoral College was specially devised to prevent this very thing, the thought being that the best minds of the country should be gathered together to elect the Ideal President, and that to him should be delegated both the authority and the responsibility for initiating policies when issues arose.

The unwillingness of candidates to stake their political future on issues need, therefore, occasion no alarm. In the absence of issues, the President will be selected upon his personal fitness for office. There is little doubt that the personal qualities of Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith will decide the present campaign, and it is the nation's good fortune that it should be so. Perhaps after all, this is the surest way of electing an Ideal President.

What, then, is an Ideal President? Prizes are awarded for the following definitions:

1. The Ideal President — A man who can give the country a combination of what the people think they want and what they really need — and then make them like it. (*Edith Loder, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.*)

2. The Ideal President will not care a rap about reëlection. His only aim will be the general good, and from that aim it will be impossible either to coax or to scare him. (*Egbert T. Bush, Stockton, N. J.*)

3. The Ideal President — A man of vigorous constitution able to stand the strain of office; a man of some imagination united to a great deal of practical common sense; a man wise enough to surround himself with capable, honest subordinates; above all, a man who loves his country and his fellow men sufficiently to work with unselfish zeal for their advancement. (*Henry F. Kirkham, Salt Lake City, Utah.*)

4. The Ideal President is one who can please both Mr. Lowell Schmaltz and Mr. H. L. Mencken, who can wear a cowboy suit and a Prince Albert with equal grace, and who fishes with a fly. (*Arthur Silverblatt, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*)

Next word to be defined: — PROGRESS. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by September 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in* THE FORUM (*value not exceeding $5.00*), *for each winning definition.*

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The Editor will be glad — space permitting — to publish in these columns brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM.

Humanism and Religion

A critical analysis of mystical relationships.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Pray permit me a few remarks on Mr. T. S. Eliot's extremely interesting article in the July FORUM on "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt." As I understand Mr. Eliot, he is in fundamental agreement with Professor Babbitt, in that he is hostile to the naturalism and humanitarianism regnant in occidental thought since the seventeenth century, and is looking for the permanent values of humanism and religion. He differs, however, in his conception of the relation of humanism and religion.

That relation may be considered as interior or exterior. Mr. Eliot finds the religious elements *within* humanism inadequate. He fears that ethically controlled individuals will not make a community; but surely if men can ever deal with each other harmoniously, it will be on the basis of a common discipline, a common self-restraint, a common service of justice. Mr. Eliot also fears that there is not enough enthusiasm in humanism; but surely genuine as well as spurious morality may be touched with emotion; surely the rôle of imagination as humanism conceives it satisfies an essential part of human nature that reason cannot content; and surely the humility toward the superrational which humanism enjoins is only another name for devotion to the divine. Clearly, the humanist may be, though he need not be, a mystic.

In regard to a possible exterior relation, we may either view humanism as subordinate to religion, or religion as subordinate to humanism. Mr. Eliot views humanism as subordinate to religion. By religion he means "dogma or revelation," which, for us, must be specifically "Christian," and which must, further, be "organized" in a "church." He leaves us to choose, consequently, between Roman Catholicism and some form of Protestantism. He does not in so many words state his own choice, but in many passages of his article his thought unmistakably points toward Catholicism. He asserts, for example, that Mr. Babbitt's point of view is a development from modern Protestantism, while he himself lays "no claim to being modern." Now, I think it amply clear that our age as a whole, including its most representative spokesmen, insistently claims, above all, to be modern — that is, critical and individualistic — and that the way out of our present chaos must therefore follow critical and individualistic lines. We cannot yet foresee a time when the principle of outer authority will again be acceptable.

The alternative is an alliance with some form of Protestantism, which is more clearly conceivable because it would leave the reason freer, would encourage the critical and individualistic. Yet the strength of Protestantism is at the same time its weakness, since its inevitable tendency is dissent and secession, until at length it restores the "unorganized" individual. There is much, to be sure, in the ritual and fellowship of an organized church that is attractive to the imagination and

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that the humanist may share in by viewing it as symbolical of his own faith. But this makes religion practically subordinate to humanism, reversing what Mr. Eliot deems the necessary relation.

The problem of the relation of humanism and religion has also been dealt with by an English writer, Philip S. Richards, in two articles on Mr. Babbitt's thought in the *Nineteenth Century* (April and May, 1928). While Mr. Richards shows that he has, like Mr. Eliot, been thinking on his own account, he also shows, as I think Mr. Eliot does not, that he has firmly grasped the central principles of Irving Babbitt's work.

NORMAN FOERSTER

Paris, France

Is Jazz Music?

The author of "Over There" considers the question debated in the July and August issues.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with keen delight the views of George Antheil and Sigmund Spaeth and am inclined to lean toward Mr. Spaeth's stand that jazz is a treatment applied to music. The question, however, that I have never settled in my mind is whether a popular song is necessarily a jazz song. Maybe songs aren't music, so I may be getting beside the mark. There is probably room for doubt. Yet I have heard popular music jazzed by dance orchestras and even bands have whooped it up so that the composer would never recognize it unless the radio announcer recited the title. This makes me think that jazz treatment is really a "deliberate twisting of established formulas," as emphasized by Mr. Spaeth.

Mr. Antheil's definition of music is worthy of serious thought and there is truth in what he says. It is a good discussion and I should like to take time off to make up my mind exactly where popular melody belongs in the scheme of music. I doubt if I'll ever know. I admit I intend doing some research work along "jazz lines" as a result of both articles. Maybe, for the first time, I'll write out-and-out jazz music just to see what happens.

GEORGE M. COHAN

New York City

A Book Review Reviewed

Mr. Marshall, who wrote an open letter to Governor Smith concerning the relation between Catholic doctrine and democratic government, now answers Father John A. Ryan's review of his book on the same subject which appeared in the June FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I ask space to correct misstatements of fact by the Reverend John A. Ryan concerning my book — *The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State* — appearing in the June FORUM, which have just come to my attention.

I do not express in the book referred to the fear — as Dr. Ryan most unjustly implies — "that the solidarity exhibited by Catholics in obedience to the Pope would be much more perilous to civil law than any possible combination of citizens who follow their 'free' consciences." But I do say that the Roman Catholic solidarity conflicts with the civic order or system of the modern state and that the combinations following their free consciences do not. There are possible combinations of the latter that can go the limit in peril to civil law, but this furnishes no reason for the claim of an exclusive *supremacy* at certain points, in matters belonging to morals, of any one church, Roman or otherwise.

I nowhere maintain, as Dr. Ryan asserts, that "admitting that citizens have a right to *disregard* a civil law which seems to them wrong . . . they should not take this action in obedience to any church or, indeed, to any law." On the contrary I maintain that where a citizen, *in the exercise of his free conscience*, believes the teaching of his church or any other teaching right according to his free conscience, he should follow that teaching; but I state that the obedience and subordination of the citizen, irrespective of his free conscience, in all matters belonging to morals, to the sovereignty of the Pope as a sovereignty imposed on all Christian citizens by the act of God, under the penalty of damnation, obstructs the exercise in matters relating to morals, of that free conscience on which the civic order or system of the modern state depends.

Dr. Ryan asks whether I agree in the opinion that no Roman Catholic should be elected to any political office. This opinion

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is not considered in the book referred to. But I hasten to answer a question to which THE FORUM has given place. I do *not* agree in the opinion. One may vote for Roman Catholics out of consideration of personal esteem, but always with the consciousness of that difficulty to which Dr. Ryan gives such definite expression when he says: "To be sure there are differences and disagreements between the church law and the laws of American states on such subjects as marriage and education." (And Dr. Ryan well knows there are others.)

The situation between the Roman Catholic Church and the American states, which Dr. Ryan thus admits, obviously raises the question as to whether a Roman Catholic can properly discharge a political trusteeship over matters so affected by the differences and disagreements between the laws of his church and the state without the risk of doing violence to one allegiance or the other. Different minds will resolve the question differently, but the grave difficulties between the Roman Catholic Church and the American states, to the existence of which Dr. Ryan gives expression as pointed out above, cannot be ignored however the citizen may decide to cast his vote.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL
New York City

West is East

Does "Education for Sanity" show an occidental trend toward oriental philosophy?

Editor of THE FORUM:

Dr. Paton's splendid article in the June FORUM is, to me, another indication of the fact that the more profound thinkers of this materialistic West are gradually developing that true wisdom which is the heritage of the East. Dr. Paton very ably presents to the occidental mind a thought which is common to oriental philosophy, but extremely difficult to convey in terms which will appeal to the occidental. In his article, Dr. Paton has, I think, successfully accomplished this very difficult task — probably because the ideas embodied in his article are the result of his own contemplation, even though directly parallel with oriental thought.

P. L. CASELAS
St. Louis, Mo.

Recipe for a Poem

Take some phrases, polished well,
Each a shining empty shell.
Pour in these with measured haste
Sophistry to suit your taste.
Add some sparkling frothy lines,
Bubbling up like yellow wines.
Mix well with a dash of wit,
And, if you wish, include a bit
Of bitterness, since it's the fashion
To parade each pale pink passion.
Then, to cover any fault,
Season with the acrid salt
Of cynicism, and behold,
Poetry that can be sold.

LILLIAN T. GAINSBURGH
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Forum Weather Report

The former Science Editor of THE FORUM *presents his discoveries in the relationship between weather and human well-being.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Two years ago, when THE FORUM asked its readers to help investigate the supposed effects of the weather on human well-being, it was hoped that daily records from a sufficient number of people might yield significant conclusions about such matters, for example, as the feeling of good health or ill accompanying different kinds of days. Is it true that rainy mornings are depressing and bright ones exhilarating? Do winds from different directions or the varying positions of passing cyclonic storms reflect themselves in the health or happiness of persons to whom they are applied?

Many of our readers were good enough to help in this inquiry, sending in weekly records on which a space for each day made possible the recording of how one felt on arising to face the day. Of the records sent in, nearly two hundred were sufficiently complete and detailed to be useful for statistical comparisons. To these two hundred faithful collaborators, as well as to the additional ones whom circumstances prevented from keeping records as complete as were necessary for the mathematical machine, we tender our sincerest thanks.

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When it came time to summarize the results, we must confess, however, that they proved less impressive than we had hoped. The daily weather maps of the United States Weather Bureau permit the comparison of what the weather was like in all of the cities and towns where some of the faithful two hundred were keeping records. The first point of interest was, of course, whether the degree of cloudiness or clarity of skies showed a persistent relation to the good feelings of our collaborators.

The answer is that they do not. Neither for this matter of fair days or dark, nor for any other weather element that is determinable from the weather records, does there appear any relation to human feeling certain enough to deserve rank as what the scientific professions call a "correlation." So far as our two hundred records are able to tell us, it might be believed that weather has no effect at all on whether the average human being arises with fire in his eye and optimism in his heart or whether he needs his morning coffee to lift him out of the dumps.

The conclusion, therefore, is negative; but like most negative conclusions, it amounts to "not proven" rather than to "disproved." Two hundred records is not a large number; perhaps not large enough to smooth out altogether the purely accidental variations of morning's well-being ascribable, for example, to last evening's dinner or to disturbances of the night. Another possibility is that weather effects, to whatever extent they exist, may take longer than one day to make themselves manifest; so that the stimulus of to-day's good weather will appear to-morrow or next week instead of to-day. The mathematical calculus of this possibility would require, once more, a larger collection of data than was in our hands.

The most probable conclusion is, however, that the weather effects, real as they may be, are overlaid by so many accidental matters of personal experience and local circumstance that a much larger number of observers and a much longer time would be necessary to make them clearly evident. It would be an advantage, also, if succeeding tests of these interesting possibilities were made on persons residing in the same community and sharing exactly the same weather, instead of on scattered individuals most of whom were experiencing, on any given date, examples of the variability for which American weather possesses such well-deserved renown.

Experiments on this matter of weather influences, discussed by so many weather writers but actually tested by so few of them, appear, therefore, to be projects more suitable for a single club or other local group than for the scattered and diverse readers of a national magazine.

DR. E. E. FREE

New York City

Folk Etchings

Mr. R. W. Gordon has spent many years collecting folk ballads among the Southern mountaineers, and three of his best exhibits are printed on the two pages following, with decorations by Paul Gaulois.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the possession of the Southern Highlander are many songs — grave, gay, rollicking, humorous, sad, and sentimental. Some he composed himself; others have come down to him through a long line of singing ancestors. These folk songs were never intended for the printed page. They need music, the voice and intonations of a singer, to give them roundness, color, life. A few of those that best stand printing seem to have in them many of the essential qualities of etchings — the same combinations of boldness and delicacy of handling, the same sharp contrasts. They suggest as well as depict.

Yet even these are far more free and less hampered than are true etchings. In a few incisive lines they may tell a story, paint a picture, dramatize a situation, or lay bare a soul. Or they may simply portray a mood, calling up both pictures and characters incidentally, by way of background. In some, the basic technique of the etching is underlying rather than obvious.

I am enclosing a few of the Southern Highlander's songs that belong in the class of "folk etchings." The name of the state from which I obtained each text is given, but this does not imply that the song is not known and sung in other districts.

R. W. GORDON

Darien, Ga.

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FOLK ETCHINGS

COLLECTED BY R. W. GORDON

The Cherry Tree

When Joseph war an ol' man,
An ol' man war he,
He hitched tuh Virgin Mary,
The Queen o' Galilee.

Then Mary spoke tuh Joseph
So meek an' so mild:
"Joseph, gather me some cherries,
For I am wi' child."

Then Joseph flew in anger,
In anger flew he:
"Let tha father o' thy baby
Gather cherries fer thee!"

Then Jesus spoke a few words,
A few words spoke he:
"Let my mother have some cherries,
Bow low down, cherry tree!"

The cherry tree bowed low down,
Bowed low down to tha groun',
An' Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood aroun'.

Then Joseph he took Mary
All on his right knee:
"What have I done?
Lord have mercy on me!"

Then Joseph he took Mary
All on his left knee:
"O tell me, little baby,
When thy birthday will be."

"The sixth day o' Januar'
My birthday will be.
When the stars in th' elements
Air a-tremblin' wi' glee!"

(*From Kentucky*)

Whistle Pig

Blow yo' ho'n an' call yo' dog!
Blow yo' ho'n an' call yo' dog!
Blow yo' ho'n an' call yo' dog!
Goin' ter th' woods fer t' ketch a groun' hog!

One on a rock, an' two on a log.
Know hit's a whistle pig! — Whar's my dog?

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Come hyer, chillern, hard as y' c'n tear,
The meat's good t' eat, an' th' hide's good t' wear!

Up stepp'd Sal with a ten-foot pole
Fer t' punch that groun' hog out o' his hole.

Ketch'd that whistle pig an' tann'd his hide,
Made th' bes' shoestrings ever wuz tied!

Put 'em in my shoes an' wore 'em one day,
Then they got slick an' I th'owed 'em away!

Out come Sal with a snigger an' a grin,
Groun' hog grease all over her chin!

Chillern whoop'd, an' scream'd, an' cried,
They love whistle pig stew'd an' fried!
(*Composite, from North Carolina and Kentucky*)

Geordie

Come bridle me up my milk-white steed,
The brownie ain't so able, O,
While I ride down,
To Charlotte Town,
To plead for the life o' my Geordie, O!

When I got in sight of Charlotte Town,
The gentlemen were so plenty, O,
And the table was sot,
And supper was got,
And the gentlemen were so merry, O!

Come saddle me up my milk-white steed,
The brownie ain't so able, O,
While I ride down,
To Gallows Hill,
To plead for the life of my Geordie, O!

When I got in sight of Gallows Hill
The gentlemen were so plenty, O,
And the gallows all round
My Geordie's neck —
And the rings o' gold so yellow, O!

O then spoke up that noble girl,
She spoke both brief and sorry too:
"I'll lay you down
Ten thousand pound,
If you'll spare the life o' my Geordie, O!"

O then spoke up that noble judge,
He spoke both brief and merry too:
"For the love you bear,
Not for the gold,
I'll spare the life o' your Geordie, O!"
(*From North Carolina*)

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Companionate Marriage

"Here's a letter. Use or chuck into the hell-box," writes Mr. Rolt-Wheeler — whose comments on the July FORUM *debate hereby escape perdition.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

The whole matter of companionate marriage hinges on the meaning of the word 'marriage.' If marriage be naught to a woman but a means of securing board, lodging, clothes, and social position by a surrender of her body, let her admit herself a prostitute and be done with it. If marriage be naught to a man but a police regulation compelling him to take the responsibility of his vices, let him consider himself a thwarted criminal and no better. If marriage be a sacrament ordained of God, those who enter it must first have a glimmering notion of what a 'sacrament' means. If marriage be just a civil contract, it should be based on carefully drawn legal clauses dealing with all possible factors — a matter for a lawyer, not a minister — and the conditions of its breakage stipulated as well as penalties for breach of contract.

So long as men (and women) remain basely desirous to satisfy their desires, and as long as women (and men) remain basely selfish to hunt a personal profit, neither 'conventional' nor 'companionate' marriage will produce happiness. From a soil full of thistle seeds, thistles grow.

There is only one real question to be asked in any proposed marriage: "If I agree to live with this man (or woman) in intimate union, will such union develop my character, better my life, and shape me toward a higher destiny?" To those to whom a decent question never comes — the majority — who view marriage through the medium of a check book or of lingerie, it is useless to give any advice. Let them couple and quarrel and part like the animals they are.

For even the better part of the great mediocrity, a rigidly controlled marriage is necessary and impartiality and strictness in the divorce courts advisable; a misunderstanding of the meaning of "democracy" and a misappreciation of the values of life render the shackles imperative. There are perhaps a few who do not need the ball and chain — but it is never these who object to marriage! And, generally, the worse a man is, and the looser a woman is, the more do they prate idealism — but an idealism which will serve them as a cloak, be it well understood.

The answer is simple. Companionate marriage, in theory, is by far the most desirable when confined to those who are worthy of it (something less than a fraction of one per cent of the population); conventional marriage is essential in practice, and this should be based upon the intention of life-union, of making a home, of maintaining a civic place, and of rearing children.

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER
Sidi Bou Said, Tunis

Criminal Loopholes

In connection with this month's debate on capital punishment, it is pertinent to hear the testimony of ex-convict No. 12531 of Colorado State Penitentiary. The writer of this letter was sentenced to serve from four to ten years on the counts of forgery and lettering and was paroled at the end of two years. He says, "Since then I have gone straight and intend doing so, assisting in whatever way I can to help bring about a better curtailment of crime."

Editor of THE FORUM:

According to the latest available statistics, thirty-three American citizens have been murdered each time the sun goes down. On this basis, allowing for the same ratio of increase since 1920, approximately 75,000 will meet similar fates during the next five years. Very near a civil war!

I have just returned from the battle-front myself and must report that the enemies' troops are in fine shape with no immediate prospects of a retreat.

What are we going to do about it? Must we sit still, listening to some psychologist trying to analyze the material? Or are we going to look the matter in the face with plain common-sense reasoning and work out a practical solution?

Criminals are not so desperate and incorrigible but that they can be dealt with effectively. The American democracy has met, defied, and conquered every obstacle that has crossed its path since 1776,

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except crime. Nor will criminals be conquered so long as we listen to alienists and other theoretical professionals, instead of getting down to business with practical equipment.

There may be some insane criminals, but ninety per cent of our crimes are committed by men whose minds are as sound as an American dollar. "Defective affectivity" is one of the most flagrantly abused terms in the category of criminal procedure. Criminals like to be called insane. They exhaust every possible means to have themselves so adjudged. Under this cloak, they can commit any sort of crime that appeals to their fancy and still retain the right to breathe the same air and enjoy the same sunshine as the most devout citizen.

True enough, I bear the brand of a criminal myself, spending four years behind the bars; but that does not cause me to wince from common-sense proclivities. After being a criminal, sitting in their pow-wows, sharing in their plans and actually living behind the scenes with every conceivable type of murderer, gangster, and moral degenerate, it has, if anything, caused me to open my eyes in astonishment that a hundred million ultracivilized citizens would stand with open mouths and drink in so much "dementia præcox" bunk. That all criminals are insane cannot be found on either sound logic or ordinary common sense for this reason: these biometrists' examinations must have been confined to either convicts or "jail-birds," for there were no other available subjects. It is hardly probable that a million others who never see a jail or penitentiary, would submit to a mental analysis when they cannot even be apprehended for a court appearance.

It is the very lowest type of criminal — including myself — that makes up approximately fifty per cent of our prison population. The remainder, with few exceptions, are vice degenerates, dope fiends, and profligates who rank but little higher. On this material, which any civilized country is ashamed of, we have the basis for a nation-wide appeal that the pitiful criminal isn't responsible for his actions. Our prison population represents about 5% of the total number of criminals in the country, and, moreover, the very scum of intelligence. Not all of these have been examined, yet we are asked to believe that 90% of our crime is being committed by criminals with defective minds. Any rational being knows that a conclusion based upon less than 3% of the total — and that the chaff — is unsound and cannot be depended upon for safe calculations. If it were possible to assemble together the other 95% who are far too cautious for detectives, and submit them to the various tests which alienists have prescribed as a criterion for saneness, it is quite likely that a very high standard of intelligence would be established. Enough — at least, to prove beyond a doubt that "dementia præcox" and "paresis" should have little consideration in dealing with the modern professional criminal.

But, so long as the blood-thirsty criminal can deliberately walk into the sanctity of any home and there, in cold, premeditated action, cut the heart out of a respectable law-abiding man or woman, and appear before a jury while they listen to a half-dozen psychologists analyze his brain, just that long we are going to have hideous crime and plenty of it.

There are other things, however, which contribute equally as much to modern crime as does "defective affectivity."

We can't hope to keep a pig in the pen when a nice big ear of corn is lying just outside a passable hole. The temptation is too great and the pig is going through. So does the criminal. When a thing of attraction looks easy, it is the inherent nature of man to be tempted. And many yield.

There are bushels and bushels of corn scattered all around the outside of the lawful enclosure in which ethical citizenship must reside. But the fence is so full of holes that, for many, a fling on the outside can't be resisted. They are great big holes, too, and worn slick because criminals have been sliding through them for years. Those who otherwise would have become useful citizens saw the holes; they looked easy and they *were* easy; they were tempted to try them and thereafter became professional crooks — sliding in and out at leisure. A constant stream followed, until now the outside has become conspicuous. Let's look at some of the holes and see if we can't find ways to block them.

First, we have bail — which is not such

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a bad hole — yet it is large enough to permit a few hundred thousand criminals to slip through to freedom every year. Most professionals have bail already arranged before they commit their crimes. They do not want to go to jail and await trial, for it would hinder them from scouting around among their friends to muster up a lot of perjured evidence. "Swear for me and I'll swear for you" is a well-known arrangement among professional criminals who use it effectively and often.

Then, by being out on bail, the criminal can personally get in touch with his lawyer and, between the two, construct an impregnable defense, often being able to establish a perfect alibi, or succeed in having the case dismissed entirely because it has been "fixed up." In case he is not able to do this, the wily lawyer can contrive a thousand and one excuses for having the date of trial delayed from time to time, and eventually wearing it out. His client is out on bail and does not care how long it drags along, for it is all liberty to him. While "sticking around for court" he continues his depredations quite as usual, thus supplying his lawyer, who is often as much a crook as the criminal, with plenty of funds to buy evidence, perhaps to "tamper" with juries and drag the case on interminably. After a couple of years the upper division has discovered that some technical error had been made at the beginning, and it is remanded for a new trial. By this time the prosecuting witnesses have scattered about the country, some of them cannot be located, interest has subsided, and the case dies a natural death without ever getting to the jury a second time. This procedure is practised in thousands of cases.

Then there is another hole which, perhaps, is just as large and well-worn as bail. This is the practice in most states of sentencing the same offender the second, third, fourth, and often as many as eight or ten different times to the penitentiary. There were fellows in prison with me who were then doing their eighth hitch. Why under the sun didn't the judge before whom they appeared the second or third time give them life — on general principles, if nothing else?

Any man might make a mistake once, but if there is anything in him worth while to civilization, he won't make the same mistake the second time. If he just can't keep from making mistakes, why not put him where they will not hurt anyone but himself?

Yet there is a sympathizing public who cannot help but let themselves be influenced by a sob story and an appealing oration by a silver-tongued lawyer, who pictures extenuating circumstances over which his client had no control, and the public says "give him another chance." In a couple of years he is back again asking the same thing in a slightly different manner. Criminals know this, and before they leave the penitentiary they have usually planned a dozen or more crimes.

The tier-runner, who had charge of the cell to which I was assigned, told me that he was then doing his sixth jolt and he was yet under forty years of age. He laughed when I brought up the subject of going straight. "What's the use, buddy," he said, "I'm getting as much out of life as anybody on the outside. I've done a little over ten years solid time taking it all together, but I have a good time when I'm on the outside and this is just a vacation about every two years. I never expect to be anything else but a crook — it isn't worth while."

This man probably committed a hundred crimes each time he was out before he was caught up with. And each time he was apprehended he managed to have on hand enough money to buy himself a vacation sentence. So there really wasn't a great deal of incentive for him to be anything but a confirmed criminal. I met several others who were exactly in the same frame of mind. If these men had been given light sentences for the first offense, with a life parole, they would in all probability have again become useful citizens after their first term expired.

There are about 20,000 ex-convicts loosed upon society every year. Prison statistics show that approximately 80% of these come back at one time or another. It is true the going is tough, but I have made it so far, without any regrets; and others are just as capable as I. I have no sympathy with a repeater, and the quicker the public discards theirs, the quicker society will be rid of 16,000 trained crooks annually.

A. Russell Pierce

Portland, Ore.

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Has Aviation a Future?

"YES — a brilliant one," asserted Commander Richard E. Byrd in THE FORUM'S *August debate. "NO," denied Captain Alfred C. Dewar, R.N., O.B.E., who stated that insurmountable obstacles block such a future. The following letters are their own evidence.*

YES

In my opinion there is a great future for commercial aviation. What it needs is more encouragement. I think the people of our country will soon realize its importance and lend such encouragement.

CHARLES CURTIS
Republican nominee for Vice-President
Topeka, Kans.

While the prediction of Shakespeare's "Puck" may never be realized, still the putting of "a girdle around the earth" has already arrived. Commercial aviation means quick and increased money return; that is all that is required to develop the method.

B. RUSH FIELD
Easton, Pa.

There is a great future for commercial aviation. Its past development has equaled, if not surpassed, that of the development of any of our existing means of transportation. There will be wonderful development in the airplane. Its possibilities are almost beyond the imagination of the present generation. There are to-day great difficulties to be faced, but that these difficulties will be solved can be reasonably expected. Motor development, easier landing facilities, and greater safety, are the three predominant deterring factors, but I have a positive conviction that each of these will in time be solved.

BRIGADIER GENERAL E. E. BOOTH
Assistant Chief of Staff, U. S. Army
Washington, D. C.

When a means of transporation offers such amazing advantages as air travel, and when air transportation becomes so astonishingly successful as it is to-day, in a quarter century or less, it requires more imagination to conceive humanity not developing and making every-day use of this wonderful instrument of travel than it does to vision its complete success. The fanatics by over-enthusiasm may have retarded the day, but the onward sweep cannot be stopped.

EDWIN DENBY
Ex-Secretary of the Navy
Detroit, Mich.

Yes, there *is* a future for commercial aviation. It will probably not be just what is visualized by many of its most enthusiastic promoters. It is not going to drive steamships from the sea, nor is it going to cause us to tear up the rails and scrap the Pullman cars. It can, however, provide travel and transportation to reach points that neither ship lanes nor rails nor roads now reach, and in many cases will never reach.

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE S. GIBBS
Chief Signal Officer, U. S. Army
Washington, D. C.

NO

To watch the stock exchange and the various advances in price of aëroplane stocks, one would naturally suppose that commercial aviation was already a profitable undertaking. Personally, I believe that the hopes of the people buying commercial aviation stocks to-day are far beyond the possibilities of realization. While the day may come when flying is further stabilized, when commercial aviation will be an actuality, I am afraid that that day is rather remote. It seems to me that with the millions of passengers carried in the world by railroad trains, boats, and automobiles, it takes a great stretch of imagination to visualize any large percentage of this carrying being done through the air. The moving of freight by aëroplane is too preposterous to consider, even for short hauls.

JOHN G. JONES
New York City

There is a limited field for commercial aviation. It has demonstrated its value from a mail standpoint, and there is undoubtedly some room for it in the transportation of relatively valuable, highly perishable articles that have to be carried relatively long distances. Unless there are radical changes that would reduce the cost of operation, and incidentally the cost of the machines themselves, I cannot see where the transportation of heavier articles of relatively low values would be advantaged by air transportation. The whole thing will probably simmer down primarily to the question of cost of the transportation in its relation to how much the saving in time is worth.

H. G. HASTINGS
Atlanta, Ga.

I am emphatic in saying that commercial aviation will not prove a success. Over a thousand people have died within a year in trying to conquer the elements. One aëroplane was destroyed by a bolt of lightning undoubtedly sent by God to stop the foolish people who are risking their lives to make money and to "boom the stocks" of the various aviation companies. As a friend remarked to me the other day, "If God had intended us to fly, he would have given us wings."

HARRINGTON FITZGERALD
Philadelphia, Pa.

The American people seem to be striving to abandon commercial transportation of all kinds in favor of the private automobile. Limited passenger air service for the few long-distance travelers for whom time is of paramount importance is already an established enterprise likely to have moderate growth, but hardly likely in the next decade or two to threaten any established form of passenger service.

TOMLINSON FORT
Bethlehem, Pa.

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Catching Up With Achilles

Extracts from the papers of the "also-rans" in the contest of "Achilles and the Tortoise." The prize-winning paper is published on page 454 of this issue.

The key note of the situation is sounded in the remark with which Mr. Ramsey opens his fourth paragraph. He writes: "About a dozen such contradictions have been found of various kinds, and it is probable that *only a little ingenuity is required to invent as many more.*" That is the trouble. Many so-called logicians waste time loosely applying rather indefinite terms with the sole purpose of seemingly producing logical contradictions. Such an abuse of the science of logic is hardly worthy of men whose ingenuity amply demonstrates capabilities that could be employed in really serviceable effort. In order to arrive at a right method of thought it has been necessary to formulate certain rules of logic. These cannot be any more infallible than the men who formulated them. The words that we use in order to clothe our thoughts are often very ambiguous. Naturally the whole system of logic is open to abuse. But it is the thought that is the working basis of logic, not the words with which we strive to express that thought. Really serious thought will never be inveigled into any such seeming contradictions. If it is, you may be sure that it is the terms used to express the thought that are at fault.

F. Antony Borrow

Innisfail, Alberta, Canada

The theory of transfinite numbers which Mr. Bertrand Russell has taken over from the 19th century German, Georg Cantor, is naught but a spinning circle caught in the act of trying to catch itself. Suppose we wish to pass from the number 1 to the number 2 — not by hopping but by moving continuously over the fractions lying between these two integers. We move first, say, from 1 to 1½. But we at once realize that we have hopped, not moved continuously. We therefore decide to start off afresh, moving only from 1 to, say 1¼. Alas! this again is a hop, though a smaller one. And we speedily realize that as small a step as we may ever take, every step is a hop and invariably remains one. Our progress thus is not continuous, but jerky. At the same time, whilst every step we consider taking is a jerky one, we notice that it is less and less jerky in proportion to the smallness of the fractional leap under consideration. Is it not possible, then, to move mathematically in a continuous fashion? No. For *every* fraction we may decide to alight upon can be reached (as the very definition of "compactness" itself assures us) only by hopping over (in other words neglecting) that fraction lying between our take-off and our terminus. But since there *are* always those intervening fractions, it may be queried, is not continuous motion even theoretically possible? No, again. For if the first part of the definition of a "compact" series is that, between any two fractions, another fraction is amiably awaiting us, the second part of the definition makes a hop, howsoever small, absolutely certain. It is made certain by the very definition of a fraction which the theory of a "compact" series itself makes use of. And the central error of confusing a "compact" series with a continuous one (a prime analytical error of mathematicians, who nevertheless must commit it if they hope to justify their analysis of change or motion) is briefly exposed in the following manner: *A fraction can always be halved; but in the very act of removing half of it we are leaving half of it. The very definition of our act of reducing a fraction thus ensures a perpetual remainder.*

Winthrop Parkhurst

New York City

Applying the test of relativity to the "simple illustration" given, we are able at once to challenge the statement that "short" is a short word, and that "long" is not a long word. It all depends. For, as between the words "short" and "long" themselves, "short" is the long word, while "long" is the short word. Again, to a child learning to spell words of two and three letters — as *be, do, if, are, for,* etc. — the word s-h-o-r-t is a long word. And the word "long" to a man who stutters may become exceedingly l-l-l-l-long, before he gets it out.

It all depends. It is a purely relative matter.

A. D. Sorensen

Philadelphia, Pa.

The conclusion of a paper, which proves that mathematics is right and common sense is wrong, gives this equation:

$$t=\int_0^{S_m}\frac{ds}{V_0\left(1-\frac{S}{S_m}\right)^2}=-\frac{1}{V_0}\int_0^{S_m}\frac{d\left(1-\frac{S}{S_m}\right)}{\left(1-\frac{S}{S_m}\right)^2}$$

Integrating we get:

$$t=\frac{2}{V_0\left(1-\frac{S}{S_m}\right)^3}\Bigg|_0^{S_m}$$

And finally substituting the limits we find

$$t=\infty$$

Which means that it will take an eternity for Achilles to catch the tortoise.

Georges Vérité

New York City

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OUR MUDDLING WORLD

Centaurs in Politics

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

SPANISH proverbs, like human faces, grow upon one. The most indifferent to the passer-by will reveal treasures of human life to the sympathetic observer. There is an old Spanish saying truly fascinating in its apparent evidence: *The horse is thinking one thing, and another the man who is saddling him.* There is the picture in its tantalizing complexity: the two streams of thought forever close and forever separate — so close that, were thought of the nature of electricity, the two streams might mingle through the hands of the active man and the skin of the passive horse. But no. Those hands moving to and fro like birds with a purpose and that ample hide covering the quiet, powerful body insulate the thought-fluid which flows through the mind of the horse and the mind of the man. Thus the two creatures remain separate forever while in close vicinity and coöperation.

Can we imagine an equal separation of thoughts and yet a more intimate coöperation in life? Are there not centaurs carrying within their microcosm the man who saddles and the horse who lets himself be saddled, each thinking in his own way? Of course there are, for men are nothing else. No wonder the world is so complicated a place and its pattern so intricate. For when you are listening to a rational man erect on his two lower limbs, you may suddenly discover the horse in him falling on all fours, so to speak, to find its level, then neighing like a Derby winner — if those aristocrats of the equine world can condescend to be articulate.

I well remember one such scene. It was in Geneva in that unforgettable year 1924, when the Premiers of France and England presented to the world their new-born infant, the Protocol, clad in the overflowing silks and bright array of their bilingual eloquence. That morning Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was to speak and there had been a rush for tickets. The gates of the Salle de la Reformation, under the austere roof of which the League Assembly dreams future peace unmolested by present ugliness, were besieged by a crowd of peace lovers. Christians all. Men of good will. Men to whom the idea of strife was abhorrent and that of physical violence positively repulsive. But men who were more numerous than the seats available. There they were, thronging the doors to hear the apostle of the new (and yet old)

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faith. And so, when the gates were opened, you should have seen the men of peace transformed into horses of war! Pacifists? The "paci" gone, the "fists" remained. And the elbows! The crowd of maddened creatures, eager to hear the Word of Peace, applied to the letter the saying of a famous French actress: "In this life, one must fit spurs to one's elbows." The weak went to the wall. Several women fainted.

Sometimes the very reverse happens. The horse is allowed to play his usual pranks as a matter of "normalcy," so that people get used to seeing him kick and rise on his hind legs and even foam at the mouth; and yet, when least expected, the beast will subside and the centaur will behave like a perfect gentleman (the only thing, by the way, in which man can reach perfection).

For example, some people are much frightened at the development of communism in Europe. There are several parliaments in which the communist group is beginning to count as a political force. But who does not see in this the very death sentence of communism? Communism to count as a political force? Doesn't communism hold "politics" in utmost contempt? What is a parliament to communism but a talking machine? French communists, for instance, when you hear them in their constituencies or read about them in their papers, are as wild as it is prescribed they should be in their original Russian regulations; and their wildness keeps strictly to the rules, or else. . . . Very well. The French Parliament is therefore one of the institutions which they despise. In fact, it would inspire an All-Russian Soviet Council of six hundred men or thereabouts with enough indignation to keep them talking for at least forty-eight hours of continuous sitting — one of the most convincing anti-parliamentary activities which can be witnessed.

Yet, when the French communists enter the French Chamber, behold! they become as traditional French parliamentarians as you can find in France. Rowdy? No doubt. But since when has rowdyism been considered incompatible with the best parliamentary traditions of France (and other nations)? Their ideas may be Russian — since they come straight from Karl Marx, who was a German Jew — but their ways are French and, far from being dictated by Judeo-German logic, they are prompted by the best vintages of Burgundy, Medoc, and even Champagne. (I hope, by the way, that these references to prohibited beverages will not be found offensive in the land of the free with amendments.)

Now, the ways of the French are eminently fitted to parliamentary life. They tend to create a parliament strongly departmentalized (with apologies for this unseemly word), in which every detail is regulated beforehand down to the petty arrangements whereby deputies of different groups are apportioned to the several committees. The communist group fits into this machinery without the slightest hitch. Moreover, communism is the dictatorship of the proletariat. In a dictatorship, the first thing that disappears is the right of free discussion. And if a Frenchman — communist or not — cannot argue, what shall he do with his head? It is not so decorative an organ as the Englishman's, which can go erect on its own merits irrespective of the thought, or lack thereof, which it carries. A French head, alas, can only be used for argument, and the rapiers of the French language are meant to be crossed in intellectual duellings every day. No, dictatorship is not for the Frenchman. He may be a communist by profession, and even by conviction; but being a Frenchman, he is a bourgeois.

And so the phrase "French communist" describes not merely a centaur, but a monster of nature. The French communist may be trusted to see that his "French" keeps his "communist" at bay. One of the ways he manages it is by allowing himself full freedom to waste his breath in hot-air expansions.

There is more than mere hot air in the expansions which have at times focused attention on the Serbian Parliament. The sittings of the Skupshtina have often been described as "noisy." But when the noise in question is that of revolver shots, the phrase is hardly adequate. In Belgrade, therefore, we may have to restore our symbol to its normal position. The usual bearing of the animal would be the human. Arguments would be the normal weapons. But we can well imagine that for some of the splendid Serbian centaurs just come to the Town of Discussions from the lonely

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valleys of adventure and the peaks of magnificent achievement, an argument would appear a rather emasculated form of activity. Add the cumulative effect of years of self-denial. Call forth your imaginative powers and see the forces of repressed will and primitive strength being bottled up year after year within those ample chests flanked by arms made for power and free movement. Consider the tardy brain irritated by its own inefficient use of the civil weapons of logic; the hot underworld of the passions made hotter and hotter by self-denying suppression and intellectual fumbling; and above all, imagine all these things acting and reacting on themselves as they meet their own images in the eyes of the men opposite — and you will readily understand how one day arguments yield to armaments and blood is spilt in what our elders called, in their quaint dialect, "The Temple of the Laws."

A danger, no doubt. But an internal danger. A civil war — says Unamuno — is the cleanest of all wars, for, since it cannot be waged to further national interests, it cannot be material and must needs be fought with an ideal purpose. The argument is perhaps too partial to civil war, as was to be expected of a Spaniard; for Spain is a country more interested in civil war than in foreign, because she is even more insular than England and cannot summon enough curiosity toward foreigners to make her want to fight against them. (I am, of course, speaking of modern Spain. In the old days foreigners were mostly heretics, and heretics were worth bothering about and even destroying. But mere foreigners, why?) There is no question that a civil war may be a pretty sorry affair if personal feuds and unclean interests get entangled with the free play of internecine passions. But the fact remains that civil wars, by definition, are home evils and therefore limited to the frontiers of the nation that indulges in them. They are like those vices which only injure those who are afflicted by them without necessarily hurting others.

The Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes — the very name of whose kingdom suggests that their national unity is still problematic, to say the least — are therefore in for hard times which may bring a regular civil war in their train. But even if it should come to that, such an event need not disturb the peace of Europe, provided it is respected as a purely internal strife. In fact, there is an element of safety for the world in the conditions which provide that a people such as the Serbians, whose temper leans toward strength and dominion, should be organized under a parliamentary system which rests theoretically, at least, on intellectual selection. The conflict between system and temperament prevents too perfect a national organization — in itself a healthy result both from the individual and from the universal point of view. Now and then, it is true, this conflict leads to a battle in parliament. But a parliament is the safest of battlefields and the one in which the world can best afford to lose a man now and then.

The situation in Italy is the very reverse. Here is a nation eminently intellectual, in which a true parliamentary system, with its tendency to intellectual selection, would have led — as it did — to bewilderment. Intellectual methods in intellectual peoples are sure to lead to deadlocks. Why? Simply because light is only useful on condition that it be allowed to come from one or two quarters only, so that shadows may make objects stand out in bold relief. Democracy needs particularly strong shadows and not merely bold but grotesque reliefs, in order that the objects of public discussion may be appraised by all kinds of mental eyes. But if the light of intellect comes from everywhere and shadows are obliterated, the world becomes a blank of light as unreadable as the blank of darkness.

Hence the true esoteric meaning of fascism, which may be made clearest to a democratic reader by explaining it in terms of democratic politics. What is an election? An operation whereby the governing oligarchy is elected. After all, all government is oligarchical, for the few must command the many, or else chaos results. That granted, the key to the classification of political systems lies in the method whereby the oligarchy is elected. In England and America, such a choice takes place by means of a complicated system which includes newspaper articles on imports, exports, and income tax, investigations as to the character of the person nominated, and the depositing

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of little pieces of paper in specially provided boxes — such pieces of paper being also provided with printed names for people who don't care to go through any of the preliminary phases in the process. In this system, the criterion of selection is somewhat mixed and, with all respect, muddle-headed. (Hence its success.)

In France, the last phase is the same and it also ends with little pieces of paper. But the preliminary phases are almost exclusively devoted to a thorough discussion of such subjects as the infallibility of the Pope, the Immaculate Conception, the indivisibility of the French Republic, the inalienability of the rights of the citizen, even though he be a state official, and other such themes of political philosophy. Such a system is equivalent to the passing of examinations for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in a German University.

Fascism takes a different line. What is wanted? To put in the apex of the state a man who represents the Will of the nation. The election is therefore carried out, not in the field of mind-discussions, but in that of will-fights. In every district, the lads who show the best disposition for bossing the others, either by hard persuasion (clubs, *i.e.* big sticks) or by soft conviction (castor oil) are considered representatives of the local will. Such representatives recognize their provincial chief with the trained eye of the man of action. The provincial chiefs in their turn acclaim the national chief, whom they spot for his capacity to growl at them. And there is no question that such an election is the most direct and efficient method for selecting a Leader-in-Action.

Here the centaur is in his element. Benito Mussolini is a Magnificent Beast. No apology is needed for an expression which the Duce himself would have found correct, and which fits like a glove — a boxing glove. But Benito Mussolini springs from a people trained intellectually by centuries of civilization, and probably inclined to intellectual achievements by a natural bent. So that, though his neighing and foaming at the mouth are genuine, the Roman centaur knows in psychological moments how to stand erect like a mere man and bag the spoils — or beat a retreat — with a smile quite human.

Señor de Madariaga will continue his commentary upon Our Muddling World in THE FORUM *next month.*

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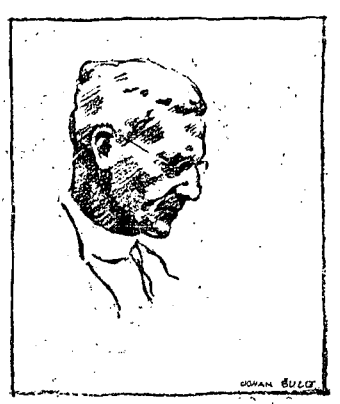
TOASTS

CAPITAL punishment is a topic which too often provokes heated and hysterical argument, but the participants in this month's debate are unusually well equipped to offer sane and authoritative opinions. R. L. CALDER, K. C., who defends the death penalty, is one of Canada's most able lawyers. As the Crown Prosecutor of the District of Montreal, he has appeared in many noted cases, such as the trial of Abbé Delorme for the murder of his brother. In the war he served as a lieutenant with the Canadian Army and in 1924, after he had resumed his law practice in Montreal, he received the appointment of King's Counsel.

R. L. CALDER

IS it possible that everyone doesn't know me?" demanded CLARENCE DARROW, when we wrote him for some information about his career. The rebuke was merited, for to him one can actually apply the ancient bromide of the after-dinner speaker — "a man who needs no introduction." Known throughout the country as a lawyer of uncommon brilliance, Mr. Darrow is said to have saved more men from the noose or the chair than any other individual in America. The Loeb-Leopold case was but one of the many important murder trials in which he has appeared as defending attorney, to the confusion of the prosecution. Consequently he may be called an expert on capital punishment. Mr. Darrow is, moreover, hardly less famous for the part which he played in the fantastic Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee, where he defended evolution with the same fervor which he has so often employed in behalf of his human clients. Much of his time, since he was admitted to the bar in 1875 at the age of eighteen, has been devoted to industrial cases, and labor has had good reason to be grateful for the success of his efforts. To complete the crowded list of his achievements, Mr. Darrow has written *Crime, Its Cause and Treatment; Resist Not Evil; The Prohibition Mania;* and various other books which he modestly, though quite erroneously, claims that nobody at all has read.



"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM"

ALTHOUGH he has none of the sinister characteristics of Dr. Jekyll, GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM leads a double existence. Readers of THE FORUM will recall an article in the April issue of last year, entitled "England Turns Toward Catholicism," and signed by the Reverend James Owen Hannay, a Canon in the Anglican Church. Only the initiate would ever guess that the irrepressibly gay George Birmingham is none other than the devout Canon Hannay taking a literary fling. As an impoverished curate, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, he wrote his first story to pay his coal bill. Fortunately, the habit stuck by him and English literature is by that much the merrier, thanks to his *Spanish Gold* and *Lady Bountiful.*

ANOTHER poem appears in this issue by that lover of the Southwest, MARY AUSTIN. This and last month's poems were written near Santa Fé, where she recently entertained the Editor.

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WHEN Miss A. MAUDE ROYDEN came to America last winter, she frankly confessed to a liking for cigarettes. The Methodist Woman's Home Missionary Society in three cities thereupon canceled Miss Royden's lecture dates. Her reply was characteristic. "I believe," she said, "it is one of the gravest faults of religious people to be preoccupied with trifles." This breadth of outlook has always distinguished her career. A daughter of the late Sir Thomas Royden, she was educated at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, where she was known as an exceptionally brilliant student of history and Shakespeare. For a time she worked in the Liverpool slums, and then in a country parish, until she was appointed an Oxford University extension lecturer — a rare honor for a woman. She abandoned this post, however, to lecture in behalf of woman suffrage — a cause which she supported with tact and eloquence. Later she was preacher at the City Temple, London. In 1920, with Dr. Percy Dearer, she founded the famous Fellowship Services, which are now carried on at the Guildhouse in Eccleston Square — a true centre of liberal religious thought.

PARE LORENTZ

BORN in Paris, 1880; graduated from Sorbonne, age 12; Ph.D. Harvard, age 13. Carnegie medal for rescuing twelve children from a flaming tenement. Also an Eagle Scout." Such were the biographical details we received from PARE LORENTZ — the movie critic of *Judge*. Further investigation proved, however, that he was born in West Virginia in 1903 and educated there. Mr. Lorentz has suggested that we add to his picture, which he feels is too youthful, the gray hair appropriate to an editor and writer.

FEW lawyers are as elusive as SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR., for his hobby is the study of birds and animals and it takes him far afield. Our last bulletin was from the great Okefenokee Swamp, which lies between Georgia and Florida. "I am having some rather exciting adventures," Mr. Scoville wrote, "with alligators, moccasins, and diamond-back rattlesnakes and am on the trail of the lost ivory-bill woodpecker, supposed for a number of years to be extinct." He also added, quite casually, that he had been elected president of the New England Society of Pennsylvania.

WHEN we asked for his qualifications as a big game hunter, PERCY WAXMAN replied: "I'm hurt; not angry, mind you, but hurt through and through. If *you* ask that question, one or two FORUM readers may doubt the whole Burrajong episode — and then what?" When not engaged as a Nimrod, Mr. Waxman is managing editor of *Pictorial Review*, and is working on a biography of Toussaint L'Ouverture which Harcourt, Brace will publish. Born in Australia, he graduated from gold mining, advertising, and verse.

PERCY WAXMAN

DESPITE the evidence of his Chinese lyrics, PAUL ELDRIDGE is not interested in the Orient exclusively. A play of his, *The Intruder*, has recently been produced on Broadway.

THE urbane wit of ANDRÉ MAUROIS is already familiar to FORUM readers. His life of Disraeli was published serially in this magazine and "The Earth-Dwellers," concluded in this number, is a sequel to "The War Against the Moon," which ran in the July issue of last year.

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TOASTS

THE poetry of E. MERRILL ROOT has been praised highly by Robert Frost, who, incidentally, is likewise an authority on cows. Mr. Root graduated from Amherst in 1917 and is now lecturing on modern literature at Earlham College. *Lost Eden*, his first book, was published last March.

ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL

FOOD tastes more palatable served in a Florentine setting, for beauty is as essential as savory sauces. This discovery, according to ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL, was responsible for the success of her coffee shops. Reared in the genteel Victorian tradition, which taught that a lady should not work, she entered the coffee business at the age of forty to support her three small children. After the war, when her little warehouse was already flourishing, she opened a booth at the Grand Central Station in New York. There she occasionally gave away waffles with her coffee, and hungry travelers found them toothsome. Now, in addition to her regular coffee trade, she owns four large restaurants, each an embodiment of her belief that the public wants glamour and foreign pottery. Last spring she published her *Autobiography* containing a full account of the æsthetics of dietetics.

BY birth a Bulgarian, educated in Rome, NICOLAI ABRACHEFF has lived and painted in most of the principal cities of Europe and South America, although he is scarcely out of his twenties. For eight years his foster home has been Rio de Janeiro and he is known, despite his true nationality, as one of the leading Brazilian modernists. He is now working on a thoroughly modern play, *Machine Man* — perhaps featuring Televox.

WHILE not a financier by profession, J. B. E. JONAS is in a position to offer sound advice to the amateur investor. It is common knowledge that a professor's salary is not munificent, and so must be administered wisely. Mr. Jonas has taught German in various schools and colleges ever since his graduation from the University of Wisconsin in 1894 and is at present head of the Department of German at De Witt Clinton High School in New York City. The list of modern language associations to which he belongs is too formidable for us to quote. Mr. Jonas has served on many important educational committees and has written four learned books.

REALIZING that the elder daughter of Professor Gilbert Murray had a responsibility to literature, ROSALIND TOYNBEE wrote her first novel at the age of seventeen. Several years later she married Professor Arnold Joseph Toynbee, the author of numerous important books on Greek history and on international affairs. During the Greco-Turkish War in 1921, Mrs. Toynbee accompanied her husband to Asia Minor and Greece. It was while she was helping to rescue Turkish refugees that she learned the truth about the ladies of Turkey. Three lively sons and a scholarly husband have not kept Rosalind Toynbee from her typewriter. The most recent of her four novels, *The Happy Tree*, was published in 1926 by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

ROSALIND TOYNBEE

ALTHOUGH the Middle West rightfully lays claim to CARL SANDBURG, his vigorous poems have a quality which is characteristic of the whole of America.

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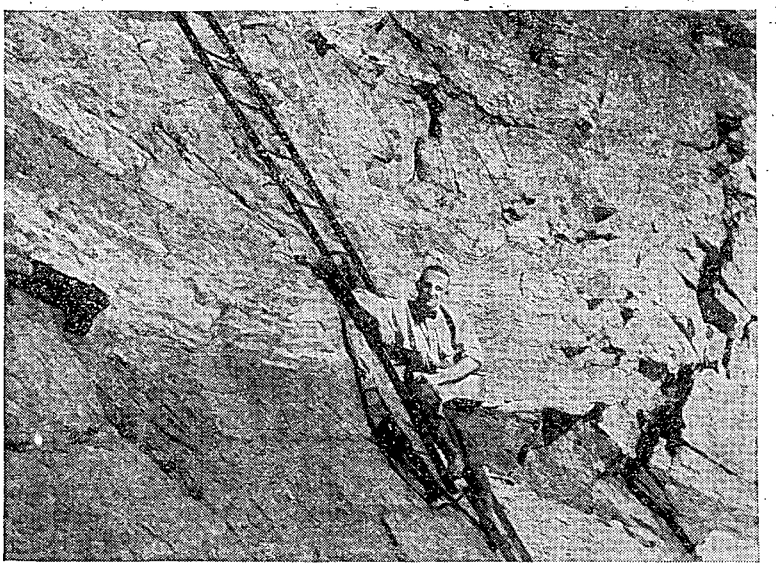
TOASTS



JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.
Photographed in his Descent to Avernus

THE camera has caught JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR., in a perilous position, but since he is accustomed to "fraternize with glaciers," there is no cause for alarm. Mr. Bradley, who is Associate Professor of Geology at the University of Montana, has just completed *The Earth and Its History*, published by Ginn and Company. We can recommend it as an unusually satisfactory introduction to the study of fossils and rock strata and the cold, encroaching ice. As to Mr. Bradley's future plans, we can quote a letter written from the wilderness, which gives us somewhat meager news. "Beyond taking on hæmoglobin for a year in Massachusetts and planning the book I hope to write there, I have done just nothing at all. I have done it with the coöperation of a near-by mountain and my two good legs, the near-by lake and a trolling rod. The first has yielded a really superior appetite, the second a seven-pound trout. This is rich fare for me, but I fear it is thin toast for your readers." To bridge the biographical gaps which he has neglected to fill, we may add that Mr. Bradley graduated from Harvard, with a hammer in his hand.

WE have received from DONALD F. ROSE a footnote to his toast of last month. "I cannot," he writes, "really account for my present immersion in journalism. Like my large and unusually attractive family of Sub-Rosas, it has come upon me practically unawares." As a student of Behaviorism, he mentions, however, that he won a prize at seventeen for an essay on "The World in the Year 2000." Since turning his back on pedagogy, Mr. Rose has become a prolific writer.

"I CAN'T think of any butter for your toast," writes VIOLA PARADISE. "Dutton is bringing out the novel in the late fall, and its name is *Wit's End*. And if you think the public would like to be told, you may tell it." Certainly those who read *The Pacer* will be grateful for the news. The latter novel, her first, was published last year. Its background was Chicago, where Miss Paradise was born. After leaving the University of Chicago, she had some arduous experiences traveling throughout the country as a special government agent for the United States Children's Bureau. Her work took her, for example, to the mountain folk of Georgia and to the cotton growers of the South. Brittany, we imagine, might well have seemed restful in contrast.

VIOLA PARADISE

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TOASTS

IN our June issue, MICHAEL WILLIAMS participated in the vigorous three-cornered debate on "Al Smith and a Catholic Party." He now appears in a more pacific rôle. Mr. Williams is editor of *The Commonweal* and a Catholic journalist of distinction. His new book, *Catholicism and the Modern Mind*, will be published this fall by the Dial Press. Mr. Williams was born a Catholic, left the church, and returned to it, and readers will find the account of his spiritual pilgrimage in *The Book of the High Romance*. In his earlier days he was one of the gentlemen of the press, working as a reporter on the *New York World* and other metropolitan dailies. Last spring he spent in California, the scene of his most stirring journalistic adventure, for he was city editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* at the time of the great earthquake. Would you call that uncanny foresight, or merely the luck of the Irish?

ELIZABETH STANLEY

ALTHOUGH stories by ELIZABETH STANLEY have appeared in the February issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* and in the April issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, "A Thing To Do" was written before either and is, in truth, her first short story. Miss Stanley, though one would hardly guess it from her fiction, is also something of a scientist. She was lucky enough to be with William Beebe on his Arcturus adventure, in the capacity of assistant to Dr. William K. Gregory. Upon her return she worked under Dr. Gregory at the American Museum of Natural History and wrote a monograph impressively entitled "Brotulid Fishes." We are told it bears little resemblance to her short stories. The plaque of Miss Stanley, reproduced here, was done by Luther Hancock, a young sculptor who has been studying at the American Academy in Rome.

THE running commentator upon our muddling world, SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, is professor of Spanish studies at Oxford and League of Nations official.

WE are pleased to announce that the Tortoise has at last been caught, and by a very able captor. The winner of the Ramsey Award, offered for the best commentary on Achilles' famous race, is BEN L. TAYLOR, a professor of mathematics and physics at Shaw University, North Carolina. "I was partially educated," Mr. Taylor writes, "at Virginia Union University and Cornell, but more by omnivorous reading and, to a somewhat less degree, by rubbing against people. Women, I believe, have had the most profound influence. This naturally leads to my hobby — to sit with some untrammeled soul and discuss anything and everything, but particularly our institutions of higher learning." When we asked him about his future plans, Mr. Taylor said that he hopes to go abroad for two years of study — if he has luck and THE FORUM offers enough awards. Well, Mr. Taylor, $100 is 2500 francs.

BEN L. TAYLOR

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Woodcut by Barbara Latham

Fiesta, Taos

The Indian and Spanish Southwest

HOWARD N. COOK

THE long trains pull into Lamy, junction for Santa Fé, down from the dreary plains of Kansas or up from Albuquerque through the pueblos and Mexican towns. To the south the great Rio Grande has carved out a broad valley winding around abrupt conical mesas and along avenues of rugged cottonwoods, through which can be seen glimpses of neat adobe cubes and twin-towered old churches.

From Lamy fine busses convey visitors up the steep pine forests to Santa Fé, which is seen across an inclining plateau of desert and chamiso. The earth-colored houses are clustered warmly together like old pottery and in the centre gleams the silver dome of the capitol. In the old plaza the Mexican wood men have drawn up their wagons, on which are minute stacks of cedar wood; there they stand in front of the friendly portals of the Governor's Palace, which once was a scene of conflict for the Indians, Spaniards, and Americans. This one side of the plaza remains faithful to Santa Fé's glowing history and finds companions of its own period and spirit in the other parts of the city which lie up the canyon and over the mesas and arroyos.

The tremendous piled pyramids and crowning dome of the Sangre de Christo Range stand blown with snow and cloud on the east of the town. Five miles north of Santa Fé, from the top of Tesuque Divide, can be seen the sharper peaks of the Jemez Range with its pillared abutments jutting out onto the dry stretch of flat valley. Far distant the red Chama River cuts through to Española, and the Black Mesa at San Ildefonso; in the north lie the mountains of Colorado and Wheeler's Peak.

The valley holds warmer lands sunken below the mesa where the Indians of Tesuque farm beside the river. If there is not a beautiful dance being held on the wide plaza of San Ildefonso, blowing with Comanche war feathers, then black shining pottery can be bought from Maria. There are villages of Mexican farmers, ranchers,

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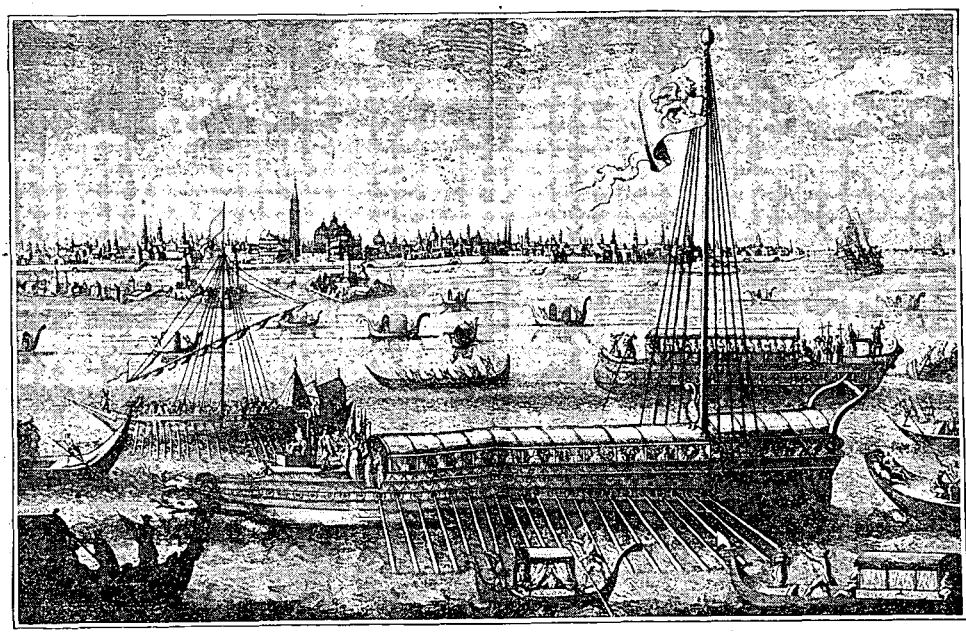

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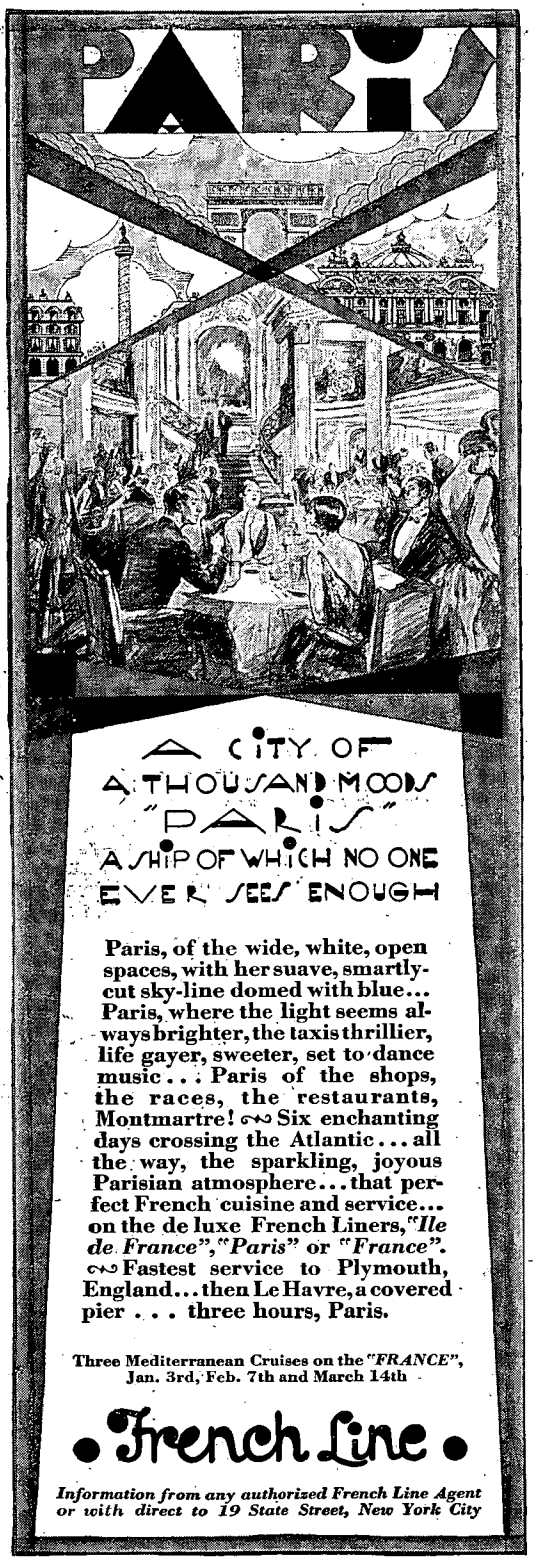
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and sheep-herders. Flocks of sheep move through the cloud shadows as if the mesa itself were slowly shifting. At the small pueblo of San Juan the roads branch: west to Santa Clara pueblo, north to Abiquiu, and east to the quaint rug-weaving town of Chimayo, famous for its magnificent old church in a grove of trees. Farther on this rocky road are charming towns thrown into a jumble in the valley or, like distant Truchas, perched superbly on the pine slopes of high mountains commanding a tremendous view.

Here, too, the Rio Grande emerges from the south end of the canyon, a boiling, sullen, brown monster in spring, but placid, crystal-green in winter. Following the river upstream, the road passes Embudo, a mail station thirty miles from Taos, where there are adobe houses garlanded with gashes of scarlet chili, rocks full of all variations of red, orchards beneath the close-walled mountains whose sides look like temporarily arrested avalanches. The road finally branches to the right and climbs precipitously over the side of the canyon; on the left is a drop of over a thousand feet to tiny forests and the boiling stream.

The mesa road falls in endless undulations from which all sight of the indigo mountains is lost until incomparable Ranchos de Taos comes into view, hidden in a deep arroyo. As if a wind had swept the houses off the flat mesa, the brilliant white and brown adobes gather thickly about the majestic church. The whole town belongs to the sinister but picturesque religion of Penitentes, and every Lent weird processions of flagellants can, with some peril, be seen from their windowless moradas. All over the checkered fields the priests carry images to bless the advent of the new year's crops.

One might have chosen to enter Taos by the Raton Pass and Cimarron Cañon — the most superb scenic route through the mountains. For many miles the road climbs in the narrow canyon beside a plunging brook amid a park of slender cottonwoods, aspen, and spruce until it reaches the overtowering cathedral spires of the Palisades. Over a steep ridge one is dropped along wide gentle hills into the immense ellipse of Moreno Valley. Here a little town clings fearfully to the shores of Eagle Nest Lake, infinitesimal beside the

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proud Rocky Mountains that soar up to a crest of the rim around the valley. Wheeler's Peak, the monarch, dominates them all on the west. Other summits are obscured by fast traveling banks of snow cloud or playful thunder storms. From groves of tall spruce hung with moss the pass is left behind and, as we approach Taos from the desert, it looks like an oasis of trees gathered preciously together.

Entering Taos one passes the fine Don Fernando Hotel, which is a delight to the visitors, then on to the plaza which has a touch of the "spigotty" character of subtropical cities. There are saddle horses tied to the rail, wood wagons, cowboys, Indians in white sheets or brilliant blankets, women in black mantillas, Mexicans loafing outside the pool hall. The pueblo is only three miles from here. The Indian land begins very near town in the huge corn, grain, and alfalfa fields around the two branches of Pueblo Creek. Wild plum trees hedge closely to the road. Indian squaws in high white deerskin boots and voluminous black dresses are walking to town to work and trade. On their return they carry heavy sacks of food over their backs. Past the cattle corrals, stacked high with alfalfa, one sees the pueblo open up into two immense six-storied adobe apartments around a wide plaza which is bisected by a swift stream. Here the dances take place, and the roofs are a solid mass of black and bright-colored garments while the horns and the buffalo and deer hides perform their enchanting motions below.

To some people Taos is by far the most picturesque pueblo because of its impressive height against the crowding pyramid of the Peak which stands as important as Fujiyama. Christmas and early January bring the most delightful ceremonial dances — the Firelight Dance, the Deer, Buffalo, and Turtle Dances. To the south are seen more interesting dances later in the year, many at the smaller pueblos in the valley, and notably at San Domingo. Here music from a massed orchestra of men mingles with the train's whistle as it slows down to look across the fields and across tremendous gulfs of time. Near here San Felipe lies in an intriguing fan-shaped pattern as one looks down from the cliffs. The church — a jewel of old Spanish art — quietly contemplates the Rio Grande

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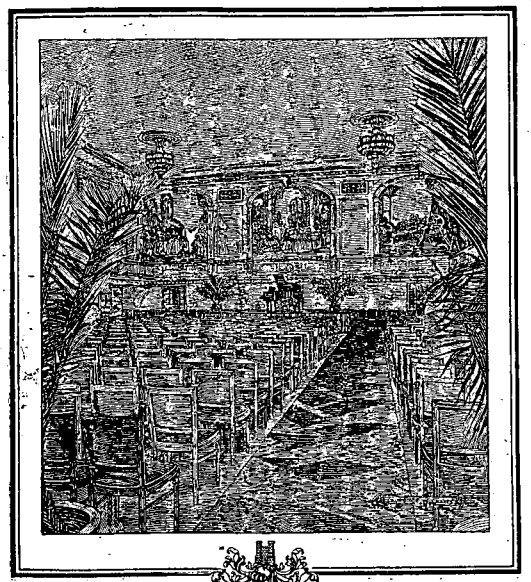

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From the terraced adobe pueblos of Taos to the high stone dwellings of the Hopi Indians is a distance of five hundred miles, but the buildings in the two places are more alike than in any neighboring communities. Taos, situated at the eastern end of a plain made fertile by irrigation, is a farming country smiled upon benevolently by both sun and mountain stream. As a result the Indians here are comfortably prosperous, the women displaying quantities of silk garments and ribbons at the dances, and the men proud of the horses and cattle they own.

The Hopi Indians of Arizona have not such an easy lot, for they suffer tremendous privations because of their high retreat in the rock mesas from which they escaped their enemies of old. Isolated on narrow rock plateaus in the sky, they are without adjoining land and water. Their houses overhang the precipice and rise several stories receding from the edge. Trails, cut out of the rock and deeply worn, lead down the sides to a half-way shelf of sheep corrals, and then wind around huge tumbled boulders to the tiny settlement of Polacca.

All around this country are families of nomadic Navajo Indians keeping herds of sheep in the open country or living in their curious circular-peaked log "hogans" in a large cattle corral. These are the most picturesque Indians—dark-skinned, with fierce black hair, the men wearing the loose "Navajo" shirt, the women, flowing skirts. They ornament themselves with hand-made silver jewelry which is much sought after by adventurous curio seekers, who pry the old buttons, belts, and bracelets off the wearers. Traveling on horseback or in ancient buggies with their possessions, they are seen in the wild country from Gallup west to the Cañon de Chelly. Often the Navajos are so timid that, at the approach of strangers, they disappear into the woods like wild animals.

Beyond Walpi the road creeps over the burning Arizona desert, through parched brush alive with rattlesnakes and jack rabbits, past washes in which windmills creak to fill cattle troughs, until it arrives at the second mesa of Toreva, also high in the sky. The mesa top is reached by a

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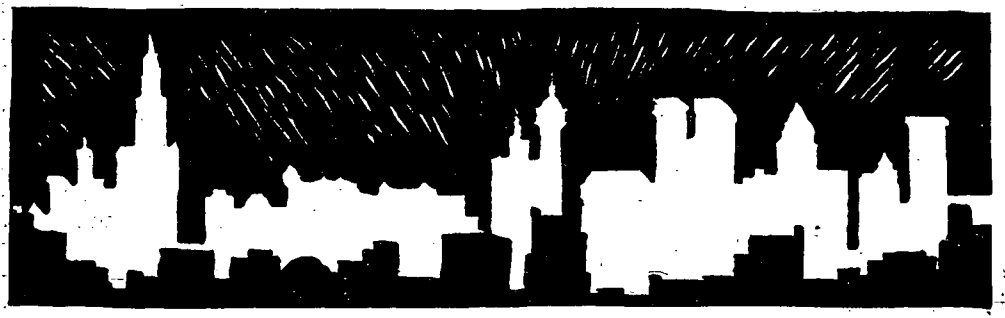

Downtown

CHARLES F. SPEARE

Foreign Investments

IN his Memorial Day address at Gettysburg this year President Coolidge expressed a sentiment concerning international investments that is seldom heard in official circles. This is what he said: "The world-wide interests of the United States, aside from the dictates of humanity, make us view with particular disfavor not only any danger of being involved in war ourselves, but any danger of war among other nations. Our investments and trade relations are such that it is almost impossible to conceive of any conflict anywhere on earth which would not affect us injuriously. The one thing that we want above all else for ourselves and for other nations is a continuation of peace."

It is doubtful if any of those who have been buying foreign dollar bonds in the last few years have had in mind the strengthening of political relationships through the distribution of America's surplus funds into other parts of the world. On the other hand the main resistance to such purchases has come from those who have feared the effect of wars on this type of investment, even if they have not sensed the unfavorable reaction of war on the countries which have been large lenders to Europe, South America, Central America, and the Far East.

Negotiating foreign loans and distributing them to the American public is a comparatively new business. Although less than ten years old, it is to-day one of the most important branches of bond underwriting and bond retailing in the United States. Not only does it command the attention of the largest bond buying and selling organizations in the country with respect to new loans, which are being brought out at the rate of between $1,500,000,000 and $1,750,000,000 annually, but it has to do with the buying, selling, and shifting from one issue to another of the total mass of foreign government, municipal, provincial, public utility, industrial, and mortgage bank bonds and stocks, representing in the aggregate from fourteen to fifteen billion dollars.

Some idea of the size of this branch of investment banking may be gained by giving a few comparative figures. For instance, the present amount of foreign loans held by American investors is about 80% of the total of all United States government obligations. At the present rate at which foreign securities are being brought out, and allowing for about the same amount of yearly decrease of the American debt as in the last few years, the total of the former will exceed the latter by the end of 1930.

Germany has been the largest single borrower in the United States. At the end of June the aggregate par value of all German securities listed in this country was approximately $1,050,000,000, or nearly 10% more than the total United States debt prior to our entrance into the World War.

During the past six months the foreign borrowings in this country have been as follows — South America $185,000,000, Germany $145,000,000, Japan $80,000,000,

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Central America $85,000,000, Denmark and Norway $115,000,000, Australia $57,000,000, Poland $20,000,000, and Italy, Finland, Greece, Great Britain, Austria, and Hungary together about $70,000,000. This is quite typical of what has been going on over a period of years.

Beneficial Effects

As these funds have poured into the shallow streams of capital abroad, they have given new life to governments, local communities, provinces, and to commercial enterprises that at home rank with the most important American industrial and public utility corporations. They have helped to reëstablish the credit of foreign governments, have assisted in the rebuilding of cities and towns destroyed by war, and have permitted the expansion of industries and the rehabilitation of railroads until both have been able to contribute to a steady increase in government revenues and the gradual reduction of foreign debts. Obviously some of the capital that has been exported from the United States to Europe has returned in the form of foreign manufactured articles that come in direct competition with American goods. This has been used as an argument against foreign loans. It has a certain validity. The adverse effects of the employment of our surplus capital abroad are insignificant, however, compared with what has been accomplished through them in restoring a sick Europe to health and in creating markets in South and Central America in which the American exporter has a preferred position.

So far, nearly 450 separate loans with foreign origins have been floated in the United States. These loans have ranged in size from the $100,000,000 issues of Germany, France, and Italy, to numerous $50,000,000 borrowings by Belgium, and others of the same size or only a trifle smaller floated in behalf of Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Peru, and Cuba. Then there are city and provincial loans ranging all the way from $10,000,000 to $30,000,000, bonds of mortgage banks in Germany, Chile, and Columbia amounting to from $5,000,000 to $50,000,000, offerings from German public utilities and industrial issues that compare with the largest of American flotations, and a $70,000,000 Japanese power and light bond issue coming to New York early in June when the investment market was in a demoralized condition and finding a friendly reception there.

The American who wishes to spread his capital over the face of the earth can be accommodated and may find a daily quotation in all of the metropolitan newspapers on the bonds he has purchased. He can make a selection from about ninety German issues, seventy-five South American, thirty Central American, two dozen Italian, thirty-five Scandinavian, about the same number of Australian and Canadian, sixteen French, six Belgian, fifteen Japanese, and from two score or more loans to Poland, Greece, Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Bulgaria, and Esthonia.

Diversification of Loans

Foreign financing has stimulated as well as compelled a broader knowledge of geography. It has also led to a closer study of the currents of trade between the United States and its customers and competitors abroad, and of the political and economic conditions that surround the peoples of other lands. Looking over a list of foreign bonds, geographically arranged, one comes across the following names of places that the average person would find difficulty in locating quickly on the map: Free State of Anhalt, Department of Antioquia, City of Barranquia, Department of Caldas, Municipality of Cali, Department of Cauca Valley, Department of Cundinamarca, Republic of Esthonia, City of Graz, Province of Mendoza, City of Saarbruecken, Province of Styria, Department of Tolema, and the Province of Tucuman.

Then there are the very familiar cities and provinces to which every tourist goes and in whose development he will be more interested than ever, if he holds one of their bonds. In France these are the old municipalities of Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Soissons. In Germany, Berlin, Cologne, Leipsig, Munich, Frankfurt, Dresden, Düsseldorf, Nuremburg, and Heidelburg. In Italy, Rome and Milan. In Denmark, Copenhagen and Oslo. Bergen and Trondhjem in Norway. The cities of Vienna and Graz have sold their bonds in the United States and so has Budapest. Prague and Carlsbad, Warsaw and Danzig represent some of the cities

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